The Outlook

Volume 79 Saturday, March 4, 1905 Number 9

CONTENTS

THE WEEK

Degrees Well Earned 505
Another Indian Investigation 505
The Chicago Mayoralty Contest 506
The Chicago Traction Tangle 507
Vice in Philadelphia 508
A Notable Art Exhibit 509
An Important Art Event 509
The Metropolitan Museum 510
Clothes and Education 511
A Cup of Coffee 512
The Simplon Tunnel 512

EDITORIALS

Opium and Human Nature 513
The Arbitration Treaties 515
The Steep Ascent 519
The Spectator 520

CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES

The Story of Port Arthur.—I. A Journey to Dalny 523
By George Kennan
The New French Premier 529
Portrait and Sketch
The Coast Patrol 531
By Arthur Hewitt
Washington Then and Now. In Two Parts.—I 543
By Edward Everett Hale
An American Sculptor 557
By Robert Barr
A Morning with Vincent d'Indy 563
By Daniel Gregory Mason
The Barrier (Poem) 565
By Clinton Scollard
The Public Bath 567
By Bertha H. Smith
Fear and Trust (Poem) 577
By S. R. Calthrop
Robert Watchorn 578
Portrait and Sketch
The Blind Caravan (Poem) 580
By W. Wilfred Campbell
The Lewis and Clark Exposition 581
By Harriet W. Chapin
The Head of the Carnegie Institution 588
Portrait and Sketch
Safeguards of the Body Against Disease: A Short Study of Immunity 589
By T. Mitchell Prudden
The Real Thing 598
By Alice Ward Bailey
BOOKS OF THE WEEK 604

THE OUTLOOK is a Weekly Newspaper and an Illustrated Monthly Magazine in one. It is published every Saturday—fifty-two issues a year. The first issue in each month is an Illustrated Magazine Number, containing about twice as many pages as the regular weekly issue, and many pictures.

PRICE.—The subscription price is Three Dollars a year, payable in advance. Ten cents a copy.

POSTAGE IS PREPAID by the publishers for all subscriptions in the United States, Hawaiian Islands, Philippine Islands, Guam, Porto Rico, Tutuila Samoa, Shanghai, Canal Zone, Cuba, Canada, and Mexico. For all other countries in the Postal Union add $1.56 for postage.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—When a change of address is ordered, both the new and the old address must be given. The notice should be sent one week before the change is to take effect.

DISCONTINUANCES.—If a subscriber wishes his copy of the paper discontinued at the expiration of his subscription, notice to that effect should be sent. Otherwise it is assumed that a continuance of the subscription is desired.

HOW TO REMIT.—Remittances should be sent by Draft on New York, Express-Order, or Money-Order, payable to order of THE OUTLOOK COMPANY. Cash should be sent in Registered Letter.

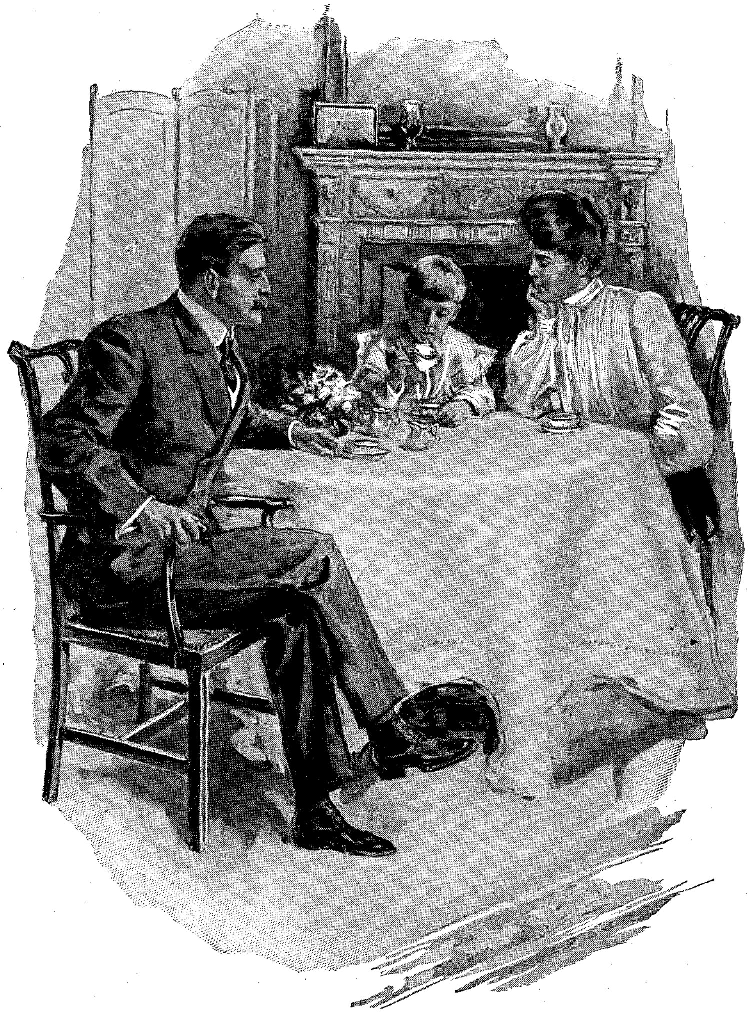
LETTERS should be addressed:

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY

Chicago Office, 1436 Marquette Building
287 Fourth Avenue, New York

Copyright, 1905, by The Outlook Company. Entered as second-class matter in the New York Post-Office.

COPYRIGHT 1905 BY THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO. CINCINNATI



Ivory Soap is more than a bath soap; more than a toilet soap; more than a fine laundry soap.

With it, the Head of the House can keep his hands and face and body clean.

So can the Youngster who will some day be the head of his own house.

As for the Wife and Mother, she finds it invaluable for preserving the beauty of her table linen, her laces, curtains, cut glass and a hundred other articles in which she takes special pride and for which ordinary soaps are unsafe and unsatisfactory.

Perhaps you would like information about the many ways in which Ivory Soap can be of service to you? Then write for Booklet Q—it tells.
The Procter & Gamble Co., Box 893, Cincinnati.

The Outlook

SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1905

Degrees Well Earned

The birthday of Washington was more generally observed than usual on Wednesday of last week, and important addresses were delivered at different points. The most interesting of these celebrations was held under the auspices of the University of Pennsylvania. On the Fourth of July, 1783, the degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred upon Washington, first President of the United States. On Wednesday of last week, after an interval of one hundred and twenty-two years, the trustees of the same university conferred the same honor on Mr. Roosevelt. The occasion was made significant and memorable not only by reason of this interesting historical parallel, but by the recognition of two other great countries—Germany and England; the first by conferring the degree of Doctor of Laws on the Emperor William, and the second by conferring the same degree on Sir Henry Mortimer Durand, British Ambassador. It does not always happen that three public men, entirely apart from the claims of their positions, so amply justify a university in conferring academic degrees. Sir Henry Mortimer Durand is an accomplished diplomatist and a man of unusual intellectual requirements, who has more than once shown a high degree of literary skill. When the Emperor of Germany, fifteen years ago, by severing his official relations with Prince Bismarck, inaugurated a new policy in Germany, there was general recognition of his ability, but also very general doubt about his wisdom. That doubt has proved to be without foundation, for the Emperor has not only developed into a ruler of a very high order of ability, but also into a lover of peace and a promoter of international concord. He has always held, and has often given expression to, a very high conception of the source of his authority; but it is also true that he has held that authority always in trust for the German people; he regards himself as the first servant of the Empire. He is an indefatigable worker, with great grasp of detail, insatiable appetite for mastering facts, and tireless industry in making himself acquainted with the resources of Germany and with its opportunities. His interest in art, in literature, and in religion is deep and genuine, and he has been a generous promoter of the art and scholarship of his people. When he came to the throne, he saw, as very few other Germans saw, the pressing importance of a great commercial development if Germany was to sustain her position in Europe. With the instinct of a statesman, he studied the whole situation, discerned the lines of growth, and has proved himself a leader of singular sagacity and foresight in promoting, directing, and developing the commercial interests of the Empire. The fact that Germany has come into the forefront of commercial nations is due in no small measure to the foresight and practical sagacity of the Emperor. He has sustained the traditions of his house so far as personal character is concerned, and has advanced the tradition that the Hohenzollerns are working and not ornamental rulers. The American people have not been slow to recognize his capacity and, of late years, his marked friendliness toward this country; and the action of the University of Pennsylvania will command universal assent.

❀

Another Indian Investigation

The defects and dangers of the Indian Reservation system are once more brought to the attention of the public by debate in the House of Representatives at Washington over the renewal of what is known as the Osage Oil Land Lease. This land, about a million and a half acres in extent, belongs to the Osage

Indians of Indian Territory, and was leased nearly ten years ago, with the necessary approval of the Government, from the Osage Indians by Edwin B. Foster, who turned over his title to the Indian Territory Illuminating Oil Company. This company in turn sub-leased parcels of these oil lands to smaller companies or to individuals. It is stated that, according to the terms of the lease and at the present price of oil, the Indian owners of the land receive as rental 7.2 cents per barrel of oil produced and sold, while the Indian Territory company which holds the blanket lease receives about 31.5 cents a barrel, the balance going to the actual producers and handlers of the oil. It is asserted and denied that the Standard Oil Company has a controlling interest in the operation of these wells. The original lease soon expires, and it is proposed by the Interior Department to extend the lease for ten years more on 680,000 acres of the land. Secretary Hitchcock, in supporting the propriety of this extension, says that "this acreage represents only the sub-leases taken in good faith under the original lease. The Foster lease of 1,500,000 constituted a monopoly, but it is only just that the smaller sub-lessee should be protected." In reply to the criticism that the Osage Indians are not getting their fair share of the profits from these oil wells, the statement is made that the present percentage is enriching them sufficiently, and that they are receiving dividends which are making them the "richest community in the world." If by "community" is meant a body of men and women of a dying race segregated and fenced about by a richer, more powerful, and superior race, this is possibly true. But, although charity covers a multitude of sins, a multitude of dividends can never hide the real poverty of people who are deprived or who deprive themselves of the common rights of humanity. The House of Representatives has passed a resolution calling for full information from the Secretary of the Interior concerning these oil leases, both past and present. Captain Pratt, of Carlisle, once said that if all the Indians of the United States could be put on one vast railway train which should travel through the country dropping five Indians in every county of each State, the Indian problem would be settled. This was only a picturesque way of stating what The Outlook believes to be a fundamental truth with regard to the Indian—namely, that the reservation system should be abandoned as soon as possible, and that all Indian property, lands, money, or whatever other form of wealth is held for the Indian in trust by the Government, should be allotted to the Indians in severalty, and they should be treated hereafter as individuals and not merely as units of a tribe.

❀

The Chicago Mayoralty Contest

On April 4 next the people of Chicago will elect a Mayor to succeed Carter H. Harrison, who is now finishing his eighth year of service. It was practically settled some weeks ago that Mr. John Maynard Harlan would be the Republican nominee, and he has been named without opposition. It is likewise conceded that the nominee of the Democrats will be Mr. E. F. Dunne, a judge now occupying a position on the circuit bench of Chicago. The all-important issue will continue to be in this campaign what it has been in the last four campaigns—the traction question. The candidates are both men of good personal reputation. Mr. Harlan, the Republican nominee, is a son of Justice Harlan, of the United States Supreme Court. He is a man of athletic build and commanding presence, and is an effective campaign speaker. Mr. Harlan was elected to the Chicago City Council in 1896, and served one term in that body when a majority of its members were supposed to be "boodlers." He naturally assumed the leadership of the so-called "honest minority" in the City Council in successfully fighting the plans of Mr. Yerkes and the fifty-year franchise grabbers. In 1897 Mr. Harlan was an independent candidate for Mayor of Chicago, and, after a campaign that thoroughly aroused the city, succeeded in polling more votes than the regular Republican nominee. Four years ago Mr. Harlan's friends tried to secure for him the Republican nomination, and two years ago he himself made a strong fight for the honor, but without success. This year the nomination was conceded to him without opposition. When he first entered the arena of municipal politics, Mr. Harlan was denounced in many quarters as a dangerous radical. To-day he is accounted a conservative, not because he has altered his position, but because the sentiment of the community has changed. He believes in the settlement of the street-car question on the basis of a renewal grant that shall reserve to the city the right of municipal purchase at some time in the future, if the companies will accept a settlement that the people deem fair. Passing the question of whether or not immediate municipalization of street railways is desirable for Chicago, Mr. Harlan and his associates contend that the practical difficulties in the way of immediate acquisition are so great as to render that policy inexpedient if there is any other reasonable course open to the city. The Democratic party of Chicago, under the leadership of Judge Dunne, is expected to favor immediate municipal ownership and to oppose any further franchise grants whatever, except such temporary grants or mere licenses as may be necessary to bridge the chasm until municipal ownership can be brought about. Judge Dunne has the active support of the radical element and the Hearst newspapers, and his election, if he shall be favored at the polls, presumably will be accounted a triumph of the Hearst influence in Chicago.

❀

The Chicago Traction Tangle The Chicago traction situation is so complicated that it is not easily understood in all its details even by residents of the city concerned, and much less by outsiders. The first franchise grant was in 1858, and was for a period of twenty-five years and thereafter until the city should elect to purchase. This grant was for the south division of the city. Somewhat similar grants were made soon after to other companies to operate in the north and west divisions. In the face of these ordinances the companies went to the State Legislature in 1865 and secured from that body direct, without regard to the wishes of the city of Chicago, what purported to be an extension of their franchise rights from twenty-five to ninety-nine years. The popular protest against this action bore some fruit, in that it led to the insertion in the new State Constitution of 1870 of a provision designed to make it impossible for the State Legislature thereafter to grant street railway franchises without requiring local consent. The Legislature in 1874 passed a general law limiting all future grants to twenty years. This remained the policy of the State until 1897, when Mr. Yerkes induced the Legislature to authorize City Councils to grant fifty-year franchises. This proceeding so outraged public sentiment that the succeeding Legislature repealed the fifty-year statute before any action had been taken under it by the Chicago City Council. The next legislative measure of importance was the Mueller law, authorizing cities to own and operate street railways, passed in 1903, after riotous and revolutionary proceedings in the House that culminated in the actual driving of the Speaker from the chair. He was not allowed to return until he gave his promise that he would permit roll-calls on all important propositions concerning this measure. The street railway service in Chicago is and long has been extremely poor, and the profits of the business have been large. The City Railway Company, operating in the south division of the city, has a capitalization of $18,000,000 and tangible property worth $12,000,000. The par value of the securities outstanding against the North and West Side systems, known as the Union Traction System, is in excess of $75,000,000, while the value of the tangible property represented by these securities is only $15,000,000. In 1899 Mr. Yerkes, by sale and lease, disposed of his West and North Side holdings to a new company—the Union Traction Company—and shook the dust of Chicago from his feet. This company two years ago went into the hands of a receiver because it could not meet all of the heavy fixed charges against it, and the properties controlled by the company have since that time been administered by Judge Grosscup, of the United States Court. Some of the franchise grants of the companies clearly expired by limitation on July 30, 1903. Others clearly have varying periods yet to run, none longer than 1916. The companies hold that under the so-called ninety-nine-year act of 1865 many of their franchises have fifty years or more yet to run.

❀

Efforts in Behalf of the People The people of Chicago are resolutely committed to the policy that no further grant shall be made by the City Council unless the companies, in consideration of that grant, shall agree to waive all their claim of rights under the so-called ninety-nine-year act. After prolonged negotiations with the City Railway Company, the Council Committee on Local Transportation succeeded in framing an ordinance which it was understood the City Railway Company would accept. This ordinance called for a twenty-year grant, with a reserved right of peaceable city purchase at any time after thirteen years, upon payment for the value of the tangible property of the company, without any allowance for franchise values or earning power. The radical element in the community, led by the Hearst newspapers, found much fault with this ordinance, and got up a petition to have it submitted to a referendum, which will be done at the coming city election. Meantime, the situation has changed so that this ordinance is no longer a practical proposition. Interests friendly to the Union Traction Company have succeeded in bringing about a change of ownership of the City Railway Company by organizing a syndicate to take over the stock of that company at the rate of $200 a share. The leading figures in the syndicate were J. Pierpont Morgan, of New York, and Marshall Field, P. A. Valentine, and John J. Mitchell, of Chicago. The intention of those now in control seems to be to reopen negotiations with the city, looking to one unified franchise grant for the allied companies covering the entire city. It is the belief of many that the differences between the city of Chicago and the street railway companies are irreconcilable, and that the city is inevitably drifting towards municipal ownership as the only way out of the tangle, and that regardless of the outcome of the Mayoralty election.

❀

Vice in Philadelphia There is some likelihood that the agitation over the police protection of vice in Philadelphia, as a result of a series of sensational raids by the Law and Order Society, may arouse Philadelphia from its lethargy. It will certainly demonstrate what influence the clergy have upon public affairs. Immediately after the raids, the Secretary of the Law and Order Society laid much of his evidence before a group of the more prominent clergy; a second meeting was held, attended by between four hundred and five hundred clergy, each accompanied by two laymen of his church or congregation. The practical outcome is a committee of eight, partly clerical, partly lay, with the Rev. Dr. Floyd W. Tomkins, rector of the Church of the Holy Trinity, as Chairman. This committee is charged with the duty of bringing the evidence of the existence of white slavery and police protection of vice to the attention of the Mayor, and of supporting the Law and Order Society. The whole movement will serve to demonstrate (1) the value of raids in the suppression or regulation of the social evil; (2) the influence of the clergy upon public affairs, when united on one issue; (3) the influence of revelations of the existence of police-protected evil upon a "corrupt and contented" community. The situation is full of interest and value to the student of municipal affairs. The returns of the local elections held on February 21 would seem to indicate some little interest, as the independent vote was about doubled and reached 36,000; but the Republican machine was so completely organized and equipped and responsive to the wishes of its manipulators that it was able to elect its ten (majority) police magistrates by pluralities of 50,000 and upward, and to divert 50,000 votes to the five Democratic candidates for magistrates, thus insuring their election as minority representatives over the independent candidates. The normal Democratic vote was 25,000, but the Republican machine ran the vote for its magisterial ticket up to 75,000. The returns from other Pennsylvania cities are much more encouraging. Pittsburg elected its independent Democratic Comptroller by 8,000 plurality. Reading, Chester, and Wilkesbarre elected Democratic Mayors. The Republican-Democratic machines in Harrisburg and Lebanon were defeated, and Erie, Titusville, Johnstown, and Monongahela overturned the intrenched machines.

❖

A Notable Exhibition of American Art

The Centenary Exhibition of the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts is a striking one, whether regarded from the historical or the artistic point of view, or as regards quantity or quality. It is very generally conceded to be as representative and comprehensive as any so far held in America. It illustrates American art in its present phase, and in its development from the elaborate canvases of Benjamin West to the technical and artistic triumphs of John Sargent. In popular esteem the works of Sargent, John W. Alexander, and Abbey hold first place, and, so nearly as it has expressed itself, the consensus of artistic judgment is to the same effect. The place of honor is given to Sargent's portrait of Lady Ian Hamilton; but Abbey's magnificent "Catharine of Aragon" occupies a commanding place, as of right it should. Decorative work forms a large part of the Exhibition. In addition to Abbey's Catharine, there are Miss Violet Oakley's contributions to the new Pennsylvania State Capitol, including six completed panels for the Governor's reception-room, and a study of the seventh. The studies are historical and allegorical. Whistler is represented by nine very small canvases, dealing mostly with water effects, but they are characteristic productions, and attract a degree of attention out of all proportion to their size. Along sentimental lines, John W. Alexander's "A Mother" occupies chief place, with Hovenden's "Breaking Home Ties" a good second. Mr. La Farge is represented by "The Codman Madonna," and Chase's studies in still life are, as always, technically fine, artistically excellent, but failing in vital or popular interest. Cecilia Beaux's portrait of Mrs. Lars Anderson, like all her work, is forceful and suggestive, but why she should have so posed her subject as to cut off one arm entirely and give an impression of deformity it is impossible to imagine. The illustrators are very fully represented. Maxfield Parrish contributes thirty-five pieces, and each is a gem of its kind. Jessie Wilcox Smith, Henry McCarter, and Elizabeth Shippen Green are represented by excellent specimens. Miss Mary Cassatt has two remarkable studies of child life. De Forest Brush's "In the Garden," although badly hung, stands out as a wonderful bit of decorative work. Because of its subject and a certain sensational treatment, Julian Story's portrait of his wife, Madame Eames, has achieved considerable notoriety, but the artistic judgment is adverse to it. St. Gaudens's bas-relief of Mr. and Mrs. Wayne MacVeagh combines the sculptor's skill and care and genius, and is an effective piece of work. The exhibition is mainly a solicited one. It is interesting and instructive, not only because it so admirably illustrates the development and growth in depth, power, and significance of American art, but because it also illustrates how large a contribution the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts has made to this development. Each contribution that is the product of a student or an instructor, past or present, of the Academy is indicated by a star, and these stars are very numerous. The exhibition is large, forceful, significant, and most encouraging.

❖

An Important Art Event

There has been on exhibition for two weeks at the National Arts Club in New York an antique statue which is attracting wide attention from artists, connoisseurs, and lovers of the beautiful. It is a statue of the Greek goddess Aphrodite, and is in a remarkable state of preservation. Whether it was found in Greece, Italy, Asia Minor, or Sicily, the owner is unwilling to tell, as those countries have stringent laws prohibiting the removal of art treasures found within their borders. The owner and some critics who have examined the statue believe it to be made from the celebrated Parian marble and to be the work of Praxiteles. The evidence that it is his handiwork must, of course, be entirely circumstantial, and a majority of the critics are unwilling to ascribe it to Praxiteles, while a few even deny that it is antique. The statue is in pose very similar to that of the well-known Venus de Medici, representing the nude goddess accompanied by her characteristic dolphin. The weight is resting on the left leg, while the right is relaxed, the toe only resting on the ground. On the right arm hangs a portion of some ornament which is either a bracelet or the traditional girdle of Aphrodite which made the goddess or the woman who possessed it irresistible. The marble is brown in color, but not uniformly so, being darker in some parts than in others. There are several explanations offered for this discoloration; it may have been caused by fire to which the statue has been exposed, or by a gum of some kind which was used to attach a coating of gold, or it may be the result of age. The statue represents a woman of unusual muscular development, "more powerful," as an expert anatomist said after studying it carefully, "than five out of six ordinary men." This remarkable development would indicate that the model had been specially trained for a mode of life that required a great deal of muscular exertion. The development is most pronounced in the feet and ankles, making it a reasonable guess that the model was a dancer– an interesting deduction in view of the conjecture of some critics that the statue was modeled from Phryne, the celebrated Greek hetaira, and a favorite model of Praxiteles. The great skill of the unknown sculptor shows itself in the wonderful accuracy with which anatomical details have been carried out. Every muscle is indicated delicately but with the utmost precision, so that not even the skilled anatomist can find anything to criticise. The curve of the backbone caused by the posture, the swelling of a muscle over the breast due to the raising of the right arm, the difference in the muscles of the right and left legs, the one tense, the other relaxed—all these details indicate a thorough knowledge of the structure of the human body and a consummate skill in reproducing it. The technical perfection of the statue, its remarkable state of preservation, its evident antiquity, even the possibility that it is the work of the master Praxiteles, are not the most noteworthy things about it; the beauty of form and face which it embodies would make its appearance an important event in the world of art even if it were the work of some obscure sculptor of the present day. If, as Sir C. Purdon Clarke, the new Director of the Metropolitan Museum, says of it, and as most of those who have seen it are ready to believe, "it is entirely worthy of Praxiteles," no quarrel of critics as to the date of its carving or the identity of the sculptor who made it can deprive it of its value, not necessarily commercial, but none the less real, as a thing of beauty and as an important addition to the sum total of the beautiful in the world.

❀

The Metropolitan Museum The thirty-fifth annual report of the trustees of the Metropolitan Museum of New York City shows that the executors of that very important institution are fully informed as to its needs, and are awake to the fact that opportunity is now afforded to build up a great artistic and educational center in New York. The collections of the Museum, the trustees say, have not been systematically developed under any comprehensive plan; they are lamentably deficient in some departments, abnormally extended in others, and inadequately represented in still others. This result has come as the inevitable consequence of the necessity of relying in past expansion upon gifts, and of not being in possession of means to enlarge the collection in other directions, to the furtherance of which no gifts had been made. The trustees have exercised more critical discrimination in recent years in accepting gifts, and they now propose to exclude rigorously all objects of every kind which do not attain to the acknowledged standards. When Mr. Jacob S. Rogers became interested in the Museum, before making his great bequest of five million dollars, he made a thorough examination of its condition and its management, and became satisfied that its deficiencies were due, not to lack of intelligence or purpose on the part of the trustees, but to lack of means. His confidence and the confidence of the public in the wisdom of the trustees has been justified by the appointment of Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke as Director. His coming means undoubtedly the beginning of a new era in the arrangement and direction of all parts of the Museum, in the extension of its collections, their accessibility and educational uses, and especially its service to American art. The trustees propose reorganizing the Museum into a greater number of departments and placing at the head of each department a curator equipped by knowledge and experience for his specialty, and capable of leadership, not only in arranging and cataloguing his department, but in enlarging it and utilizing its educational possibilities; and they propose, by bringing the best examples of American painting and sculpture into the Museum, to make it not only an adequate exponent of American art, but to use its great influence and authority to recognize and foster American talent.

❀

Clothes and Education

At the recent dinner of the Alumni of Amherst College in New York City, President Harris made the announcement—rather unusual on such occasions—that there had been no deficit in the college finances during the last collegiate year, but he added that this encouraging report would not, he hoped, give the impression that the College needed nothing of its alumni. It would be glad to receive even clothing which, judged by New York standards, had passed its usefulness, but which could be effectively distributed by the Department of Physical Education of the College among students who are working their way through the institution. "Dress suits" might not even come amiss, for there is an attempt in Amherst, said Dr. Harris, to develop in its plan of education the social side of the student as well as his intellectual, his religious, and his physical side. This appeal of President Harris's for evening dress, made with a touch of humor but in a thoroughly kindly and fraternal spirit, has given the newspapers an opportunity to poke some good-natured fun at Amherst. But after the smile that these amiable jokes excites has passed away, there is left a feeling that Dr. Harris's appeal contains in it some sound philosophy that educators too often are ignorant of or are ashamed to acknowledge. Dr. Harris says that Amherst no longer believes in paternalism in education, but in fraternalism; that man is first of all a social being, and that therefore his social instinct should be guided and developed as well as his intellect, his physique, or his conscience; that this can be done in a small college in no better way than by having the President and professors meet the students as gentlemen meet gentlemen; that in these days when one gentleman is invited to dine at another gentleman's house, unless the guest is either a popular genius or a multi-millionaire—in which case he can wear extraordinary clothing and appear in unbarbered hair—he desires to conform to the usages and customs of society. It is all very well to say that the tailor does not make the man, but has it not been the defect of education in this country up to the present time that it has neglected the valuable element of personal charm and grace? There is no denying the fact that personal charm is more likely to be found in a man whose body and its clothing, as well as his mind and conscience, are giving him comfort instead of discomfort. So good a spiritual authority as Emerson says somewhere, in effect, that there is a consolation in being well dressed which religion does not always give. To those people who think that education concerns simply Greek roots, mathematical equations, and chemical formulæ, and has nothing to do with the health and grace of the body and the propriety and attractiveness of its appearance, we are glad to commend the word which Dr. Harris has spoken concerning the educational value of the "dress suit."

❀

A Cup of Coffee The potency for good of a simple act of friendliness is illustrated anew by a recent undertaking of the Bible Teachers' Training-School of New York. Opposite the school for blocks and blocks stretch the yards where the construction is being carried on of the new terminal for the New York Central Railroad. From the window of the well-equipped school building the workmen at noonday could be seen sitting on rock or plank, eating a cold and uninviting lunch. The brotherliness of the Bible School took practical expression one cold January morning in a procession which left the kitchen bearing cups and saucers and boilers of hot coffee. The men at first could hardly believe that any one cared enough for their comfort to wish to give them this welcome addition to their meal; they thought they were being guyed, and looked suspiciously in the bottom of their cups for pledges or invitations to prayer-meetings. As nothing more dangerous was forthcoming than a cheery word from the manager, who came at twelve noonday and twelve midnight with the hot coffee, freely dispensing as much as any one wanted, surprise and suspicion changed to hearty appreciation. On the first Sunday a committee from the men called at the school to give notice that they were at work, and to ask if the coffee might come as usual. "We do not believe in working on the Sabbath," they were told. "Nor do we," the men replied, "but it's work or lose our job." "Very well," came the answer, "we do not approve; we wish it were otherwise; but since, as you say, you must work with your crew or be laid off, you shall have your coffee." And they did. A few days later came a delegation to inquire whether a luncheon at a moderate cost could not be served. This was at nine o'clock in the morning. At noon a big bowl of soup and a generous roast-beef sandwich were served to nearly two hundred men for the sum of five cents each, the coffee accompanying without charge. The luncheon has been provided ever since. The impulse with which this sharing began took no account of "fighting the saloon," and was in the name of brotherhood rather than of temperance. All the more gratifying was the remark from the foreman, whose permission to enter the yards with the coffee had been most grudgingly given, that, for the first time in his experience, the day after pay-day found all his men at work, none laid off from dissipation. And he added with satisfaction that he found very few absences in the afternoon; that before they had the coffee the men would leave the yards for a drink, which always resulted in some being unfit to return. There are other large gangs of workmen in New York City employed on the Manhattan Bridge, the Pennsylvania Station, and the tunnels beneath the East and North Rivers. If a "wink to the wise" is sufficient, we think the Bible Teachers' Training-School has given it.

❀

A Great Work The boring of the tunnel through the Alps under the Simplon Pass between Brigue, Switzerland, and Iselle, Italy, was completed early on Friday morning of last week, after seven years of work and at a cost of fourteen millions of dollars, divided between the railroad company which is to control it and the Governments of Italy and Switzerland. This tunnel is about twelve miles long, while the St. Gothard tunnel is nine and a quarter, the Mont Cenis tunnel a little over seven and a half, and the Hoosac tunnel four and three-quarters. For a long time the tunneling of the Simplon was considered impossible, but the twelve miles of rock and soil have now been pierced, and direct railway communication will be open between Paris and Milan without the heavy grades of the St. Gothard tunnel. At the outset a hard formation of rock presented itself, and at the end of two miles of boring very powerful springs gushed out, with a flow of more than five hundred gallons of water per minute, and compelled a suspension of work on the Italian side. When this difficulty had been partially overcome, shifting material was encountered which required a heavy expenditure of time and money. Later the arch of brickwork supporting the finished portions of the tunnel was seriously threatened on account of the slippery substance contained in the mountainous formation, and a large part of this work had to be done over. The greatest difficulty, however, was not met until last September, when hot water in great quantities began to deluge the tunnel and compelled suspension of work for several months. A large amount of water on the Swiss side was known to exist, and it was expected that this mass would be precipitated to the Italian side when the two squads of workmen met under the mountain, and great precautions were taken to prevent a catastrophe. These expectations seem to have been fulfilled; a large number of workmen were in great danger for a time, and one workman appears to have been lost. The progress of the work has been watched with great attention by the engineers interested in the Panama Canal. Some of the results obtained in boring the Simplon may have very important bearing on the question of diverting the surplus water of the Chagres River, to do which a tunnel of four miles will have to be made under a mountain.

⁂

Opium and Human Nature

It is an extraordinarily interesting document which the Committee, chosen by the Philippine Commission, has prepared in reporting its conclusions regarding methods of dealing with the sale and use of opium. Its lucidity, articulation, terseness, and forceful diction make it a masterpiece of expository writing. More than that, it expresses not merely the conscientious painstaking of officials, but the human feeling of men.

The Committee which makes this report, though consisting of only three men, is representative in an unusual degree of various points of view. One is an American army officer, representing the sentiment of authority and discipline; one a Filipino physician, representing at once the people of the island and expert medical knowledge; the third, a missionary bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, representing the American people in distinction from American officials, and the enlightened moral and religious sentiment of Americans. Major Carter, Dr. Albert, and Bishop Brent have made to the study of the opium question the most valuable and comprehensive contribution of which we have any knowledge.

Although the Committee has investigated administrative measures with great care, in fact has, probably for the first time, collated "the opium legislation of a number of countries where the use of the drug is dealt with as a matter of large concern," it has based its findings, not upon any legal precedents as such, but, very wisely, upon a study of national characteristics in the Orient, and human conditions there.

Although the Committee visited and studied Java, Cochin China, the Straits Settlements, and various places in China, including Hongkong, it really found the solution of the question in the Japanese administration of Formosa. There is a good and human reason why this should have been the case. That reason can be found in the national characteristics of the Japanese and of the Chinese, and in the conditions under which the Japanese are now governing Formosa. In Japan public sentiment is intensely hostile to the use of opium. "An opium user in Japan would be socially as a leper. A Japanese may get drunk every night in the week on *sake* without losing caste, but woe betide him if he resort to the seductions of opium." Such public opinion is genuine because it springs from a deep-seated and constantly recurrent emotion. As the Committee says, "The Japanese, to a man, fear opium as we fear the cobra or the rattlesnake." Moreover, the patriotism of the Japanese, which, as all the world has seen during the present war, is the ruling power over the people as a whole, enlists the support of every Japanese for the repression of the opium habit. In Japan, as elsewhere in the East, opium is regarded as an evil; but nowhere else in the East as in Japan is its menace to the national life so dreaded. The laws against opium in Japan, prohibiting not only its sale, but even its use except as a medicine, are therefore, as the Committee emphatically states, "kept to the letter in a population of 47,000,000." On the other hand, China lacks what Japan eminently possesses, public opinion and a national life. Though it is true that in China opium is regarded as an evil, it is not universally dreaded, nor is it conceived of as a menace to the life of the nation. This is because the very loyalty to family which characterizes the Chinese, and which is the source of so many of their virtues, enables the Chinaman to disregard the welfare of others outside of his own family. "To him," in the words of the Committee, "the injury of the many for the benefit of the few may be a righteous duty, provided the few are his family and the many not. This peculiar altruistic selfishness is not confined to the Chinese, but as a general effective cause it pervades their life, their thought, and their action." Consequently, the Chinaman who would ward off the opium habit from the members of his own family will have no qualms in selling opium to the members of other families. Life in China, moreover, is characterized by monotony. Games and other active amusements have no place in the life of the common people there. Some form of recreation, however, they must have; and the quiet, meditative, soporific relaxation induced by opium takes the place of active recreation in vogue elsewhere. Wherever the Chinese have gone, therefore, the use of opium, with its various preparations, such as morphia, has followed. The exception seems to be Japan alone, where public sentiment, crystallized in the law, is so rigorous that Chinamen addicted to the use of opium have been known to stay away from Japan to their own disadvantage and the disadvantage of their business because they could not there obtain and use the drug. Elsewhere opium seems to be a sign of Chinese influence.

What makes Formosa interesting and invaluable as a source of knowledge concerning the proper method of dealing with the opium problem is the fact that there the situation created by the Chinese is being solved by the Japanese. In Japan there is no opium problem, but there is an overpowering anti-opium sentiment. There the only method, therefore, that is required is one of prevention; but in Formosa there is an opium habit, and it is there only that the inexorable Japanese hostility to opium is meeting conditions that require not merely prevention but cure. It is of first importance to note that in meeting these new conditions the Japanese have not in the slightest degree lost their fear and hatred of opium. The Committee pays a great tribute to Japan in saying that "Japan, which is a non-Christian country, is the only country visited by the Committee where the opium question is dealt with in its purely moral and social aspect"—that is, without regard in the least to its commercial phases. And what is true in Japan seems to be equally true of the Japanese methods in Formosa. No Puritan of New England, no Prohibitionist of the most uncompromising type, can surpass the Japanese in their animosity towards this evil. Nevertheless, the Japanese, with all their earnestness, have not foregone the exercise of wisdom. They have recognized that in Formosa the same methods are not practicable as those in use in Japan, because the problem is different. Instead of a categorical prohibition, which has proved effective only in preventing the introduction of the use of opium, they have adopted a progressive prohibition, which is proving effective as a cure of the habit where it already exists. The system, as the Committee says, is one of government monopoly. The Government forbids the cultivation of the poppy, restricts the possession of the instruments used in opium-smoking to licensed persons, forbids all Japanese from using opium except on medical order in sickness, and forbids it to every one else except to those who are licensed as chronic morphomaniacs. In this last provision the Japanese Government recognizes the fact that a person who has become addicted to the drug is subject to grave injury if he is suddenly deprived of it. Indeed, to deprive an "opium fiend" of his drug is to induce a mania which would work social injury of the gravest sort. Moreover, the Government, it is to be remembered, is dealing with a population which is not only alien but is by tradition inimical to the Japanese, and a categorical prohibitive measure would be considered an act of oppression, and thus become not only not a cure but positively an irritant. The question, too, of smuggling is involved.

But the Japanese Government is not content with protecting, on the one hand, non-users from the habit, and gradually eliminating, on the other hand, the use of the drug from the island by the death and departure of morphomaniacs. The Government has undertaken to assist morphomaniacs in breaking off the habit. Thus, it has provided that "any victim can receive treatment in one of the ten government hospitals of Formosa; medical care is provided for those outside of the hospitals, and pamphlets indicating home treatment are placed in their hands."

It is not necessary for the understanding of the Committee's recommendation to consider any part of their report except that which deals with Japan, China, and Formosa. With few exceptions, their studies in other colonies have had only the effect to indicate what had better not be done. In the light of the Committee's conclusion, borne out by practically unanimous testimony, that the system in use in Formosa "is more effective in decreasing the use of opium than any other system which the Committee has cognizance of among a people where morphomania is a common vice," it is not surprising that the Committee recommend what is practically an adaptation of the Formosan system for the Philippines. For the maintenance of this system it is indispensable that "opium and the traffic therein be made a strict Government monopoly immediately." That is the first provision. "Second, prohibition, except for medicinal purposes, after three years. Third, only licensees, who shall be males and over twenty-one years of age, shall be allowed to use opium until prohibition goes into effect. Fourth, all venders or dispensers of opium, except for medical purposes, shall be salaried officials of the Government. Fifth, every effort shall be made (a) to deter the young from contracting the habit by pointing out its evil effects and by legislation, (b) to aid in caring for and curing those who manifest a desire to give up the habit, and (c) to punish and, if necessary, to remove from the islands incorrigible offenders."

Such a report gives every American a right to a new pride in his country and a new confidence in the Nation's power to deal with novel and perplexing problems. If, as at present seems probable, these recommendations are embodied in law, so that the Philippine Commission may proceed to put this policy of progressive prohibition under Government monopoly into practice, the United States will have taken a position beside Japan in dealing with this evil in a spirit at once of moral earnestness and of wise restraint.

⁂

The Arbitration Treaties

Precedents

In last week's issue we appealed from the Senate of the United States to the people of the United States against the action of the Senate in practically repudiating the general treaties of arbitration negotiated between the United States and eight foreign Powers. We pointed out the fact that this repudiation does not concern the relative powers of the President and the Senate; but that it denies the power of the President and the Senate in co-operation to make any general treaty of arbitration; and we promised our readers that in a subsequent issue we would show that this action of the Senate is as contrary to precedent as it is inconsistent with Constitutional principles.

The Constitution provides that the "President shall have power, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to make treaties, provided two-thirds of the Senators present concur."

That this power is unlimited except as explicit provisions of the Constitution deny to Congress power to do certain acts, as to establish religion, or abridge the liberty of speech and the press, is affirmed in the strongest terms by the Supreme Court of the United States. A single quotation must suffice for our purpose:

> The treaty power, as expressed in the Constitution, is in terms unlimited except by those restraints which are found in that instrument against the action of the government or of its departments, and those arising from the nature of the government itself and of that of the States. It would not be contended that it extends so far as to authorize what the Constitution forbids, or a change in the character of the government or in that of one of the States, or a cession of any portion of the territory of the latter, without its consent. But, with these exceptions, it is not perceived that there is any limit to the questions which can be adjusted touching any matter which is properly the subject of negotiations with a foreign country. (Geoffrey vs. Riggs, 133 U. S.)

There needs no other authority to make it clear that a general arbitration treaty comes within the power of the President and the Senate. The arbitration treaties which the Senate has practically rejected provided for referring certain classes of cases to the Hague Tribunal, and left the President to determine, when any difference should arise, whether it belonged to the class of cases defined by this treaty. The position of the Senate, that this confers upon the President treaty-making power and is therefore unconstitutional, is as inconsistent with the decisions of the courts and the uniform practical construction of the Constitution as it is with common sense.

It is true that Congress has no authority to delegate to the President power either to enact legislation or to make treaties. "That Congress cannot delegate legislative power to the President is a principle universally recognized as vital to the integrity and maintenance of the system of government ordained by the Constitution" (United States Supreme Court in Field *versus* Clark); and it is equally true, and was impliedly recognized in this case, that the President cannot be invested with treaty-making power. But a delegation of power to the President to interpret a law or a treaty, or to determine when a future event has occurred, upon the occurrence of which the law or treaty is to become operative, is not a delegation of power to make a law or make a treaty. One would think this was plain enough not to require either argument or precedent. In fact, however, the question has been raised, and definitely decided by the Supreme Court of the United States in the case of Field *versus* Clark, above referred to. In that case the Supreme Court of the United States cites from a Pennsylvania case and makes its own the following language:

> The Legislature cannot delegate its power to make a law, but it can make a law to delegate a power to determine some fact or state of things upon which the law makes, or intends to make, its own action depend. To deny this would be to stop the wheels of government. There are many things upon which wise and useful legislation must depend, which cannot be known to the law-making power, and must, therefore, be a subject of inquiry and determination outside of the halls of legislation.

In the case which we are considering the Senate was asked to ratify a treaty and to delegate to the President power to determine certain facts upon the existence of which the treaty makes its own effectiveness depend. These facts are largely mere matters of procedure, as we point out hereafter. In refusing to make this delegation of power the Senate has done what it could to stop the wheels of government. It has done what it could to stop the progress of the civilized world toward substitution of judicial procedure for war as a means of settling international disputes. It has for the time being absolutely prohibited the United States from having any share in that beneficent movement. To this aspect of the case we shall refer again. In this article we simply wish to show our readers that the claim of the defenders of the Senate that the Senate has no Constitutional power to delegate such authority to the President denies a principle not only affirmed by the Supreme Court of the United States, but also acted upon in a long series of historical precedents by the United States Government. A number of these precedents are cited by the Supreme Court in the case of Field *versus* Clark.

In 1794, during the administration of Washington, Congress authorized the President, "whenever in his opinion the public safety shall so require, to lay an embargo on all ships and vessels in the ports of the United States . . . and to continue or revoke the same whenever he shall think proper." In 1798 Congress passed and President Adams approved an act suspending commercial intercourse between the United States and France, and authorized the President, under certain circumstances specified in the act, "to remit and discontinue the prohibitions and restraints hereby enacted and declared." In 1809 Congress forbade the importation of merchandise from either Great Britain or France, and gave the President of the United States authority under certain specified conditions to revoke this embargo and allow the trade to be renewed. The Constitutionality of this act was brought before the United States Supreme Court, which held that this did not delegate legislative power to the President; it only prescribed the evidence to be admitted establishing a fact upon which the law should go into effect. It affirmed the power of Congress to enact legislation "either expressly or conditionally, as their judgment should direct," and the right of Congress to make that condition one dependent upon the exercise of discretion by the President.

Similar discretion was given to the President by the acts of 1806, 1815, 1817, and 1830. Again, in 1824, the President was authorized to discontinue discriminating duties of tonnage and impost, on satisfactory evidence being given to him that no discriminating duties of tonnage or impost were imposed by the foreign nation concerned upon United States vessels; and in 1866 to allow the importation of cattle, which by general act had been prohibited, whenever in his judgment the importation would involve no danger of introduction or spread of contagious or infectious disease. In 1854 the provisions of a reciprocity treaty between the United States and Great Britain were made dependent upon the act of the President, and in December of the following year he, by proclamation, admitted certain articles free of duty from Newfoundland because he had received satisfactory evidence that that province had consented to have the provisions of the treaty extended to it.

Analogous acts of an international character, the operation of which were made dependent upon the judgment of the President and his proclamation, were passed in 1884. The McKinley Tariff Act in 1890 provided that, for the purpose of securing reciprocal trade with other countries, whenever the President shall be satisfied that the government of any country producing certain specified articles imposes a duty upon products to the United States which, in view of the free introduction of those articles into the United States, he may deem to be reciprocally unequal and unreasonable, he shall have the power to suspend by proclamation the provisions of the act allowing such free introduction. This, though not a reciprocity treaty, was legislation to promote reciprocity, and was declared Constitutional by the Supreme Court. This was the case of Field *versus* Clark, cited above, the leading case and final authority on this general subject.

These cases relate to the power of Congress to delegate authority to the President to determine conditions upon which acts of Congress shall become operative. Precisely the same principle applies and has been applied in the case of treaties. By the treaty of 1830 with Turkey it was provided that litigations between subjects of the Sublime Porte and citizens of the United States should not be heard unless the American Dragoman was present. In 1874 authority was given to the President of the United States to suspend the operation of this treaty whenever he should receive satisfactory information that the Turkish Government had organized tribunals on a basis likely to secure to citizens of the United States impartial justice. In the treaty between the United States and the King of the Belgians, as sovereign of the Independent State of Congo, arbitration of differences is provided for before a tribunal of three members. The United States is to select one, the

King of the Belgians another, and a friendly government agreed upon by the two High Contracting Parties is to select the third. Does any one think it would be necessary to conclude a new treaty in every instance wherein it was desired to carry out the provisions of this treaty? Manifestly not; and yet, in executing the provisions of this treaty, it would be necessary for the Department of State to appoint an arbitrator and to enter into an agreement with the King of the Belgians for the selection of a friendly government to select the third arbitrator, and to define the matter in dispute, and the time of assembling of the tribunal, and the several stages of the procedure—matters very similar to those provided for in the general arbitration treaties which the Senate has practically rejected.

In the famous Platt Amendment, incorporated in and made part of the treaty with Cuba, it is provided that the Government of Cuba will accept, and so far as necessary extend, the plans already devised, or other plans to be mutually agreed upon, for the sanitation of the cities of the island. Does any one suppose that every plan suggested by Cuba for the sanitation of its cities must be submitted to the Senate of the United States in order to make the agreement under Section 5 of the Platt Amendment a legal and binding agreement? It is further provided that, to enable the United States to maintain the independence of Cuba, the Government of Cuba will sell or lease to the United States lands necessary for coaling or naval stations at certain specified points to be agreed upon with the President of the United States. Does any one suppose that the United States Senate has violated the Constitution of the United States by delegating to the President power to agree with Cuba respecting such coaling or naval stations?

In 1902 there was submitted to the Senate a treaty with South American Republics, subsequently ratified by the Senate, by which it was agreed that certain classes of differences should be submitted to the Hague Tribunal for settlement, "unless the differing parties should prefer that a special jurisdiction should be organized, according to Article XXI. of the Convention [of The Hague] referred to." Does any one suppose that this clause requires the President to submit to the Senate every question which arises with the South American Republics, in order that the Senate shall determine whether it prefers that a special jurisdiction shall be organized? If not, then power is delegated to the President to determine whether the case shall be submitted to the general court or to a special tribunal.

Let us sum up in the briefest possible form the results of this partial historical survey. It is established, both by Congressional precedents and by the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States, that it is Constitutional to delegate to the President power:

To establish or remove an embargo.

To admit specified articles free of duty, and to reimpose the duty.

To prohibit the importation of cattle if such importation is perilous to public health, and to remove the prohibition.

To suspend or to reimpose tonnage duties.

To waive or to put into effect provisions of a treaty prescribing judicial proceedings for American citizens in a foreign country.

To agree with a foreign nation what plans for sanitation are adequate.

To agree with a foreign nation what sites for coaling or naval stations are satisfactory.

To enter into agreement with a foreign nation in the selection and constitution of a court of arbitration.

To enter into agreement with a foreign nation in determining whether a special case shall be submitted to a general or to a special court.

And in the light of these precedents it is soberly affirmed that the Senate cannot delegate to the President power to decide whether a specific difference between the United States and other nations belongs in a category of cases which the Senate has previously carefully defined, and which it has agreed shall be submitted to the Hague Tribunal for settlement. It is soberly maintained that the Senate has no Constitutional power to enter into a general agreement to leave a class of cases to the Hague Tribunal, that all that it can do is to say that "we agree that we will agree when we agree to agree."

❀

The Steep Ascent

The questionings of Job, face to face with an outworn explanation of the sorrows and afflictions of men, were met, not by a sudden flood of light, but by a swift unveiling of the splendor of the universe. No word came from the depths of space in which Orion and Aldebaran blazed like flaming suns, but on the verge of fathomless mystery and wonder from which he looked into the universe there issued a new consciousness of the impotence of human judgment, a new sense of the greatness of the Infinite. Who are we that we should sit in judgment upon Him whose minutest work on the leaf of a fern holds a secret which is beyond the keenest search of knowledge? How shall we know what life may hold for us when its curve is so vast that the full space of our years shows no bending of the line? With what wisdom can we call the happenings of the day prosperous or adverse when they may not disclose their meaning or bear their fruits for a full century?

If it were not so tragic, nothing could be more pitiful than our judgments on our fortunes from hour to hour; so narrow is the range of our vision, so dim our sight, so incompetent our faculties for the tasks we lay upon them. Half the judgments passed upon life are false because the judges are incompetent to reach a sound conclusion by reason of lack of moral sanity, of the ability to get above the mist of temperament, to escape from the tyranny of personal experience and look at things in the large, clearly, dispassionately, with a vision unblurred by moral, mental, or physical disease. The roots of much skepticism and of all cynicism are not in the universe; they are in the nature and life of the skeptic and cynic; and many of those whose interpretations of life have touched the imagination and affected the judgment of their fellows most deeply have been utterly incompetent to speak authoritatively of anything save their own experience. No gift of passionate speech can clothe a man with authority to decide on the great questions of fate when he has made himself incompetent to understand them. The sane man alone has a right to assume judicial functions in the great court of life; genius, when it lacks sanity, is only a special pleader in that court.

And of those whose lives and minds are sane how many have the power of detaching themselves from themselves and looking at life as it affects society? How many have lived deeply and widely enough to touch the hem of the garment of the final and ultimate truth about the life of man in a world which was sown as a seed in the furrows of time a million years ago and in a society which is still in its early stages of development? Surely there is need that the lesson set for Job should be studied by the men and women of to-day, whose first impulse when any pain falls on them is to challenge God, and whose passionate response to any hardship which comes to them in their relations with society is to tear down and cast aside the ancient order which has slowly and with infinite pain built up the home and set the family in it and made it the shrine of love.

The incredible vulgarity of divorce has its root in the failure to understand what love is or means; and a thousand travesties of the home make clear the fatal blindness that has fallen on a host of men and women who have mistaken a sudden glow of passion for the supreme passion of the soul, and have set out to find happiness in the gifts of others rather than in the lavish outpouring of their own souls. The shepherd in Virgil, after long search, found Love living among the rocks; to-day men and women are seeking Love in rich and fallow places, and, when they find him not, cry out that Love is an illusion of youth, and happiness a mirage of the morning which fades in the heat of the day.

Love hides from self-seekers and thrives best in difficult and lonely places; and they only who seek him with infinite patience and endure hardship with a glad heart for his sake find him. The restless, short-sighted, impatient throng who rush hither and thither in a mad race for happiness, unwilling to bear love's burden, endure its discipline, or wait its ripening, know nothing of its nature, and never, by any chance, overtake its blessedness. And yet these are they who fill the modern world with cries of pain, with acts of lawlessness, with manifold infidelities, with a chorus of cynical denials of love! Out of the mouths of the ignorant can come only ignorance, as out of the mouths of the unclean can come only uncleanness. It is not Love upon which such as these sit in judgment; it is themselves. Love flies from those who approach with the eager and burning selfishness of mere passion, but stands suddenly beside those who seek not that they be served but that they may serve. The shy bird happiness, vainly pursued by such a frantic throng of men and women, flies from the self-seeking and reveals itself to the self-forgetful; and Love, upon whom it waits and with whom it bears immortal companionship, sits content and smiling by the hearth of those who serve for what they can give, not for what they can get.

It is true, love often begins in a great self-assertion, an outburst of egotism which knows for the moment only one object, and must possess what it seeks though all the world fall in ruins about it as the world crumbled about Romeo; but if happiness is to lodge with love, to this fierce passion of egoism there must succeed a noble surrender of self; for the secret of happiness in love is to pour out the wealth of one's soul and to be brain and heart and hands and feet to another; to ask little but to give all; to count one's self rich in what is spent, not in what is saved; to find the immortal joy by losing it. The depth and volume of the outgoing tide measure and fix the rush and force of the returning floods sweeping back to the havens whence they streamed forth. The immortal lovers are not those who have demanded much, but those who have given all for love's sake, and sorrowed only when there were no more services to be rendered, no more life to be laid down. The light that shines from their poetic and heroic figures streams not from any bliss which sets its candles aflame about their paths, but from the divine fire which kindled and glowed in their spirits.

For many of these there was no home-coming at the end of the day, with windows aglow and that waiting sympathy and fellowship and devotion which make so many doors into quiet homes the gates of Paradise; there was the steep ascent, the lonely vigil, the fierce struggle, the defeat which was but a mask of victory, the triumphant death with the face to the foe. Among the seekers after Love, nevertheless, these surely wear most worthily the fadeless crown. Love that was born in heaven and came on earth to console, to heal, to inspire, to transport, never yet came for justice to the court where the misguided and blinded go for release from bonds taken without a thought save for their own pleasure. To those alone is the heavenly presence revealed and the heavenly vision set in the sky of daily life who seek Love that they may serve, and who come upon great happiness by the way of great forgetfulness.

⁂

The Spectator

"I cannot tell you exactly what we are going to see to-night," said the Spectator's friend, as they sat at a table at Lorber's, the well-known Jewish restaurant on the East Side. "The man at the Yiddish theater has about as much English as I have Yiddish, and we got badly mixed. I started with the impression that the play was to be a Biblical one, given for the benefit of some Hebrew orphan asylum or other. But at the end I came out with the idea that it is to be something about a steamboat or steam-engine, and I am quite sure that it is for the benefit of the Knee-Pants Union, because I saw the union badge on the ushers, who are there already. Whatever it is it will be crowded, for the Knee-Pants Union is popular in this part of the town."

⁂

The restaurant was evidently popular also. The Spectator had heard of it as a place where Mr. Jerome, whose offices were near by, often dropped in to a meal, and where President Roosevelt, in the days when he was Police Commissioner, used to lunch frequently. The bill of fare interested him as he consulted it. Its table d'hôte dinner for thirty-five cents, "with poultry forty cents," was conspicuous by the absence of every variety of ham, pork, hare, etc. For Lorber's is a "kosher" restaurant, as befits its clientèle. Some of the dishes were curious, and the Spectator tried them promptly, finding "goulash" and "calves' lung stew" to be savory meats enough. "White or black coffee?" inquired the waiter at the end of the meal, and the Spectator found that *café au lait* was "white coffee" here. Some diners were drinking beer and light wines, but the majority seemed to order only coffee or tea.

❀

"The Jews are a temperate people," said the Spectator's companion, who had been a resident of the East Side for a year or two. "You seldom see any drunkenness among them. One thing about them has surprised me. I always thought the Jew was fond of hoarding and averse to spending. But it isn't so on the East Side. They spend freely when they have money. The women wear quantities of cheap jewelry or real gems, as they can afford it, and the men spend money for dress and amusement too. Another thing is that the children are getting all the education New York can offer them. Do you realize that every fourth student in Columbia is a Jew, and that nine out of ten students in the City College are Jews? In politics also, though the district leader is rarely a Jew, his right-hand man frequently is. New York has been called, you know, the New Jerusalem. It has more Jews in it than Jerusalem, certainly, and gives them a better chance than any city in the world has done since the days of Titus. You'll find that the audience to-night will look as well fed and happy as the millionaires at the Metropolitan."

❀

As a matter of fact, they looked much happier. The Grand Theater, from the parquet to the fourth gallery, was packed with a cheerful and expansive crowd. The Spectator and his friend had seats in a first-floor stage-box, behind two couples and a small child. It was all they could do to get to them through the serried throng which was standing three deep around the back of the theater. The badge of the Knee-Pants Union was everywhere—red ribbon printed in gold. Small boys of the true knee-pants age were everywhere, too, and so were little girls, and the Spectator saw two infants in arms. There were, however, apparently no old people in the house, and few elderly ones. The women wore no hats, but some had worsted "nubias" on their heads. An approved style seemed to be a red or green sweater, with a fur boa round the neck as a finish.

❀

The name of the play, on the tickets, was printed in Hebrew characters, and outside the theater, above the entrance, in blazing electric lights, were the words, in English, "In the True Power;" but the programme, printed three-fourths in Yiddish and the remainder in English, gave the drama the name "Cardinal Richelieu, by J. Gordin," while an old "souvenir programme," all in English, kindly brought by the usher for the Spectator's benefit, called it "Solomon Kaus, the Inventor, by Brochfogel." The Spectator, therefore, cannot tell exactly what he saw, and, having but small knowledge of German and none whatever of Yiddish, cannot tell with any accuracy what he heard. It is, however, quite possible to follow an unknown play in an unknown language, as he can testify, when the kindly neighbor in front leans back and translates, in broken English and with many expressive gestures, the climaxes of each act, and when, besides, actors like Jacob Adler and his company are on the stage. The play was chosen, the neighbor explained, by the Knee-Pants Union because it was "old-fashioned" and "about the machine and the poor man." The Biblical plays—yes, they were great. Balaam, now—Balaam was the finest one of all, and the one about Abraham and his son was very grand. Adler played in them often, but only on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday evenings. Those were the only evenings he appeared, usually. But to-night

—a Tuesday—the Knee-Pants Union had especially asked him to take the hero's part, and had chosen this play. "When he goes mad, then you will see it is fine—fine! No one can act it but Adler, this play."

❀

It was, indeed, well acted. The story was simple and tragic. Solomon Kaus, the inventor, starving, perfecting his invention of the steam-engine, or something like it, has his plans stolen by the English, is contemptuously sent to a madhouse by Cardinal Richelieu as insane, and, when his child dies and his machine is gone, goes mad in earnest and dies raving. The audience followed the play breathlessly. One small girl of perhaps twelve, in a red satin waist, hung over the gallery railing with both arms, rapt in the scenes, her long necklace of bright blue beads pendent in the air, like the Blessed Damosel; and when the tragic climaxes came, like the Blessed Damosel again,

> "She cast her arms along
> The golden barriers,
> And laid her face between her hands,
> And wept (I heard her tears)."

For that matter, the Spectator heard everybody's tears. At times, as when the child died, the whole house was dissolved. The feelings of the audience were genuine and deep. When, in response to the curtain call, the villain, the soubrette, and the hero came out after the first act, the villain was hissed vehemently off the stage. Even the children stopped sucking the sticks of candy and joined in. Jacob Adler was called half a dozen times before the curtain after the last act, and was applauded wildly each time. "Adler, he is a good man," explained the neighbor; "he always helps when there is need. He has a heart for the poor."

❀

Between the acts everybody went visiting all over the theater. Few seemed to go out, but there was continual movement up and down the aisles, and loud greetings were interchanged. After the second act, an official of the Knee-Pants Union made a speech from the stage. It was very long and fluent, and full of talk about the open shop and the closed shop and President Roosevelt and the Broadway manufacturers. The Spectator knew that because these English words were used over and over again, Yiddish evidently having no equivalents for them. Also, the audience were being urged to join the Knee-Pants Union, and to stick by it, and by the closed shop; and when the harangue was over, the orchestra played the Marseillaise as a curtain-raiser for the next act, while all the audience got back into their own seats again. But the great sensation of the evening was after the last act, when Adler, at the fifth curtain call, led out a slender, eager-faced Jew over whom the audience fairly went wild. "That is Joseph Barondess," said the Spectator's friend, "who was so active in the last garment workers' strike. We are certainly in luck," and the Spectator felt so, too, when Barondess began to speak. He had the musical, powerful voice of the born orator, and the Spectator managed to understand a great deal of what he said. It was an appeal to the unions to stand together and fight their way forward, and to the Russian Jews to cultivate a just pride in their race and country. Why should the Irish Roman Catholic rejoice in his race and religion, he asked, and the Russian Jew be behindhand in standing up for his country and his faith, "lifting his head in this country of the free? Japan was paying Russia now for all her sins 'an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth.'" But Russia was still "unser land," still to be loved, still to be helped. "Do you see that man in the first row, second seat?" whispered the Spectator's companion. "He needs none of Barondess's urging. He is my tailor—not very much of a tailor, perhaps, but with a good trade. Well, he sent fifty thousand rifles to Russia yesterday, to help the revolutionists."

❀

The Spectator came out into the cold night air and took the up-town car. The brownstone district looked very dull and lifeless after Grand Street. What Broadway theater could have shown drama and audience to match the Yiddish play? The Spectator knows of none.

THE STORY OF PORT ARTHUR[1]

By George Kennan

Special Correspondent of The Outlook in the Far East

I.—A Journey to Dalny

PERMISSION to go to the headquarters of the Third Imperial Army before Port Arthur was given to me by the Japanese War Department about the middle of September, and I began at once to make preparations for departure. As I expected to have to camp out for weeks in some barren Manchurian valley, and as it was by no means certain that I could obtain equipment or supplies at Dalny, I ordered an "A" tent, large enough to accommodate my Japanese servant, Toku, and myself; had a stretcher made of strong cotton drilling, which could be turned into a camp bed by means of side poles and crotched supports; bought cooking utensils, dishes, warm underwear, waterproof clothing, canvas leggings, rubber boots, blankets, pillows, hot-water bag, thermometer, candles, medicines, photographic films, and a month's supply of provisions, and fitted myself out, as well as I could, for a fall campaign in a country where none of the comforts and few of the necessities of life were to be had.

I expected at that time to make the journey to Port Arthur alone; but when, a few days later, I called upon General Murata, of the Japanese General Staff, and told him that I was ready to start, I was informed that permission to join the Third Army had also been given to Mr. Alfred W. Curtis, editor and proprietor of the "Kobe Herald;" that we were to go to the front together; and that in order to facilitate, as far as possible, the work that we wished to do, the War Department had decided to send with us Lieutenant Oata, a young English-speaking cavalry officer of the reserve who had just come back from America to join the colors, and who would not only act as interpreter for us in our intercourse with the Japanese authorities *en route*, but would furnish us with all necessary information when we should get into the field. On the 8th of October I was officially notified to hold myself in readiness to embark, and at 6 P.M. on the following Thursday Lieutenant Oata, Toku, and I left the capital by the Tokaido night express for the city of Osaka, where we expected to meet Mr. Curtis and take a steamer for Dalny.

The Japanese armies in Manchuria get most of their supplies from two great military bases—Osaka and Ujina, both of which are situated on the Inland Sea. Between these ports of Japan and various harbors in Manchuria eighty or a hundred steam transports ply constantly to and fro, carrying outward fresh troops, horses, and munitions of war, and bringing back thousands of sick and wounded from Port Arthur and Liaoyang, for distribution among the military hospitals of Japan.

On the morning of Saturday, October 15, Lieutenant Oata, Mr. Curtis, and I, with two Japanese servants and a cart-load of baggage, rode down one of the boat-crowded arms of the Odagawa—the steel-gray river in whose delta the city of Osaka lies—and alighted from our jinrikshas near the entrance to a long and spacious stone pier, where two large four-masted steamers were taking on board horses and troops destined for Port Arthur and Liaoyang. Although the approaches to the pier were thronged with officers, soldiers, 'rikshamen, bareheaded coolies in blue tunics, and nondescript civilians of all ages and both sexes who had come down to see the soldiers off, there was no noise, confusion, or disorder. Gendarmes in French military caps trimmed with red kept the crowd away from the steamers, and the pier was occupied only by squads of men engaged in loading horses by means of derricks and slings, and three or four companies of soldiers standing at ease in double lines while awaiting the order to embark.

---

[1] Copyright, 1905, the Outlook Company, New York.

In an unpretentious wooden building near the entrance to the pier we made the acquaintance of Major Fusei, local chief of military transportation, and were introduced by him to half a dozen other officers who were going with us as far as Dalny, on their way to Liaoyang. I noticed with interest, on a table in the Major's office, a large pile of St. John's Gospels, in Japanese and English, which were intended, apparently, for distribution among soldiers going to the front. Inasmuch as Christianity is not the dominant religious faith of Japan, the co-operation of the Government in the distribution of St. John's Gospels among its soldiers struck me as a noteworthy evidence of enlightenment and toleration. One would not find a local chief of transportation in Russia supplying soldiers with New Testaments, and still less with the sacred books of the Buddhists. The Czar holds up before his regiments miracle-working portraits of madonnas and saints, and invites the men to bare their heads and fall on their knees in adoration, while he himself sits on horseback in a military cap; but he does not furnish his troops with sacred literature. Books have a tendency to "excite the mind," while miracle-working ikons encourage a feeling of dependence and submission, and are therefore among the strongest bulwarks of the throne.

After exchanging compliments and drinking colorless Japan tea with Major Fusei and the officers who were to be our fellow-voyagers, we all went on board the Tosa-maru—a twin-screw steamer of about 6,000 tons, which belonged to the Nippon Yusen Steamship Company, and which ran, before the war, on the route between Yokohama and Seattle. She was scheduled to sail at noon, and fifteen or twenty minutes before that time the last of the five hundred soldiers and three hundred horses that she was to carry came on board; the gendarmes beckoned to the waiting crowd in front of the transportation office, and a long, orderly procession of men and women marched on to the pier and drew up in a line parallel with the steamer's side. We thought at first that these were relatives of the soldiers who had come to bid the latter good-by; but we learned upon inquiry that the officers and men on board were all from the remote northern province of Mutsu, and that not one of them had a relative in Osaka or its vicinity. The hundreds of men, women, and children who had walked three or four miles that morning to see us sail were all members of Osaka households upon which the soldiers had been quartered while waiting for a steamer. Their presence on the pier, the long walk that they had taken in order to get there, and the manifestly affectionate interest with which they regarded the departing troops were unmistakable evidences of patriotic feeling on one side, and sobriety, good character, and good behavior on the other.

Precisely at noon the steamer's lines were cast off; the soldiers on board crowded to the port rail; the men and women on the pier waved their caps and handkerchiefs enthusiastically as they shouted "Banzai!" and the Tosa-maru, turning in a great circle to starboard, started westward through the Inland Sea. A few hours later we bade good-by to Japan at a small island known as Ikishima, where there is a telegraphic signal station, and where we made a brief stop for the purpose of ascertaining whether any Vladivostok cruisers, or destroyers from Port Arthur, were lying in wait for us in the Korean Strait. A string of particolored flags fluttering from the arm of a white, cross-shaped staff in front of the cable station informed us that the "enemy's position" was "unchanged;" and as this meant that he was still bottled up in Port Arthur and had not finished making repairs to his war-ships at Vladivostok, we hauled down our inquiry signal and shaped a course for Dalny. Thirty-six hours' steaming carried us across Tsushima Strait and the Yellow Sea, and at eight o'clock on Tuesday morning, after an uneventful voyage of three days, we caught sight of Terminal Head and the long, desolate stretch of coast which lies between it and Port Arthur.

The Liaotung Peninsula, when seen under a leaden October sky and across a strip of yellowish-green sea lashed into ridges of foam by a cold northerly wind, looks more bleak, cheerless, and inhospitable than any part of the Far East that I have yet seen. Its bare, treeless hills are not high enough to be impressive, nor varied enough in outline to be picturesque; its arid slopes show no color except that of the withered russet-brown grass with which they are scantily clothed; and even in its sheltered valleys one sees no traces of tillage and no signs whatever of human habitation. The whole country looks like a crumpled-up, frost-scorched Siberian tundra.

Owing to the existence of uncleared Russian mine-fields in the middle of Talienwan Bay, steamers approaching Dalny follow a channel which runs, for a distance of six or eight miles, close under the hills and bluffs of the northern shore. They then turn sharply to port, and cross the wide bay on a course perpendicular to the line of entrance, and nearly equal to the latter in length. From the first leg of the rectangle Dalny cannot be seen, on account of the distance, but as the steamer crosses the bay, after making the sharp southerly turn, the flat city of the Russian concession slowly takes form behind a brownish haze of coal smoke.

As seen from the bay, Dalny is neither picturesque nor impressive. It has been laid out on an extensive scale, and it attempts to cover an immense extent of ground, but the one-story Chinese shops in the mercantile quarter make no architectural show, while the really good public buildings are scattered here and there, at wide intervals, over an area almost equal to that of Washington, D. C. If the city had a more pleasing and attractive environment—if it were surrounded by the sheltering forests, cultivated fields, and terraced slopes which give an air of thrift and prosperity to so many towns and villages in Japan—the bareness of its site and the raggedness of its architectural outline might be less noticeable; but the reddish, dusty plain upon which it stands slopes upward to a background of brown, arid hills, over which the eye may range for miles without seeing a tree, a thicket, or even a solitary bush. The whole region, outside the area of actual settlement, looks as bare and desolate as a stretch of unreclaimed Arizona desert. As a commercial terminus for a transcontinental railway, the bay of Talienwan is as satisfactory, perhaps, as any harbor to be found on the Manchurian coast; but nothing except the urgent need of access to the sea would have induced the Russians to build a city in so lonely and barren a place.

Unattractive, however, as Dalny may appear from the deck of a steamer lying at anchor in the bay, it is a most interesting town when one gets into it. I had never before seen an advanced military base of the first rank—a base furnishing supplies to an army of 300,000 men—and I was not at all prepared for the hurly-burly of activity in which we found ourselves when we went ashore. Five large transports lay alongside the spacious pier at which we landed; twice as many cranes and donkey-engines were hoisting packages out of their holds and lowering them to the dock in big rope nets; hundreds of bareheaded soldiers were receiving these packages and assorting them in symmetrical piles, while thousands of Chinese coolies, in skull-caps of gray felt and baggy tunics and trousers of faded Nankin blue, were carrying the boxes and bales away on their backs, on pack-ponies, on small tram-cars pushed by hand, or in clumsy Manchurian carts drawn by mixed teams of horses, mules, donkeys, and young steers.

Provisions and munitions of war are handled and transported by the Japanese with great ease and facility on account of the limited weight and small size of the packages in which they are contained. With a few exceptions, in the shape of field guns, lumber, timber, and heavy shells, all of the supplies forwarded to the armies in Manchuria are put up either in bags and bales of matting and rice straw, or in strongly made wooden boxes having a capacity of only six or eight cubic feet. These packages seldom measure more than thirty-six inches by twenty inches in length and thickness, while the maximum limit of weight for a single box or bale is seventy-five pounds. Such packages can be carried on men's backs, slung in a net from a shoulder-pole, trundled in a wheelbarrow, lashed to the saddle of a pack-pony, or put into a vehicle of any size or shape; and the method of transportation chosen is that which happens to be best adapted to the circumstances, the nature of the country, or the state of the roads. The thousands of Chinese coolies who were carrying provisions and munitions of war away from the Dalny piers employed all of these methods simultaneously, and the amount of stuff disposed of in the course of an hour was something astonishing. I counted twelve thousand packages on one end of the pier at which we landed, and they were being removed at the rate of at least three thousand packages per hour. As all of the available storehouses in Dalny were full, most of the boxes and bales that we saw were taken to an extensive field or common at the eastern end of the town, where they were piled up in immense pyramids, sixty feet square and fifty feet or more in height, and then covered with big overlapping sheets of closely woven Japanese matting. There were twenty or thirty of these great pyramids within half a mile of the piers. From a single point of view, near the Harbor Office, we could see provisions and munitions of war enough to keep the Japanese armies in Manchuria supplied for many weeks, even if the Baltic fleet from Russia or hostile cruisers from Vladivostok should sever communication with the home ports.

In most parts of the world, bags of rice and boxes of hard bread piled out-of-doors on the ground in October would be liable to injury from storms; but the climate of the Liaotung Peninsula in the fall and early winter months is remarkably equable and dry. In Dalny, as at the naval base in Sasebo, I was impressed by the systematic and efficient methods of the Japanese in the handling, transportation, and storage of heterogeneous supplies. In the first place, they make great use, everywhere, of narrow-gauge tramways, which they bring to the field in lengths or sections already put together, and which they lay down almost as rapidly as they would lay down a line of twenty-foot planks. On these double-track tramways Chinese coolies push small flat cars from place to place in almost continuous trains, and thus transport, in a given time, twice as much stuff as could be carried in any other way. In the second place, Japanese packages are so light in weight and so uniform in size that they can be handled, moved, and stored with great ease and facility. If they weighed two hundred pounds instead of seventy-five, they could not be built up into pyramids fifty feet high without the use of donkey-engines and big cranes; but a double line of men on each side of a pyramid toss them up from hand to hand, as baskets of coal are tossed up the sides of steamers at Nagasaki, with little effort and with great rapidity. Finally, all goods are so marked and stored that there is no possibility of error or delay in getting at a required article of a particular sort, even in the blackness of night. Things of a kind are always piled together; every box, bag, or bale is carefully marked or tagged; every pyramid of provisions rests on a foundation of broken stone, and is covered with sheets of canvas or matting; and every completed pile bears a big board label to indicate the nature of its contents. These details of transportation and storage may seem to be of trifling importance; but it is upon such management of details that the efficiency of an army in the field largely depends, and it was on account of the lack of such management that our army broke down in health and virtually went to pieces between Siboney and Santiago in 1898. General Shafter had plenty of supplies on board his ships, but inadequate transportation facilities and the utter lack of order and system in loading, unloading, and carriage made nine-tenths of the stuff unavailable at the time when it was most needed. The methods of our quartermaster and commissary departments have greatly improved since the Spanish War; but in the packing, handling, transportation, and storage of military supplies we may still take a few lessons from the Japanese.

Inasmuch as ordinary travelers and tourists were not permitted to visit Dalny in the fall of 1904, the city contained no open hotels of any kind, and there were no droshkies, jinrikshas, or other public vehicles to carry passengers from place to place. We had to walk a mile and a half, therefore, through the long avenue known to the Russians as the Kiefski Prospect before we reached the headquarters of the Japanese military administration, where we were to report for orders. As the commercial quarter of the town, through which we passed, was made up almost wholly of one-story Chinese shops, it did not offer a single feature of architectural interest; but we found enough to entertain us in the living pictures of Far Eastern life which it presented and in the varied types of men and vehicles which crowded its dusty streets. Battalions of infantry and squadrons of horse were interspersed with long caravans of Manchurian carts loaded with provisions for the army in front of Port Arthur; hard-featured, deeply sunburned Manchurian farmers were bringing in wagon-loads of green garden truck and shouting, "Woh! Woh!" or "Yuoh! Yuoh!" to their mixed teams of mules, donkeys, and steers as they tried to get out of the way of the troops; a long procession of coolies bearing wounded soldiers shoulder-high in canvas stretchers was followed by a file of Shantung Chinamen carrying crates of live chickens and ducks or baskets of silvery, eel-like fish from the upper bay; Japanese clerks or orderlies on American bicycles ran in on the sidewalks in order to get around big droves of long-haired Manchurian goats; a squad of Russian prisoners, including two officers in muff-shaped Circassian hats, glanced at us with shamefaced curiosity as they marched past under guard of half a dozen Japanese infantrymen; and to and fro through the Kiefski Prospect and the intersecting streets went hundreds of wagons, carts, pack-horses, donkeys, oxen, and mules, carrying or hauling loads of cabbages, onions, long white Chinese radishes, firewood, big square tins of kerosene, squealing pigs with their legs tied together, bales of blankets, boxes of candles, rollers for moving heavy ordnance, barrels of Portland cement, telephones, coils of insulated telegraph wire, eleven-inch percussion shells, rolls of Japanese matting, bundles of charcoal packed in straw, massive timbers for saps and bomb-proofs, long green bamboo poles for scaling ladders, and thousands of boxes and bags of small-arm ammunition and rice, without which no Japanese army can fight or live. Add to this moving mass of men, animals, vehicles, and heterogeneous war material thousands of disengaged Shantung coolies gathered about open-air restaurants, pouring in tides of faded blue through the dusty streets, or swirling in eddies around Chinese labor contractors, who stand with open note-books at almost every corner, and you will have a faint idea, perhaps, of Dalny as a military base.

When we reached the Japanese headquarters and presented our letters from the War Department, we were very cordially received, but were informed that we could not go to Port Arthur without the express permission of General Nogi. The latter had been apprised by telephone of our arrival, but no orders with regard to us had yet been received, and we might have to stay in Dalny until the following day. We were then taken across the street to an empty brick building with a dusty front piazza which had apparently been occupied by the Russians as an office, and which still remained in precisely the condition in which they had left it. There was a whitewashed Russian oven in one corner; the floor was covered with oilcloth, and the walls with flowered paper in cream color and blue; the double windows were hung with torn lace curtains; and the furniture consisted of two Russian sofas, a few bent-wood chairs, a round center-table with an ink-stained cloth, and a battered upright piano which lacked half its case. After the large, clean, and luxurious staterooms of the Tosa-maru, this dirty, abandoned Russian office was rather a cheerless place of residence; but we brushed the dust off the center-table, spread our blankets over the soiled linen coverings of the sofas, and made ourselves as comfortable as possible in a frigid atmosphere while Toku boiled water for tea over a soldiers' fire in the back courtyard. After a scratch luncheon of tea, stale Osaka bread, and cold canned meat, we set out for a walk through the parts of the town that we had not yet seen.

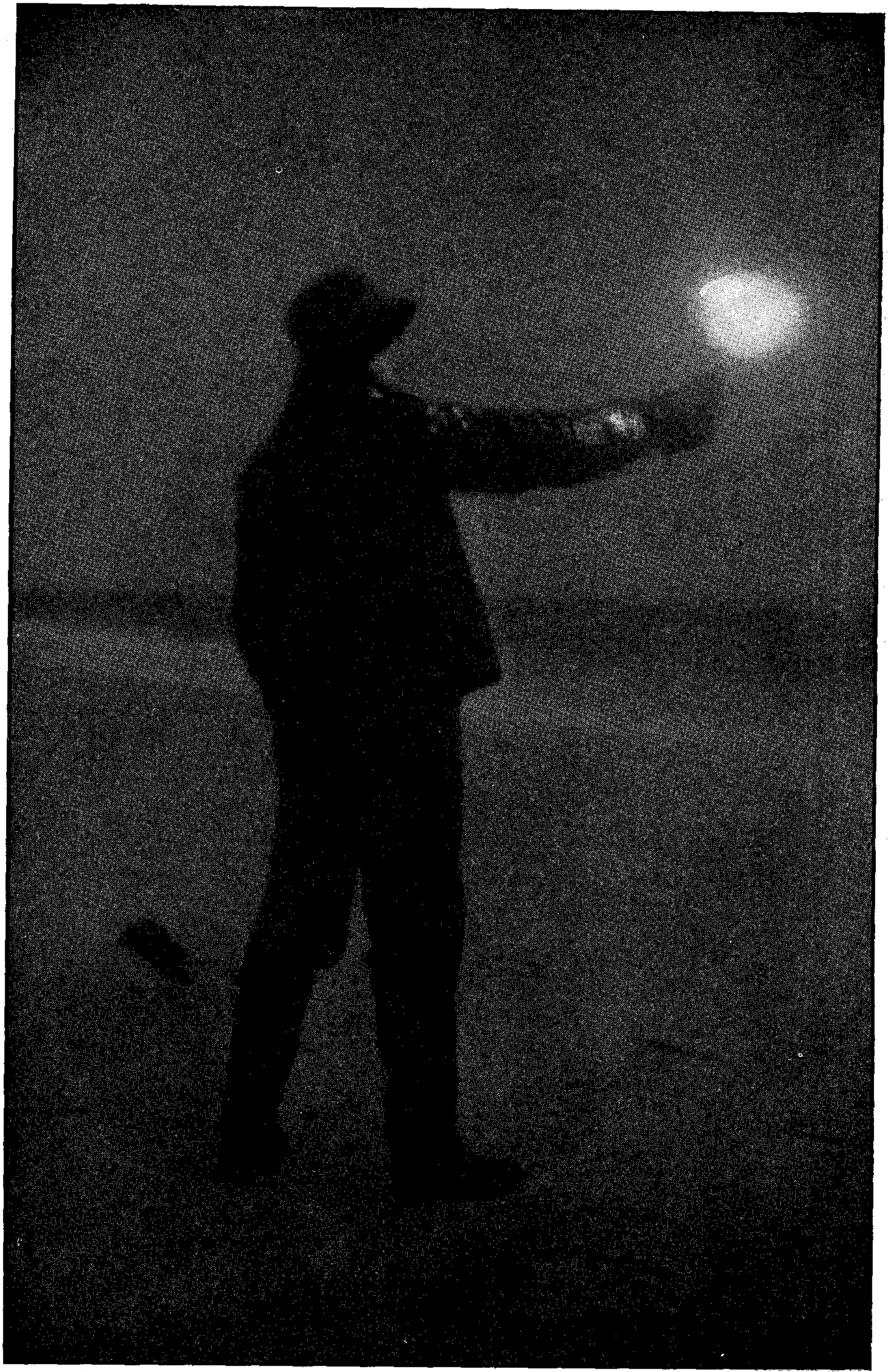
In its general plan, Dalny resembles a little the city of Washington. It has the same circles, the same broad avenues radiating from them and cutting at sharp angles across the intersecting streets, the same residence quarter in the northwest, and the same magnificent distances. The streets of Dalny are much better paved than those of Washington were before the war, and most of them not only have good sidewalks, but are bordered by rows of recently planted shade trees, which, if properly cared for, will ultimately add very much to the attractiveness of the city and the comfort of its inhabitants. The greatest blemish of the place, from a topographical point of view, is the huge Culebra Cut through which the Chinese Eastern Railway runs on its way from the head of the bay to the piers. This great excavation, which separates the commercial city from the residential and administrative quarter, has the form of a wall-sided chasm, forty or fifty feet deep and more than three times as wide, and was intended to hold railway sidings, freight warehouses, etc., which, it was thought, the increasing business of the road and the port would soon require. It now extends, like an immense dry moat, between two of the most important parts of the city, and cuts off all direct intercommunication except at the head of the Kiefski Prospect, where it is spanned by a temporary bridge. Beyond this bridge, to the westward, is the residential quarter of the city, which formerly included the Dalny Hotel, the Russian church, the Glovni Upravlenie, or Chief Administration Building, and two or three hundred villa-like brick and stone houses, of diversified architecture, which stood in good-sized yards, behind highly ornamented walls or fences, and which were occupied by the army officers and chinovniks who formed so large a part of the Dalny population. The railway station, the administration building, and a third or more of the dwelling-houses have been wholly or partially destroyed by fire; but enough remains to show that in this part of the city alone the Russians must have spent millions of rubles legitimately, besides wasting hundreds of thousands more in showy and unnecessary ornamentation. The streets, gutters, and sidewalks were admirably planned and honestly made; but the houses, with their endlessly varied and often eccentric architecture, look as if they had been erected for the purpose of making the utmost possible show. They are wholly exotic, both in plan and in ornamentation. The spacious church, and many of the dwellings and office buildings that escaped fire, have been converted by the Japanese into Red Cross hospitals, and are kept constantly full of sick and wounded soldiers from Port Arthur and Liaoyang.

In the course of our long afternoon's walk I was surprised to find that so much of the city remained intact. The splendid piers were uninjured; the big electric light plant and the machine-shops were in working order; the dry-dock needed nothing but new gates; and in the commercial quarter of the city I could see no traces whatever of destruction or damage. Perhaps the Russians left the place so hurriedly, after the battle of Nanshan, that they had no time to destroy their improvements; or perhaps they hoped that General Kuropatkin would drive the enemy back and reoccupy the city; but in either event they erred. The piers, the dry-dock, the machine-shops, and the electric light plant have been of inestimable use to the Japanese.

When, late in the afternoon, we returned to our cheerless office-room on the Kiefski Prospect, we were both cold and tired, and as soon as we had eaten a supper sent to us from the headquarters kitchen Mr. Curtis and I went to bed on the Russian sofas and fell asleep listening to the sullen booming of the big Japanese siege guns in front of Port Arthur.

The New French Premier

M. MAURICE ROUVIER, the new French Premier, is far less known in this country than his associate, M. Delcassé, whose skillful and statesmanlike dealing with foreign affairs has commanded the respect of the whole world. Nor has M. Rouvier to foreign eyes the same distinctness of outline which made his predecessor, M. Combes, so well known a figure in a very short time. Because the outside world knows less of him than of some of his associates or of his immediate predecessor, it does not follow, however, that he is a negligible quantity. M. Rouvier was born in the south of France, began as a clerk in a bank in Marseilles, and is a self-made man; he has a characteristic Gallic face—the pointed mustache, the keen eye, the touch of baldness so common among intellectual Frenchmen. He carries the atmosphere of a man of affairs perhaps more than of a statesman; but to-day, when business interests are so great, the statesman must be something of a man of affairs, and the man of affairs who succeeds on a great scale must be something of a statesman. The Ministry of M. Rouvier is likely to be identified prominently with a measure which has so far been as unpopular in France as in other countries—the income tax, which will have the first place in the programme of the new Cabinet. The new Premier is both a capable financier and an expert parliamentarian, and will be a leader not only in the Cabinet councils, but also without doubt as a speaker in the larger discussions of the Chamber of Deputies.



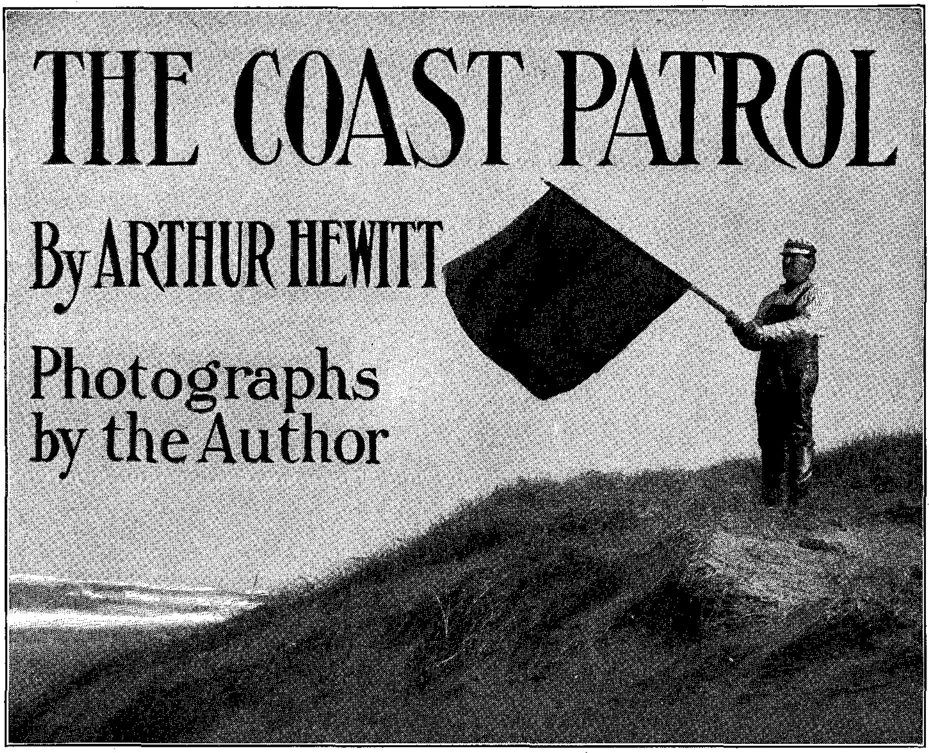
COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY ARTHUR HEWITT

BURNING THE COSTON LIGHT SIGNAL AT NIGHT

THE COAST PATROL

By ARTHUR HEWITT

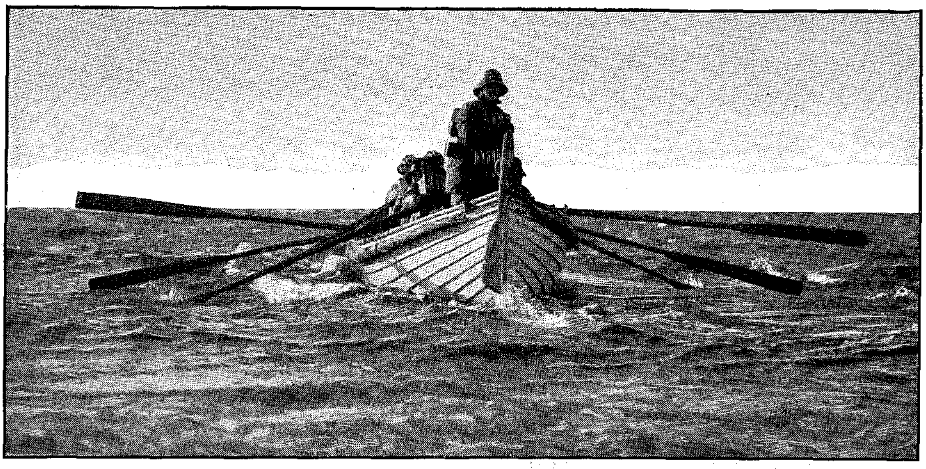
Photographs by the Author



AT the extreme end of Cape Cod, just a little on the "back" of it, to be exact, stands a brown wooden building with a few outhouses gathered around it. A stranger could not find it unaided. Lying only a few hundred feet from the shore line, it is yet invisible from the beach, and is equally hidden from off shore. The elements have heaped giant hummocks of sand up round it, so that now on each and every side these alone form the landscape, or sandscape better might it be called. All around are the homeless shores; sea, sand, and wind are all but in complete control except for the one hand raised up against them—this little brown hidden house.

Known officially the year round as the Peaked Hill Bar Life-Saving Station, it is unknown generally, save in the summer, when a few straggling tourists may stumble upon it, regard it with curious eye, or snap-shot it with a camera; but they soon feel that they are out of their usual depths and push inland to the near-by fishing town.

I had waited for the stormy weather of winter before setting out on my quest. One night early in January I left the bustling city, and after twenty hours of traveling I reached the little brown house. No road leads to its weather-beaten door. Miles and miles of desolate sand-dunes had to be traversed to get to it, but when at last I found myself shaking hands with the keeper and his eight patrolmen, great husky fellows one and all, I felt myself in good hands. At sunset the men commence to patrol the beach, one going in each direction for about two miles, meeting at the half-way houses (just small shanties) the patrol from the two adjoining stations; here they exchange checks, which verify the fact that they have met. They get back to their respective stations at eight o'clock, when another watch starts out to be gone until midnight, then another until four in the morning, then still another until daylight. On the evening in question the western patrol invited my company. The night was bitterly cold, but clear. My companion, a splendid fellow of some eighteen years' service, interested me keenly; he was clad in



BACK FROM THE WRECK

oilskins and sou'wester, and strung round his body on a stout cord was his Coston light. On perceiving any ship in danger or apparently approaching danger, this light is immediately ignited; a slight tap on a spring, and a percussion-cap is exploded which sets the light afire; it burns four minutes with a brilliant red flame. The crew of any vessel who see this signal at once understand that all possible assistance will be rendered them.

We trudged silently along the beach for a while; then my companion left me for a moment to turn over some black object lying on the sands. I inquired his reason for so doing, when he replied, "Thought it might be a dead 'un; fisherman wrecked the other night to the nor'ard; three of the crew lost, and we're sort of expecting some of them to turn up round hereabouts. We always look out pretty sharp anyhow for such things." He then told me gruesome details of finds he had made and the method of carrying the dead to the Station, and I asked him if it wasn't rather hard on the nerves. He answered, "We can't think about that; you know they are some one's friends."

So we moved on, I depressed for a time—yet the night was one of rare beauty, the stars shone brilliantly, and presently a great arched bow of light glowed in the heavens, and quivering, darting flashes of fire grew out from it, scintillating and disappearing only to be followed by more—the "Northern

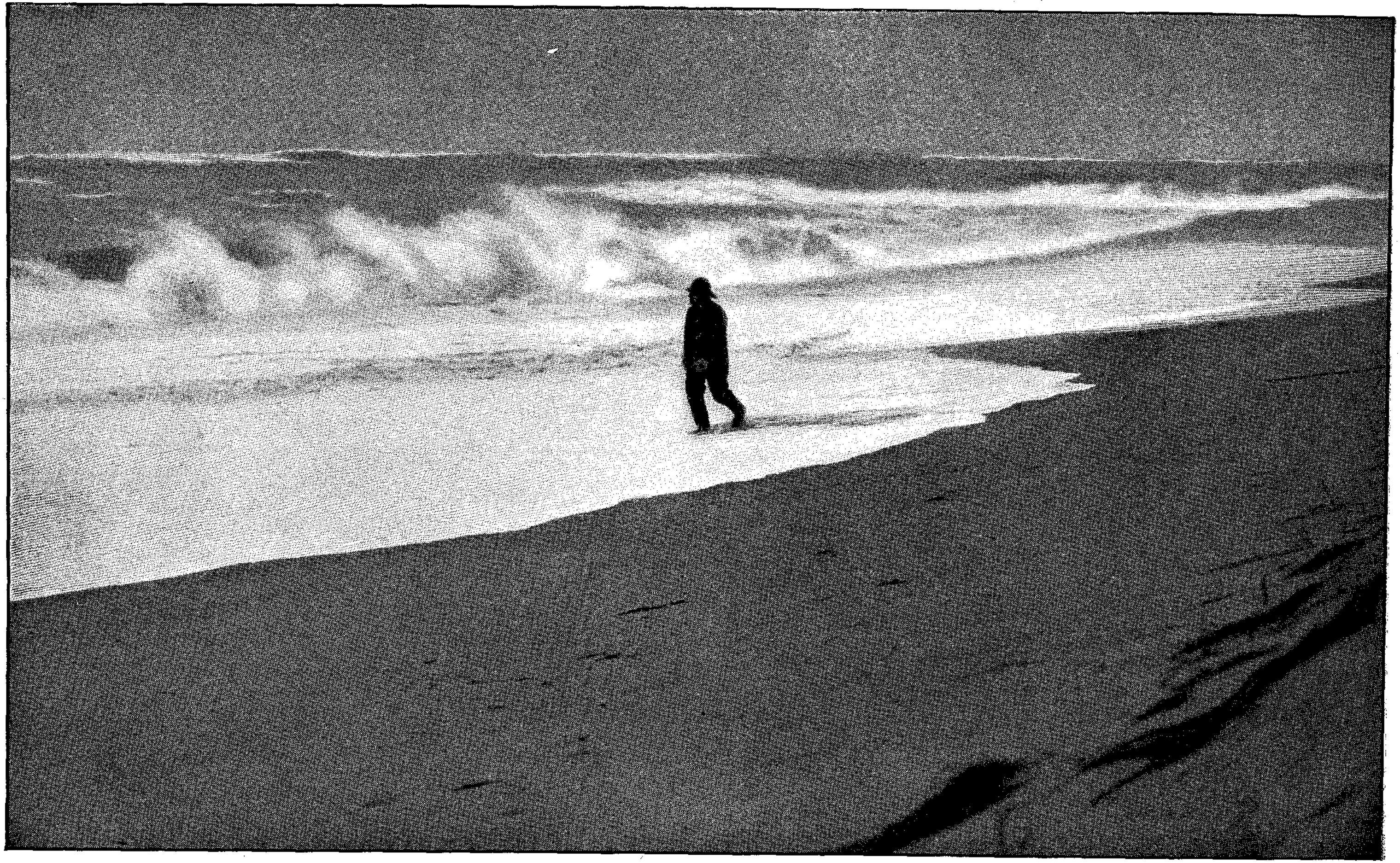
THE SURF-BOAT IS RUSHED ALONG THE EDGE OF THE SURF

THE COAST PATROL EXCHANGING CHECKS

Lights" were making a grand display that night. Out in the far distance we saw the riding lights of steamers, safely guided by the great Cape Cod Light, revolving on the highland some four miles below us on the coast; the light itself was not visible from our position, but its lurid upward glare with clock-like precision flashed twenty times a minute across the eastern sky. We talked of the light awhile, which brought out the story that it was not always such a good omen to mariners. "Why, only about a year ago the schooner Jennie C. May, bound for Provincetown, mistook the Cape Cod light for Race Point Harbor light, and ran ashore on the bar. She was a total wreck. We saved the crew, eight of them—got half swamped too; had to bail hard; pretty near thing for us that time; had to turn back for some fellow the crew didn't tell us about, and that made it worse; but we came over the bar on a breaker and saved them all—seven men, and the captain's wife too. I shall never forget that breaker that carried us over the bar; we came over on the crest of it, and didn't we travel! 'twas faster than any express train. You would have thought that was enough for a while; it wasn't, though; only three days later they were working on the wreck and had some lights a-burning; and the Henry ran ashore. Again the light was mistaken for the Race Point light at Provincetown. This was another ship totally lost; but we saved the crew."

Here my companion struck inshore a little. We had followed the edge of the sea nearly two miles and had now reached the half-way house. In spite of the exercise of the tramp, my face was about numb with cold, and I was glad enough to enter the little hut of refuge. The man from the adjoining station had arrived before us, and a little fire was burning. After chatting for a while and warming ourselves we started off on the homeward beat. As soon as we arrived at the station another relay of watchers set out to scrutinize the long line of desolate shore, and soon I was abed and asleep between the thick service blankets of the United States Government.

A crash! Something had fallen heavily overhead. I was awake in an instant and in some alarm. In another minute I heard the reassuring voice of the Keeper from the adjoining room. "It's blowing great guns outside, boy, and there's our chimney gone. You'll see a bit of the life around here now—something those summer folks don't know about." I was fully awake now. How the



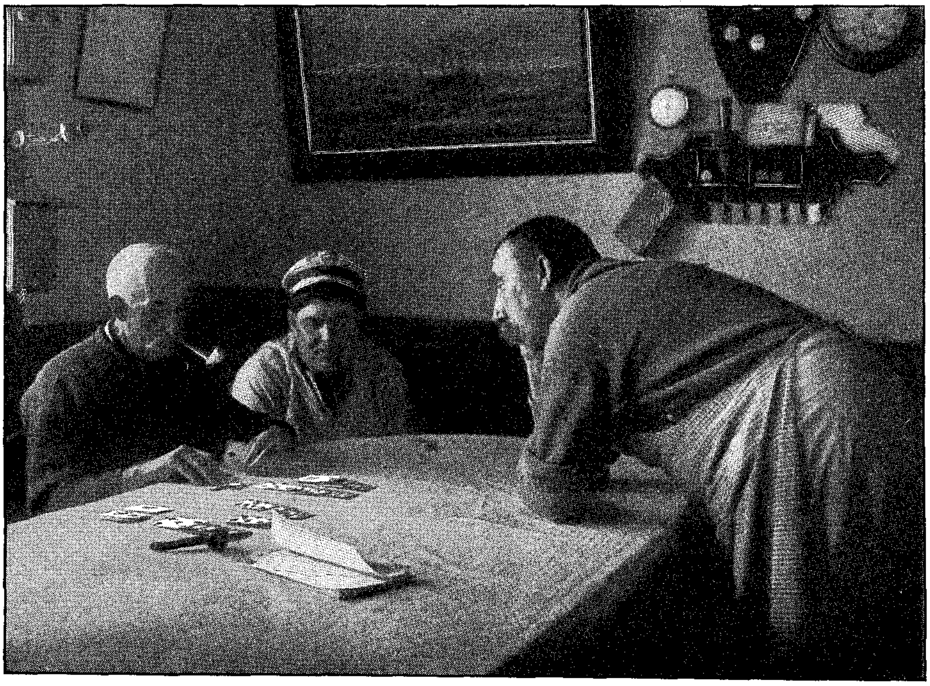
SCRUTINIZING THE LONG LINE OF THE SHORE

wind howled! The sand was wildly beating its pellets against the windows of the room; rain was falling in torrents; a northwesterly gale was raging in all its fury.

We ate our breakfast by lamplight, as the windows were battened up for safety against the fury of the storm. I noted the morning patrol washing at the kitchen sink. "It's a howler," he said; "sand in mouth, throat, everywhere, coming up in bucketfuls; eyes near knocked off me."

All this was just what I had hoped for. I wanted to see the real thing, and no half measures; so after breakfast I donned my thickest clothes, supplemented with a borrowed sou'wester, and started out. Started, however, hardly describes my exit from the station, for on opening the door I was literally hurled into space. The rain I could stand; it was the sand, the ever-shifting sands of Peaked Hill Bars, that needed a stronger physique than mine to keep time to their war-dance. This sand can pile up outside your door three feet of a night, can in one day take all the paint off your house and make it white and clean as bleached bones, can so cut the glass of all your windows that in a few hours they are useless, all transparency gone out of them.

Up the beach I forced myself, enveloped in this dazzling drift, blinded and bewildered by it, buffeted yet supported by the on-rushing torrent of air. I was obliged to own myself beaten this time; my face was suffering as if cut by knives. I forced my way back with even greater difficulty, for the wind was off shore. I entered the brown house once more with gratitude. The men said nothing about my speedy return; one merely muttered to another, "No need for the lad to punish himself."



LEISURE MOMENTS AT PEAKED HILL BAR STATION

The man to the right is the cook for the day

Staying at the Peaked Hill Bar Station for several days, I learned something of the inside life and of the character of the patrolmen. Many kindnesses were shown me, though not of the sort we more generally know of; none of the veneer and polish of the city was there, for these men are thoroughly independent; but once they like you nothing is too good; if they do not, I imagine your stay could not end too abruptly.

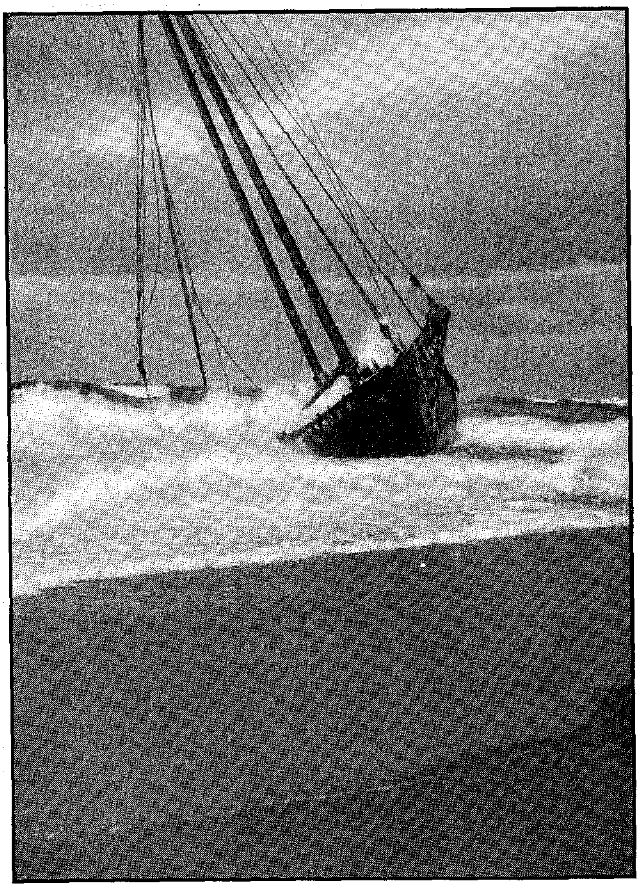
HEAVING THE LIFE-LINE TO A WRECK CLOSE IN SHORE

When I arrived at Provincetown, because of credentials I carried from the Treasury Department, the long line of Life-Saving Stations which stretch from end to end of the Cape were notified of my errand and asked to assist me. Yet Keeper Cook, of the Peaked Hill Bar Station, afterwards told me, "If we hadn't liked you, you wouldn't have stayed with us twenty minutes, Washington and letter and all. We can get on without them silk-hat crowd; they know it, too." I was told that this Captain Cook, old whaler that he was, could handle the steering-oar of a surf-boat to "beat the crowd anywhere." The Captain, pointing to two lines of cruel-looking breakers, said: "We don't do much with the firing of a line here, seldom use the breeches-buoy—have to take the boat to them; they get stranded too far out, sometimes on the outer bar, and then it's particularly hard going; we're apt to get swamped before we can get to them, and of course they generally come ashore when conditions are worst."

Here I commenced to ply the old whaler with questions about his adventures. On my walk up the beach that morning I had seen plenty of recent wreckage and had been told to ask the Captain about it. Not a word would he tell me, however. "I ain't no story-teller," he would say; "just done what we're here for, that's all;" and only now and then would he let a sentence drop from which I could glean a picture. "That bed you slept on," he told me, "has had many a poor half-drowned being laid upon it." Some they had saved and for some it had been too late. "Yes," he said, "the last was a woman."

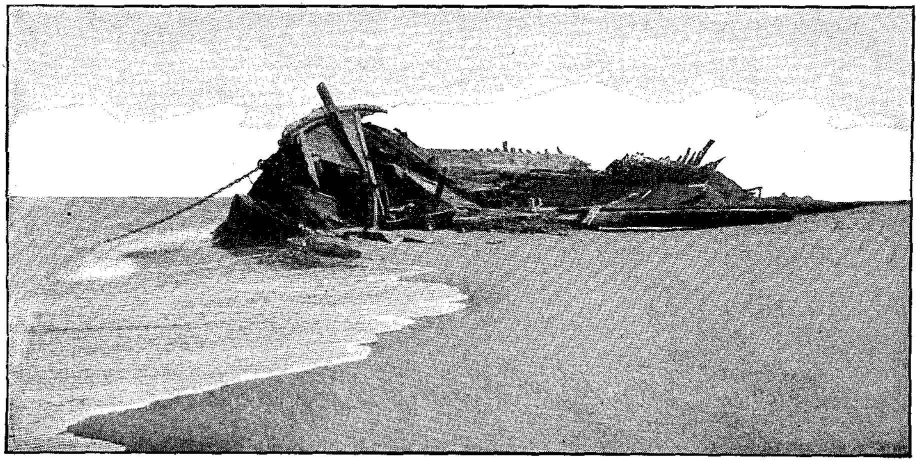
Then again I asked for the circumstances of the incident.

"No," he said, "I ain't a-goin' to tell no one of what I have done; but," he added, "seeing I like you, I'll show you a book this evening; that'll tell you all about it."



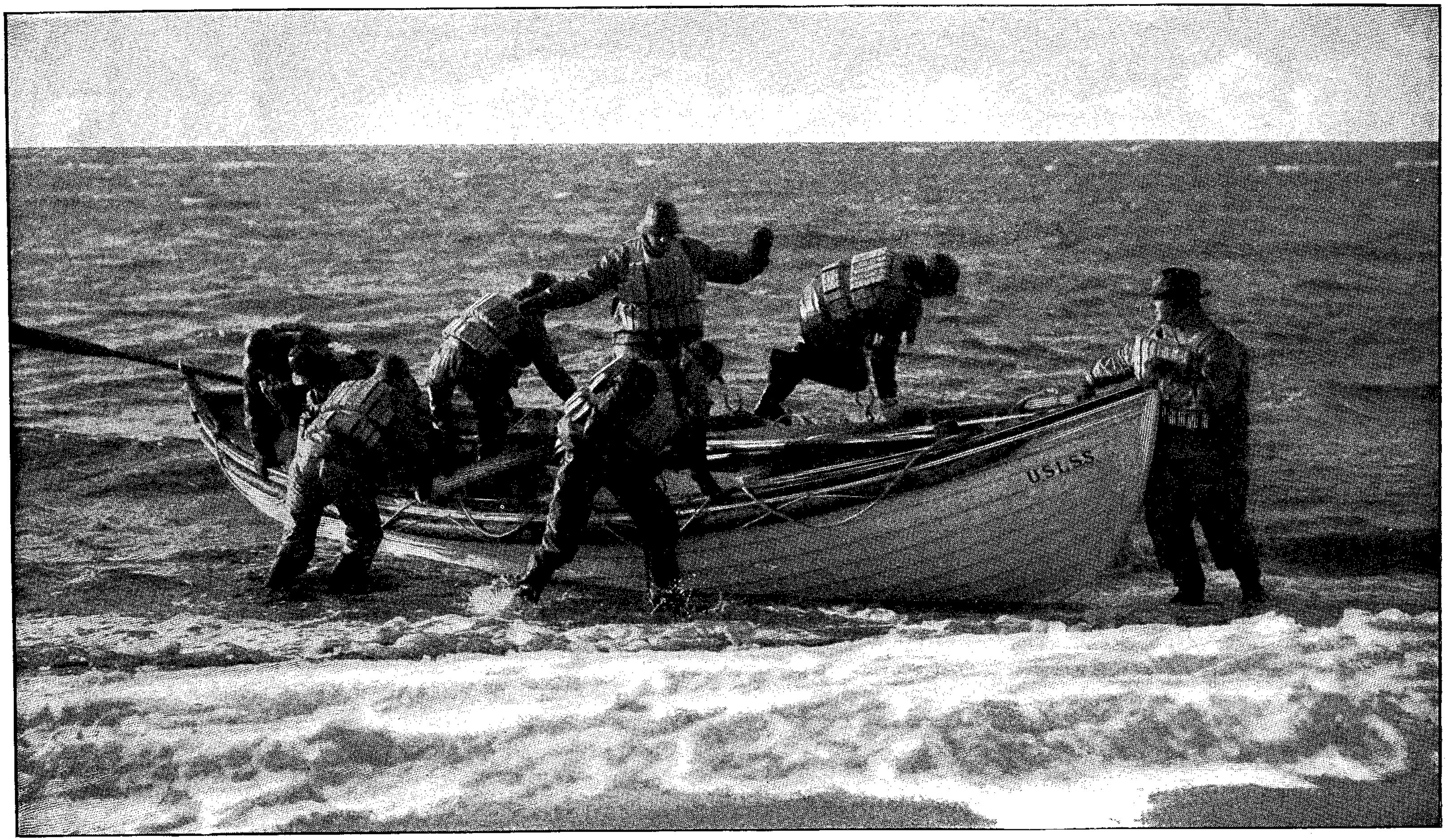
A FISHERMAN ASHORE

That night the Captain brought out the promised book, and told me to go into his room and look at it. It was a



THE WRECKED SCHOONER ELWOOD BURTON

Photographed not long after she struck



THE RETURN FROM THE WRECK

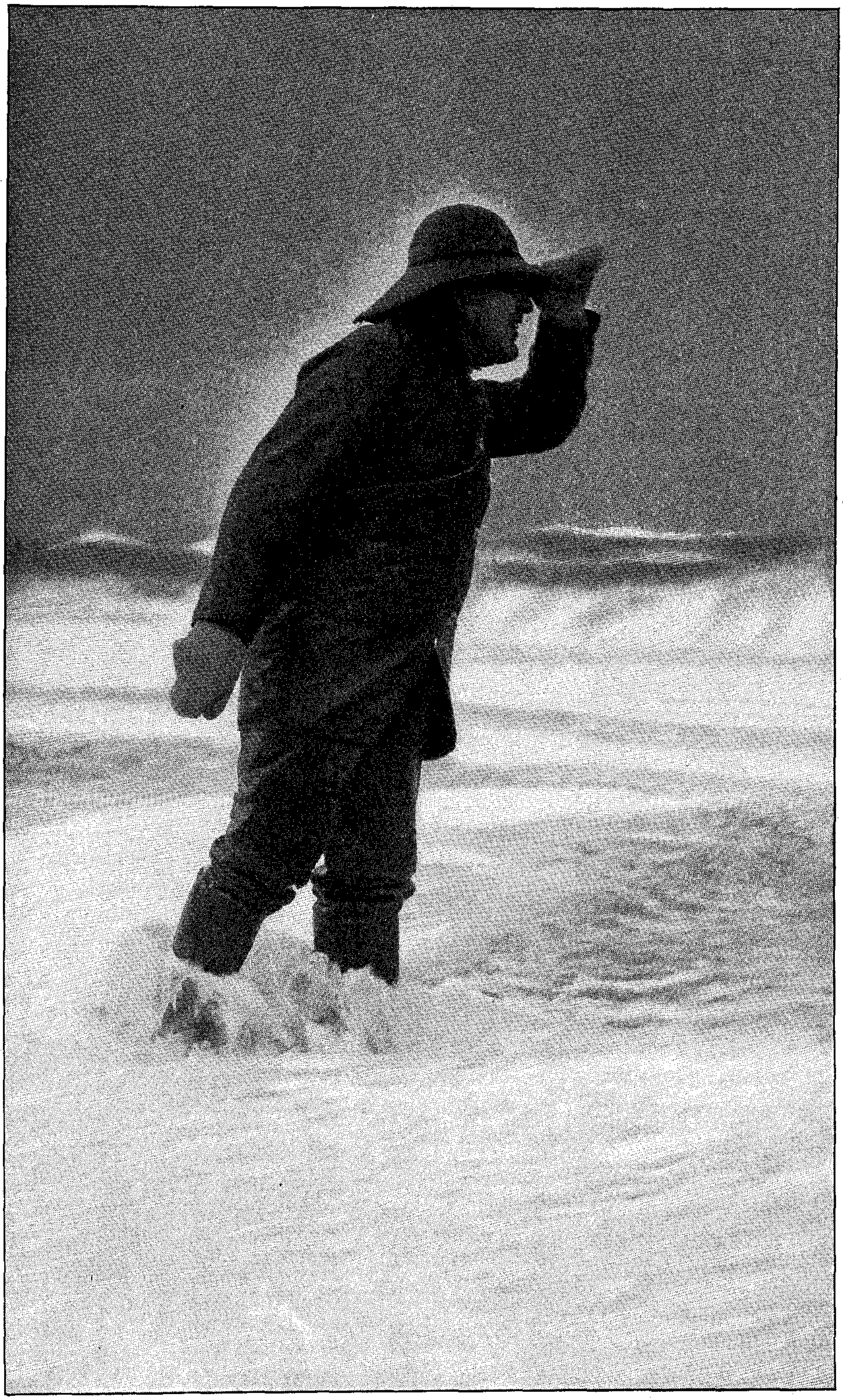
The oar in the stern is used for steering, as has always been the custom with whalers complete record of the wrecks at the Peaked Hill Bar Station for the past thirty years. I noted that the volume, quite a thick one, was well-nigh used up. Vessels run amuck on this desolate spot with astounding frequency. A winter never passes without adding to the already long list fresh stories of tragedy and heroism. Only a little more than a week before my visit a particularly "nasty" wreck had occurred. The schooner Elwood Burton, bound from St. John, New Brunswick, to New York, stranded on the inner bar during a northeast gale—the old story, couldn't make the harbor, but was driven by the fury of the elements on to a lee shore. The patrol of the middle watch had seen her, had burned his Coston light, and had hastened back to the station to call out the crew. When they arrived at the scene, the waves already, in one short hour, had almost extorted their toll to the limit; the wreck was breaking up; to fire a line over her would have been useless, as nothing could be living on her decks, and great piles of laths from her cargo were already heaped up ten feet on the beach. Led by their Captain, the surfmen fought their way through this tangle of wreckage right into the breakers. A line was put round the leader's waist, fastened to the next behind, and so on. A human cry was heard. Their errand of mercy was not to be in vain. The mainsail of the schooner, having fallen across the heaps of floating lumber, had formed a sort of raft. On this some of the crew clung, and these were washed ashore. No doubt they had seen the gleam of the coast patrol's light, and, with newly inspired courage, battled for the shore. Even then they would have perished—exhausted, bruised, and half dead; but the life-savers were ready for them, and, with restoratives and dry clothing, kindled anew the spark of life. Three were picked up alive that night and saved; at daybreak next morning four bodies were found—for these help had, alas! come too late.

A TYPICAL LIFE-SAVER

Many another story could be added of the horrible disasters so frequent on this coast. The terrible storm of '98, known as the Portland gale because of the total loss of that passenger steamer, is still fresh in the minds of many of the life-savers. They will tell you of the number of the dead that were picked up on the beach just afterward, and how one patrolman lost his reason because of finding so many.

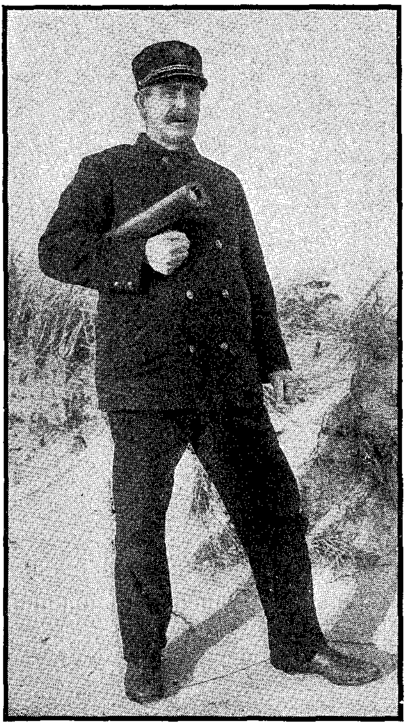
I heard of other things equally remarkable—how one entire crew of a wrecked Italian brigantine, when picked up, were found to have been suicides; how others had fled terrified when succor had been offered them. One strange feature brought into the life of a patrolman is the number of curious finds he makes from time to time—articles of wreckage washed ashore. One told me of a fine case of oranges, in excellent condition, that had recently caught his eye on the beach; another mentioned that the quite elaborate chair in which he was seated was a relic of the sea, cast up. A weird incident of the lost Portland was that her cargo largely consisted of coffins and lard, and it was a strange sight to see the wreckers from the near-by towns carrying the lard home in coffins.

From Peaked Hill Bar Station I went to Monomoy, away down at the other end of the Cape—another station with annals well dotted by death, disaster,



LOOKING SEAWARD DURING A NORTHEAST GALE

and heroism. Here, again, miles and miles of the most desolate sandy waste had to be traversed to reach one's objective, and I cannot well conceive of a more execrable day than the one on which it was my lot to travel to this station. A dense fog and a blinding rain were its chief characteristics—a rain which partially froze as it smote you. A kindly patrolman, returning from duty, picked me up in Chatham, and offered to let me share his open cart. I was glad enough to avail myself of the opportunity, for the local livery stable proprietor had definitely decided that he would not go on such a day. After I had traversed the road I did not blame him. Of all the wretched paths it has been my lot to traverse, I think that of Monomoy Island was the worst. It was swashy, soggy, icy; quicksands had to be avoided; wide stretches of tidal water had to be crossed, and that, too, when the tide was just right. It so rained that, in spite of the suitability of my clothing, I was soon wet to the skin and cold to the bone.



KEEPER ELLIS, OF THE MONOMOY STATION

On arriving at Monomoy, we found the station deserted, save for the one man left in charge. As we entered he muttered to my companion, "Trouble to the east'ard; the men have taken the surf-boat half an hour ago." I knew that a wreck had just taken place; the fog was so dense, however, that nothing could be done or seen. It was late when I retired, yet no word had reached the station. Somewhere out on the fog-laden water on that wintry night eight men were striving nobly and well to give succor to their fellows. Next morning at breakfast they were all present. The story they had to tell was, fortunately, not one of tragedy. The schooner Sea Fox had lost her rudder and had signaled for assistance. The men had rowed out to her, and, lashing their surf-boat alongside, used it for steering purposes, and before night had safely guided the craft into the next harbor. Half the night was then occupied in rowing back to the station. Such is the character of these men that I had difficulty in learning these details. No one particularly mentioned the occurrence, no one complained of the inconvenience and the hardship; as we ate breakfast the conversation was of other things.

Nantucket Sound, just off Monomoy, is especially dangerous to navigators. Shoals and bars abound. I counted five lightships and six lighthouses, all visible from the station "lookout," marking the zigzag courses necessary for vessels to take.

Perhaps the saddest story in the history of the service must be told in connection with this station. I have not the heart to relate the details of it; suffice to say that on the 11th of March, 1902, the schooner Wadena stranded on the Shovelful Shoal off the southern end of Monomoy Island. She was in no immediate danger, and the crew elected to stay aboard. On the 17th, however, a signal of distress was noted on her rigging, and Captain Eldredge and the life-saving crew at once set out in their surf-boat, although a heavy sea was running at the time. They succeeded in reaching the Wadena and in taking off the crew—five Italians—who were told to be sure and sit quietly in the bottom of the surf-boat. Terrible to relate, however, when some water came over into the boat, the rescued men jumped up, and, becoming panic-stricken, threw their arms round the necks of the surfmen, so that they could not use their oars. Under such conditions the boat was immediately capsized. Although the surfmen fought terribly and well, it was impossible to right the boat; the water at this point was nothing but a surging rip. Some of the men hung on to the bottom of the boat a while, but all but one were soon washed off. Surfman Ellis, managing to grasp hold of a piece of centerboard that had slipped loose, held on until rescued by Captain Mayo, who braved the open sea in a dory and brought him ashore. Ellis, the sole survivor of the disaster, is now Keeper of Monomoy Station, and guides his men to wrecks in the self-same surf-boat that figured in the tragedy I have just related. When I was at the station, he showed me a letter from the Secretary of the Treasury, of which a part is the following:

> The conduct of the Monomoy crew upon this occasion affords a noteworthy example of unflinching fidelity to duty. You were all morally satisfied that the men on the barge were not in peril; you were warned by those who knew that a very ugly sea was running on the shoals, and you were by long experience fully aware of the perils that must be encountered should you attempt to go out at that time; but there was a signal of distress flying before your eyes, and that was a summons which brave and conscientious men could not disregard. Personally, you shared with your unfortunate comrades all the awful experience, save only that of death, and freely risked your life in self-sacrificing efforts to save them. The accompanying medal of honor, the highest award provided by law, is bestowed upon you in testimony of your heroism.
>
> Respectfully,
> (Signed) L. M. SHAW,
> Secretary of the Treasury.

I cannot close this story without a tribute to the men of the Coast Patrol. Is it not inspiring to think how the thousand miles and more of our shore line are nightly patrolled by this heroic band? Like a gigantic pendulum the little army moves. At the same time that the man from the most northern station commences his walk to the south, from the southernmost station the patrol starts north, and in between is the long linked chain. But I found that the men I met were by no means mere automatons, but were ever earnest in their duties; rough and ready, naturally, they were, but underneath was many a silken thread of the best that is human. One told me, with quivering voice, that he was home so seldom that his baby boy had of late failed to recognize him. Another told me he would be satisfied if only pensions could be given to the widow and aged and infirm. "Yes," he said, "we fellows would go out just a little more bravely if we knew that those we left behind would be taken care of in event of disaster."

I am sure the men of the Life-Saving Service are as brave, faithful, and deserving as any army that ever took the field.

Washington Then and Now

By Edward Everett Hale

IN TWO PARTS—I.

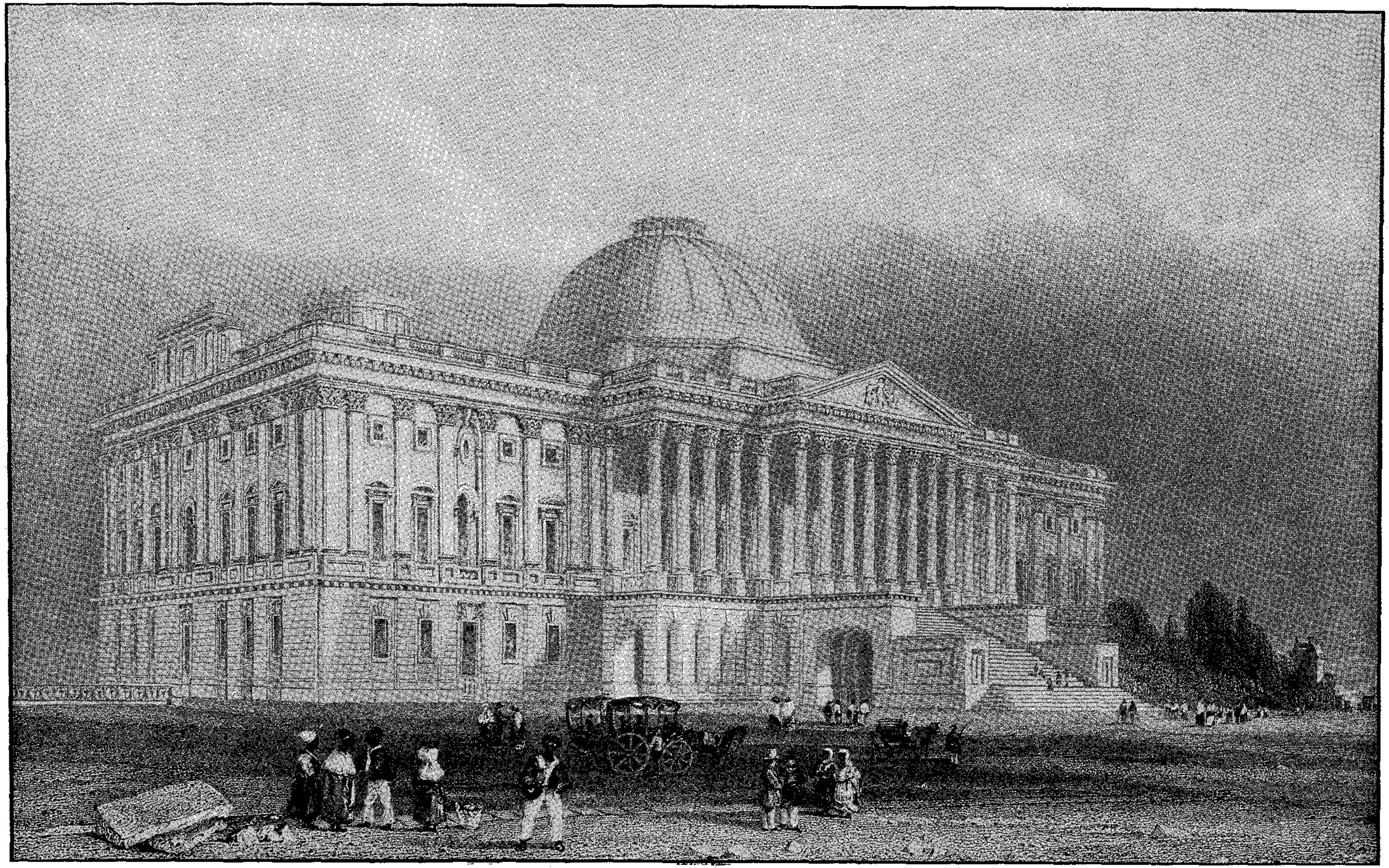
I WANT to print some reminiscences and what are literally re-collections which will illustrate the contrast between the places in which I spent my youth and the same places as I see them now.

Writing in the city of Washington, which I first visited in 1844, I like to give some memories of that city, which I think I must have visited sixty-one different times since, before 1905.

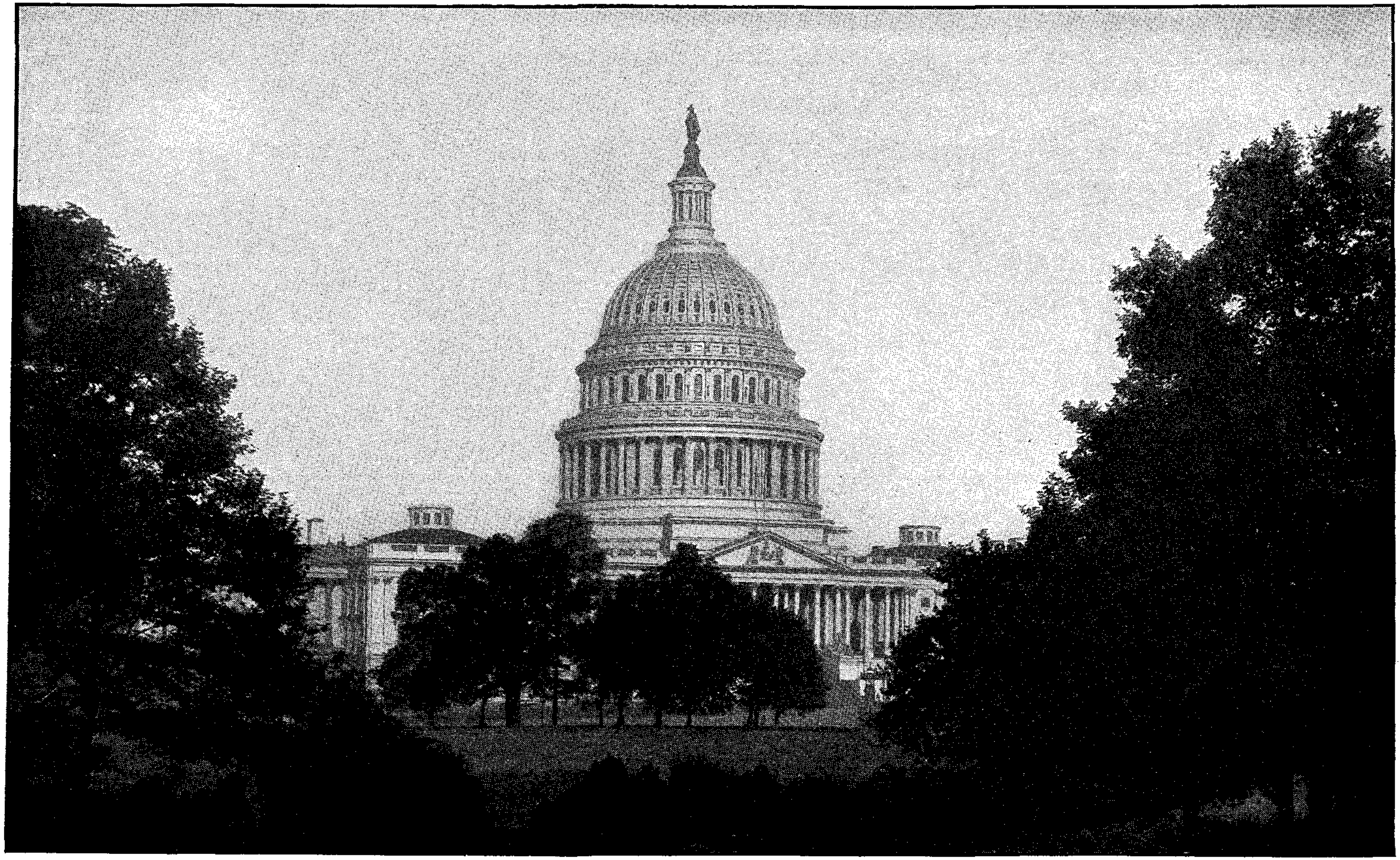
The centennial of the city was observed with distinguished ceremonies by Congress in the year 1900. Mrs. Adams's first drawing-room was New Year's Day, 1801. In few words, the history of the city's birth is this: By an act of 1790, the first Congress under the Constitution empowered the President to select a site for a federal city on the Potomac River. The vote was a very narrow one. The question of the site of the city had been the first geographical question which divided Congress. In the year 1861, when I paid one of my last visits to Josiah Quincy, he spoke of those debates and of the end of them by a vote of the Senate with the utmost bitterness. I had asked him, I think, when the North and South first measured swords. When he replied, I felt that he had a sort of contempt for my ignorance. He said it was on the question whether the federal city should be north or south of Mason and Dixon's line—that is, whether it should be in Northern or Southern territory. The balance between the twelve States was so even that the vote for a Southern federal city was gained only by the secession of a New Hampshire Senator, of whom Mr. Quincy spoke with the most bitter contempt, as if his vote had been treasonable. But the vote as given was given to the bank of the Potomac River, and Washington was directed to select the location.

In 1864, when I was on a visit to General Benjamin F. Butler at Fort Monroe, he called my attention to the rather curious fact that the site which Washington selected was the place where Daniel DeFoe seventy-eight years before had put his hero Colonel Jack when he came to America as a white "apprentice." Colonel Jack, as this reader should know, was an English boy who had been kidnapped, as was the fashion in the time of Queen Anne and George the First, and so sent into the white slavery of Virginia. The history of Colonel Jack is to this hour the best narrative we have of the life of that class of man, the white slaves of Virginia at the end of the seventeenth century and the beginning of the eighteenth. The book is worth reading to-day because it contains De Foe's views of African slavery, and what ought to happen about it. And it is, I think, generally forgotten that the greatest hero of American literature, if we except Uncle Tom, is the man described by De Foe as being a Brazilian slave-owner who was engaged in the slave trade when he was shipwrecked on an island at the mouth of the Orinoco. This slave-owner and slave-holder was Robinson Crusoe. In his memoirs, which have been more widely circulated than any book that was ever written excepting the Bible, there is never one expression of regret that he had engaged in the slave trade, or of reproof of the institution of slavery. But in Colonel Jack, De Foe does express himself as if it were desirable that that institution should come to an end.

Daniel De Foe had a son who emigrated to North Carolina, and I am told that descendants of that son may be living in North Carolina now. But the North Carolina people do not seem to know or to care. Is it worth while to say in passing that Oliver Goldsmith's



THE CAPITOL IN 1844



PHOTOGRAPH BY ARTHUR HEWITT

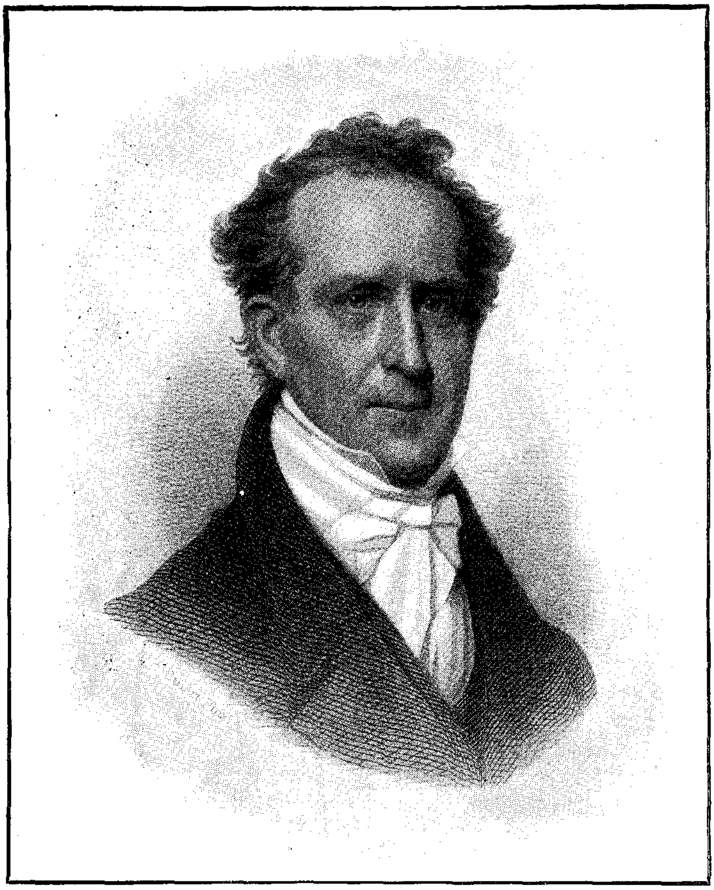
THE CAPITOL IN 1904

trunk of clothes and of books went to Wilmington in North Carolina in the year 1722, that he never got them back again, and that possibly in some cellar in Wilmington to-day there might be found some poems of Goldsmith's which would be worthy the attention of "Harper's" or the "Century" or Mr. McClure?

To return to the city of Washington, George Washington selected Capitol Hill for the site of the Capitol of the new nation. It is the same hill on which three witches are represented in my own ballad as kindling the flame on the night of February 11 (22), 1732. But, for the benefit of the New York "Observer," I will say that the existence of these witches is mythical. There is no evidence that they did not exist excepting in poetry, and there is no evidence that they did. All that is necessary to say is that, if they did, they were there about the time when Colonel Jack was on the same ground, and that they are persons quite as historical as he is.

The battle over and the President having selected that site, Congress passed the necessary acts by which the District of Columbia was laid out, ten miles square, to be the home of the new city. When people growl to-day, as they do in the District here, that they are not allowed to govern themselves by universal suffrage, this is to be said: "Every one who has ever come here from the outside has come on that understanding." Thus, the Congress of 1790 had its eyes open and created a federal city with reasons which they thought good. The Congress of the Confederation had once and again been insulted by mobs in the city of Philadelphia. Parliament in London had been lately insulted by London mobs. In France the Paris mob had again and again shown that it could change the map of Europe, not to say of the world. Whether right or wrong, the United States Congress of 1790 meant to create a national city where the officers of the federal government should not be exposed to the insults or the honors of a great city not under their own jurisdiction. They have certainly had their reward. Whatever the public opinion of the city of Washington is (and this would be very hard at any moment to tell), the city of Washington does not govern the United States as London governs England or as Paris governs France. And it ought to be remembered that it was established specially with the intention that it should not have any such political power. People who are interested in such subjects would do well to observe that most of the American States have followed this great example. That is to say, they have not chosen large cities for their capitals, but have intentionally placed them in small towns, perhaps in villages, where the local sentiment should be most inconsiderable.

The admirable adaptation of the spot must have presented itself to George Washington as soon as the plan was proposed. The very name of Georgetown for the city already standing there seems to show that somebody had already observed such fitness of things in naming this town from the King. I think that no other spot occurred to him, and I cannot find any reference to any in his correspondence. When it was determined that this should be the place, Major L'Enfant, a French engineer, was selected to make a plan, and his plan, now well known to half the people of America, was adopted. It is a very wise modification of what people call the "gridiron" plan, which, as I suppose, William Penn invented when he introduced it into Pennsylvania. By that plan one body of parallel streets run north and south, one body run east and west. The Philadelphia people and most Western people like this plan, which is undoubtedly convenient for strangers. Boston people and people trained under the traditions of other centuries dislike it. The disadvantage is that you have little or no power of expressing your own wish when you go from one place to another, and that you may be in a very bad fix if, on a hot day in August, you are in Philadelphia and you have to walk two miles to the northward between quarter of twelve and quarter past twelve. You have no alternative; you must go with the sun shining on your back, and no emperor, pope, king, burgomaster, mayor, or chief of the police can help you. If you die of sunstroke before you arrive, your body



JOSIAH QUINCY

will be decently carried to the morgue. But they cannot help you, they cannot prevent the sunstroke. Now, in a city laid out like Boston, where the streets follow the slopes of the hill or the curve of the shore, an intelligent person may elect by what route he shall go from one point to another, and how he may exempt himself from disagreeable contingencies, perhaps fatal contingencies. L'Enfant had the wit to adapt his city to both the systems. For the convenience of the mathematicians he laid out the gridiron city, where A B C D E F G, etc., represent the streets which run east and west; and one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, etc., represent the streets which run north and south. But L'Enfant was a man of affairs—in a way he was a prophet—and he said to himself, "For what is this city built?" Answered by his good angel, "It is built to provide for the administration of a great Nation." "What is the first requisition?" Answer, "That each department of the administration may communicate easily with every other."

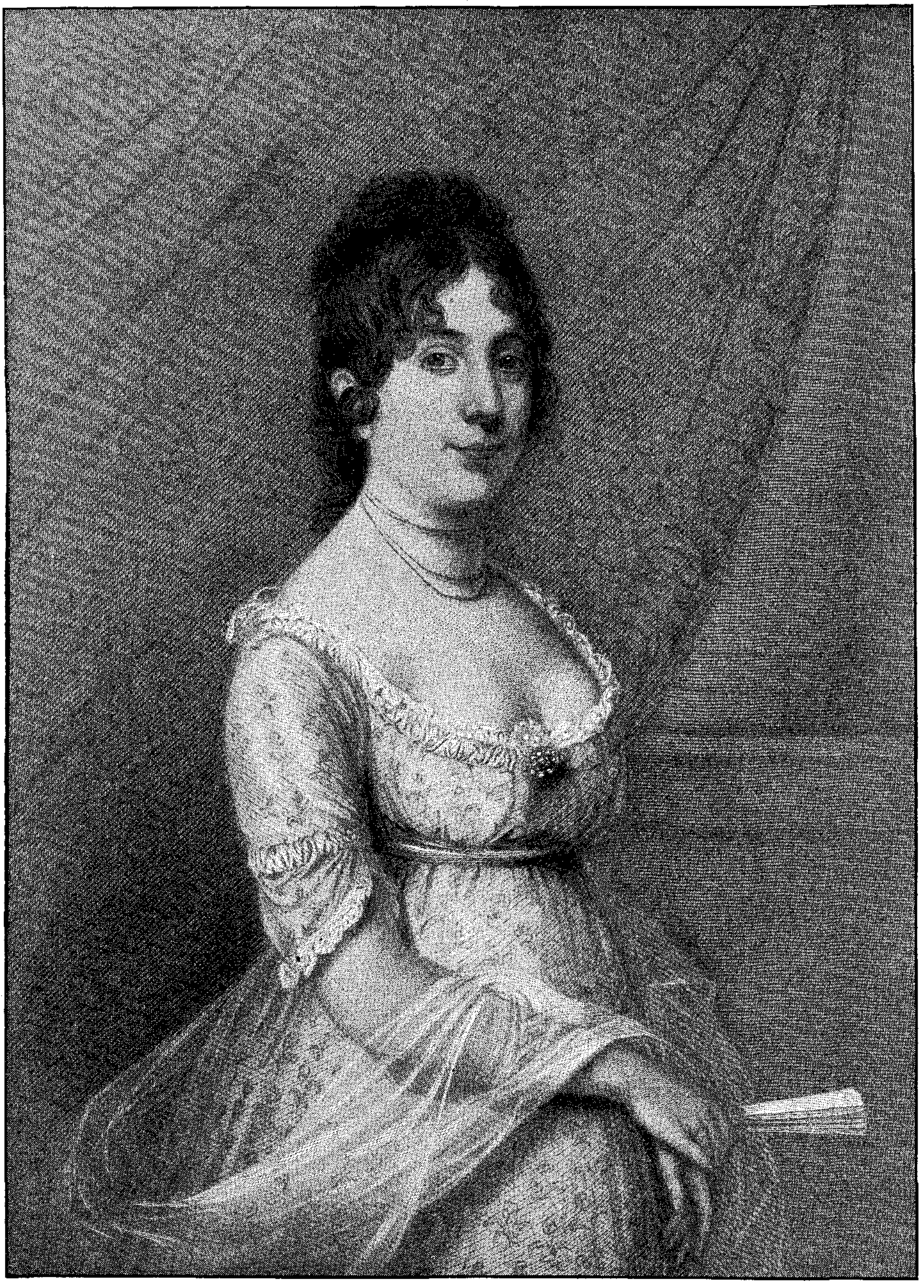
After receiving these inspirations, L'Enfant placed on good places, as Nature had designed them, the points where the Capitol should be, where the Navy-Yard should be, where the Court-House should be, where the President's home should be, and where the Departments of State, of War, and of the Treasury should be. In those days the Navy Department was a part of the War Department. Men did not yet look forward to the Peace Department, as we do now, nor had the Patent Office nor the Post-Office nor the Agricultural Department developed themselves. But, lest they should develop themselves, L'Enfant reserved squares or circles for them. Then on his plan he supposed that the President might wish to send his veto or his approval with the utmost speed to the Capitol, and so he drew in Pennsylvania Avenue from the President's house to the Capitol. He supposed that haste might be required from the Capitol to the Navy-Yard, and so he drew in an avenue there. In like manner he supposed that from each of his circles and squares to another people might wish to go directly, and he drew in avenues in other places. So is it that you have a double plan, of avenues extending northeast, southeast, northwest, southwest, like the legs of a tarantula or other spider, making one plan, while the gridiron system, which is a system of so-called streets, makes another. This is the plan of to-day. Whoever writes the sequel to this paper in the year 1951 can explain what now exists in plaster in one of the rooms of the Smithsonian Museum, the additions which hopeful people expect to make as this half-century goes on.

There seems to be no doubt that Washington and his commissioners, and L'Enfant as well, supposed that the principal residents of the city, with the single exception of the President, should fix their homes on the high plateau north and east of the Capitol. It is exactly suited for what the modern world calls the "residential" quarter of the city. Washington himself built his own house near the Capitol, just to the north of it, on this plateau. Pennsylvania Avenue, from the infant Capitol to the infant White House, although running through what was very nearly a swamp, furnished cheaper lots. Naturally, as most business was done at the Capitol and at the White House, the most of what our native language calls "travel" went over that highway, and tradition says that this is the reason why the city extended itself in that direction and did not take possession of what was meant to be the "residential" region. If you say this to a man from the Middle States or the West, he hardly listens to you, he is so eager to say to you that all cities always grow to the west in America. This is rather a curious superstition which exists in this Nation, built perhaps upon Berkeley's famous line, "westward the star of empire takes its way." These things are what Western men say to you, as Herodotus says.

You will perhaps let me say in passing that my first acquaintance with that unknown land east of the Capitol, where the city of elegance was to have been, was formed when I was taken there in October, 1844, to attend the funeral of Adam Lindsey. This seemed so much like stepping into one of Scott's novels to bear my part there that I cannot help telling the story. In the days of the old French Revolution, when Robert Burns mixed himself up in French politics, and other young Scotchmen with him, the Tory Government of England pounced upon a lot of those young fellows and frightened them badly—I guess with reason. Among them was my Adam Lindsey, who fled to America, and here he thought he would be a market-gardener in the new city, and he bought his land in those "residential" quarters. He was some four generations from the Adam Lindsey who befriended Mary Queen of Scots at Lochleven, and, so to speak, I shook hands with the old Adam Lindsey of five or six generations before. They told me, and believed, that the succession had been for all these generations in the same name.

It requires a little vigor of the imagination to divine precisely the place of Colonel Jack's home. But he says himself, "It was our lot to be carried up a small river or creek which flows into the Potomac River about eight miles from the Great River." I think that General Butler thought that it said about eight miles from the Great Falls. As the story advances Colonel Jack was carried to another plantation larger than that where he worked before, so that the reader may imagine, if he chooses, that he lived on Capitol Hill. Here he lived between five and six years. He then was established on three hundred acres of land.

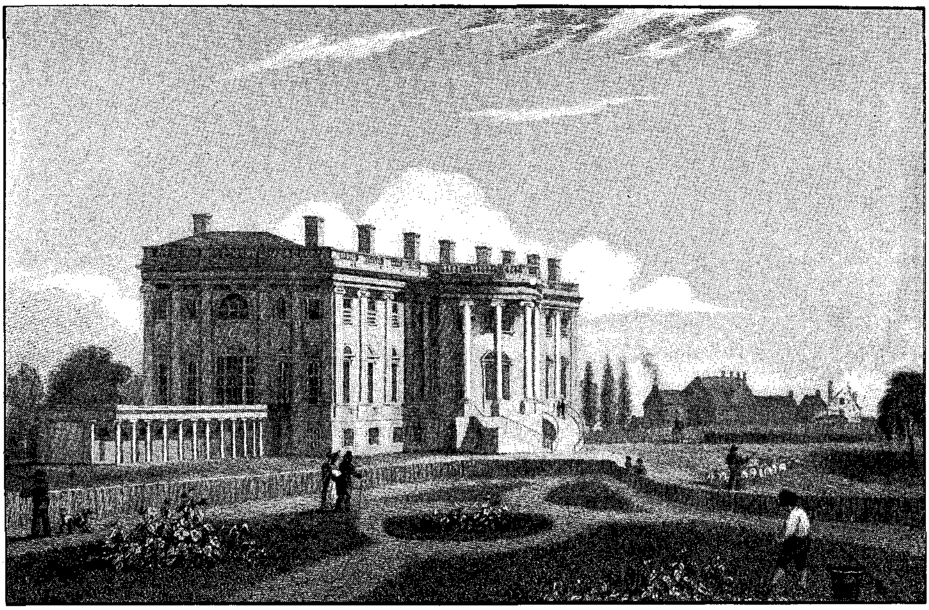
Every one feels the difficulty of remembering the mathematical and alphabetical names of streets. In 1844 a few of us devised a system of names for the streets, which have been waiting for sixty years for confirmation by the various governments of the city. A, B, C,



MRS. MADISON

From an engraving after the painting by Gilbert Stuart

D Streets were to be Adams Street, Benton Street, Calhoun Street, Derne Street, and so we went on, till, at the end of the alphabet, you had Zebulon Street, in honor of Zebulon Montgomery. First Street, Second Street, Third Street, etc., were to be Wonder Street, Tudor Street (in honor of the Virgin Queen), Trinity Street (for Trinity Church), Ivy Street (IV Street), Vermont Street, Virginia Street, Pleiaides Street; Eighth Street was Atlantic Street, Muses Street, Tennessee Street, and so on. Poor Mr. McFarland, who, with his Commission-



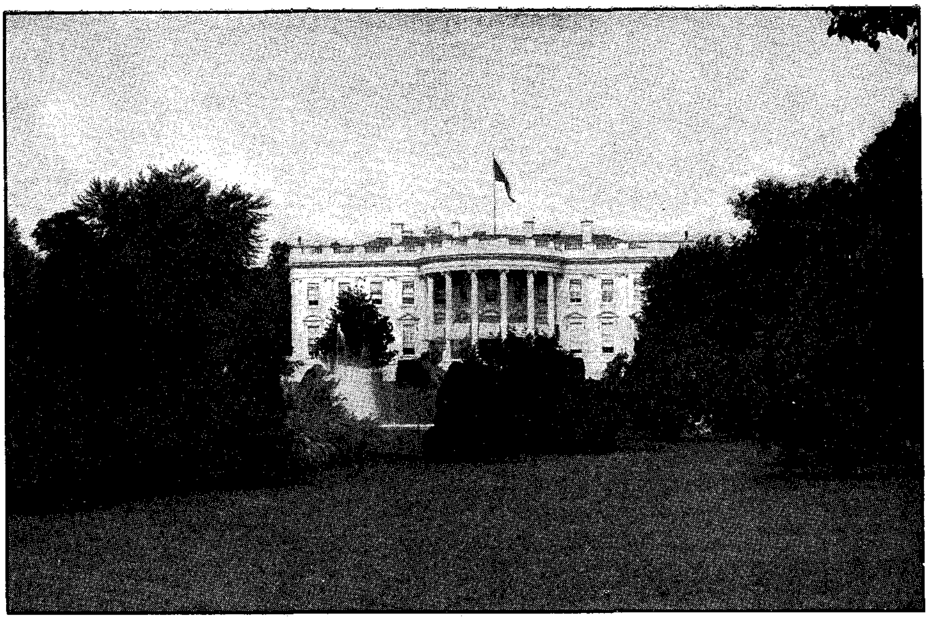
THE WHITE HOUSE IN 1844

ers, rules the city so magnificently, will have to consider these names after sixty years, and, as he is apt to put things through, the calendar of such names will be well adjusted.

Washington is now a very agreeable city. It is a very beautiful city. People who have nothing to do with the Government of the Nation like to come here to live. And no wonder. But for the tens and twenties and thirties of the last century, it is spoken of with great disrespect by the people who had to live there. To this day, when you go into the East Room at the White House with a guide who remembers the traditions, he tells you that Mrs. John Adams dried her clothes on washing-day in the East Room. And the notices by travelers and the scraps which have escaped from old files of letters speak with great contempt of the infant city. The phrase "Mud-Hole" seems to have stuck, and certainly as late as the Civil War, before the wonder-works of "Boss" Shepard, it deserved that name. I remember seeing an artillery-wagon stuck in the mud in front of the Treasury Building, waiting for a relay of additional horses to be brought up to haul it out of its dilemma. A lady told me the other day that as a little girl she rode to Lincoln's second inauguration. The carriage stuck so deep in the mud that her father had to leave the carriage and assist in disinterring it.

The building of the city began after L'Enfant's plans and the work of the first generation which followed. As I am in the line of parentheses, I may say that L'Enfant, who seems to have been a rather eccentric person, got into stiff quarrels with everybody else concerned, and retired to a plantation in the neighborhood, where his grave is still to be seen. The property was subsequently purchased by Mr. Riggs. Let us hope that before this Congress dissolves a proper memorial may be erected there to L'Enfant's memory. As for monument, he has a right to the inscription, "If you want a monument, look around."

I made my first visit to Washington sixty-one years ago, as I have said. I spent the months of October and November there, in a little brick house occupied by my dear friend George James Abbot, the same who was afterwards Under-Secretary of State, and United States Consul at Sheffield. George kept a school there, and he and I lived there together for two months, while the ladies of his family were at the North. In the rear of the house there was a little



THE WHITE HOUSE IN 1904

stable, and in that stable we kept our cow. The house stood where Mr. Pollock afterwards built a palace which is there to-day, at the corner of I and Seventeenth Streets. It was opposite General McCoomb's house. For our one servant we had a dear old saint named Josephine Cupid, whose color may be guessed at from her name. The business of the housekeeping began when Josephine milked our cow in the morning, and then opened the stable door and drove her out to pasture. She came up by what would now be Connecticut Avenue to an open common, ten times as large as Boston Common is to-day, and there the cow spent her day with two or three hundred of her race and sex, eating such grass and drinking such water as a grateful nation and a good God provided. I doubt if the quantity of the food weighed heavily upon her stomach or her conscience. At all events, before night the memories of the stable came back to her, and half an hour before sunset she would be heard at the door. This means that in 1844 land was not of value sufficient north and west of that corner to be inclosed. Who owned it I do not know. Uncle Sam owned some circles and squares there. But the anecdote occurs to me because I have been writing the beginning of these memories in a closely built part of the town, quite in the heart of Josephine's cow's rampaging ground, which is to say, I suppose, about a mile from our stable. The city has grown, in those sixty years, from a mud-hole which had thirty thousand people, perhaps, within its borders, to a city of two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants.

The only part of this common which was fenced in must have been near where the British Embassy is now. We called it the gymnasium, I think. That was the high-sounding name for a bowling-alley which the young men kept up. I remember one afternoon we persuaded Mrs. Madison, who was still alive, to visit us there, and with great effort she got a ball down the middle of the alley and was complimented on her knocking down the king. President Tyler came over and played with the young gentlemen sometimes. Everything had the simplicity and ease, if you please, of a small Virginia town. Whenever the weather would serve, a great many of the Southern members of the House or the Senate rode to the Capitol on their saddle-horses. There were thirty or forty posts in front of the Capitol near where the statue of Washington now stands.

You rode up to one of those posts and hitched your horse. You left him while you went in and attended the meeting of the House; you came out and unhitched him and rode him to your two o'clock dinner.

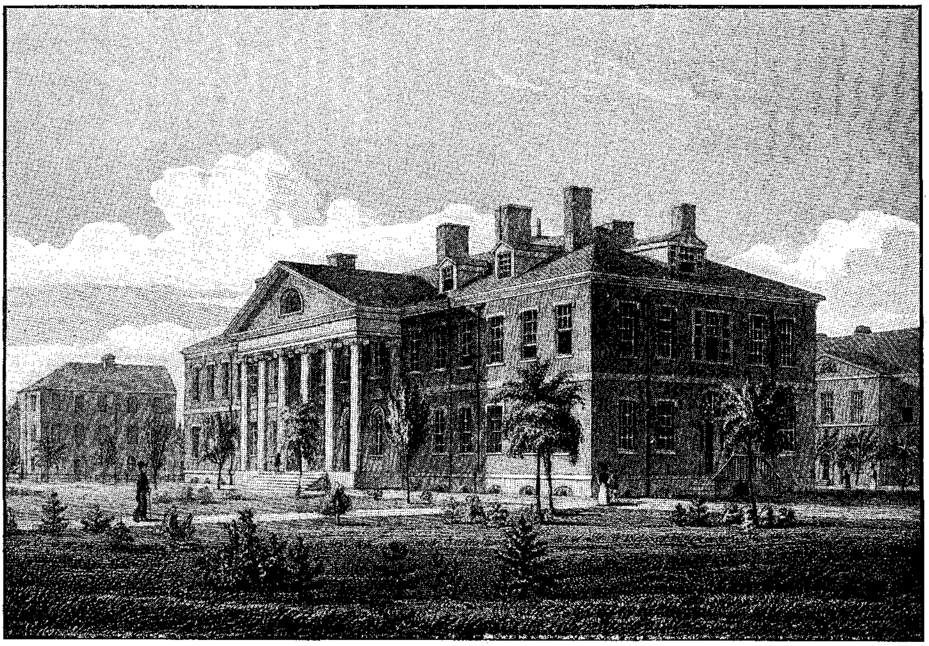
I do not think that in the somewhat mechanical etiquette of Washington to-day we have improved on the familiar ease of social life in those days. If you were a youngster of five and twenty or thereabouts, you took your constitutional in an afternoon on foot or on horseback. Where shall we take tea? Let's go to Mrs. Seaton's; it's always pleasant there. So you rang the bell, which was immediately answered by a well-pleased negro; and you went into that large, cheery drawing-room to find perhaps five and twenty other gentlemen who had looked in at the same time. Somebody brought you a cup of tea, somebody brought you a biscuit. You stayed five minutes or an hour and a half, as you liked, and within ten days you looked in on Mrs. Seaton again.

I asked a friend in New England once what parallel we had to this in our New England cities, and he cried out, raising both hands, "Oh, if that happened once, your Mrs. Seaton would move out of town next day." Nor do I find anything quite like this in Washington in the arrangements of to-day, with Monday for Judges, Tuesday for the House, Wednesday for the Cabinet, Thursday for the Senate, and so on. One is a little apt to send his Double to leave the cards in such a system.

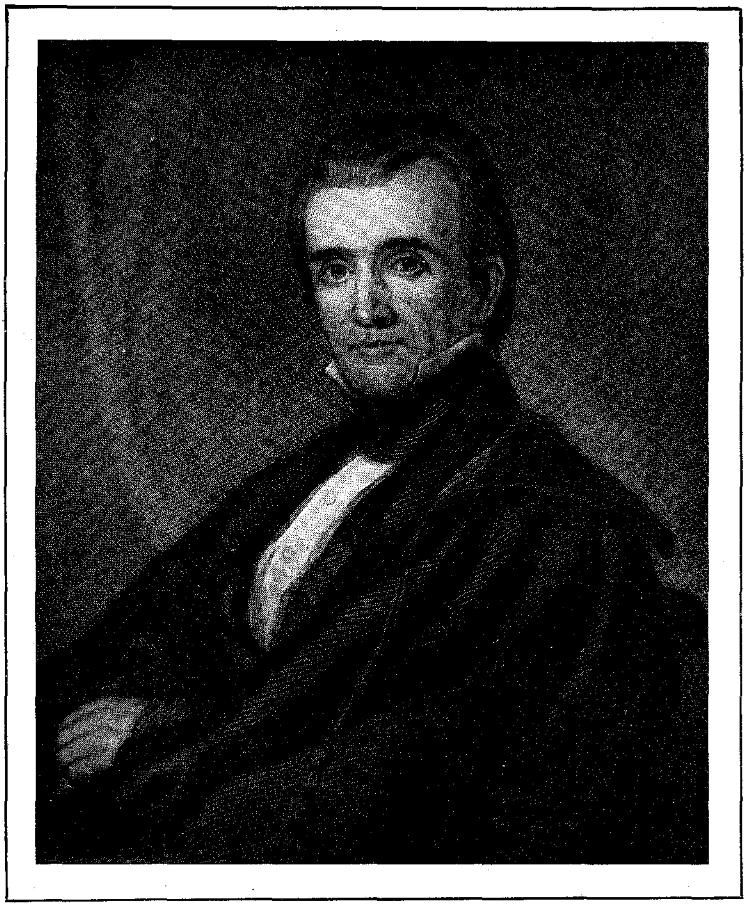
For all that, one of the men most competent to speak in this world tells me that in no capital city of the world is society so well organized as it is here. Certainly I know no city where you can see so many agreeable people if you want to and if you have the time to do it. Washington people themselves say and think that in a year's time everybody in the world who is worth seeing looks in here. It is probable that this is a little as Abraham Lincoln said of a book, that people will read such and such a book who like to read that sort of book. The Washington people rate the social order of the world by considering first those people who have liked to come to Washington in the previous twelve months. Prince Henry, for instance, takes a higher grade in their book of notables than Prince Alfonso or Prince Karl. And it is true that agreeable travelers like to come here. It is true that the Ethnological Bureau has in its employ nine hundred accomplished men of science who have to be here once a year. It is true that the National Academy and the Colonial Dames and the King's Daughters and every other grand order in the country is apt to meet here, so that, whatever else you lack, you will not lack the society of agreeable people. About forty thousand New Englanders, as I count it, pass through Washington every winter southward because it is too cold in New England; while about twenty thousand other people of the same blood and lineage are going northward because it is too hot in Florida and Georgia. These people meet each other at Washington. The result is a little like that of putting cold water over an alcohol lamp when you want to make coffee. This winter has been especially cold here. They never had to shovel their sidewalks, I think. They certainly do not know how to do it, and in the middle of the winter the Commissioner bade them put sawdust and ashes on the ice of their sidewalks, to the great surprise of a considerable part of the population.

To continue for a moment the comparison of the Washington of 1844 and that of 1904, I may say this, that in square miles or square inches the Nation of that day was not half as large as is the Nation of to-day, and I may say that half the Nation then was pretending and trying to feel a certain indifference toward National legislation, and I may say that everything then depended upon mails and nothing on the telegraph; and that the mail of that time took, on an average, five times as much time for its service as it does now. I remember seeing a man who had been riding day and night from New Orleans—"looked as if he had just come out of a State's prison," as somebody said. It was in Philadelphia, and he had been eight days and eight nights doing it. So it happened that whoever came to Washington then felt in fact somewhat as a man feels who now happens in at Quebec or at Glasgow. He came out of America into Washington. Just now the truth is exactly the other way: you come into America when you come into Washington. Take my own dear townsmen. To this hour the very best of them doubt the real existence of any important communities in the world farther off than Springfield on the west, or Portland on the north, or Newport on the south. And those very people come here by stress of weather—a Raymond Excursion party, for instance—somewhat as if they were going to the City of Mexico. They find here better houses than they left at home; they find the Congressional Library, they find people who have just happened over from Seattle or Santa Barbara; so really, for the first time, they get some idea of what their country is. Indeed, one could not contrive a better little pattern of America than he gets when he goes through the street in which he passes a palace such as has no superior in the world and comes next to the clay bank left by "Boss" Shepard, next to which there is a slab shanty perched up on the top of a bank waiting for some Western Senator to wish to build a palace there. I mean that the city is finished to the highest point of modern civilization in one place, and that it is left where L'Enfant and Washington left it in another. That makes an admirable type of the United States of to-day.

The winter of 1844–45 was the winter in which Texas was annexed to the United States. America cares nothing for history, and the generation of to-day does not even know by what ingenuity that annexation was effected. The Southern oligarchy of that time meant to have Texas as a part of the United States, let it cost what it might. Here was this fine region, as large as France, which had declared independence, and the Southern people wanted it because its position would turn the balance of slavery or freedom in the United States. For the same reason, the Northern people did not want it. It was then and there, for instance, that the State of New Hampshire, now one of the most strenuous of Republican States, turned right over from being the most strenuous of Democratic States. Under the leadership of such men as John P. Hale, they refused to play the Southern game any longer.


THE DEPARTMENT OF STATE IN 1844

A treaty had been arranged between the Republic of Texas and the United

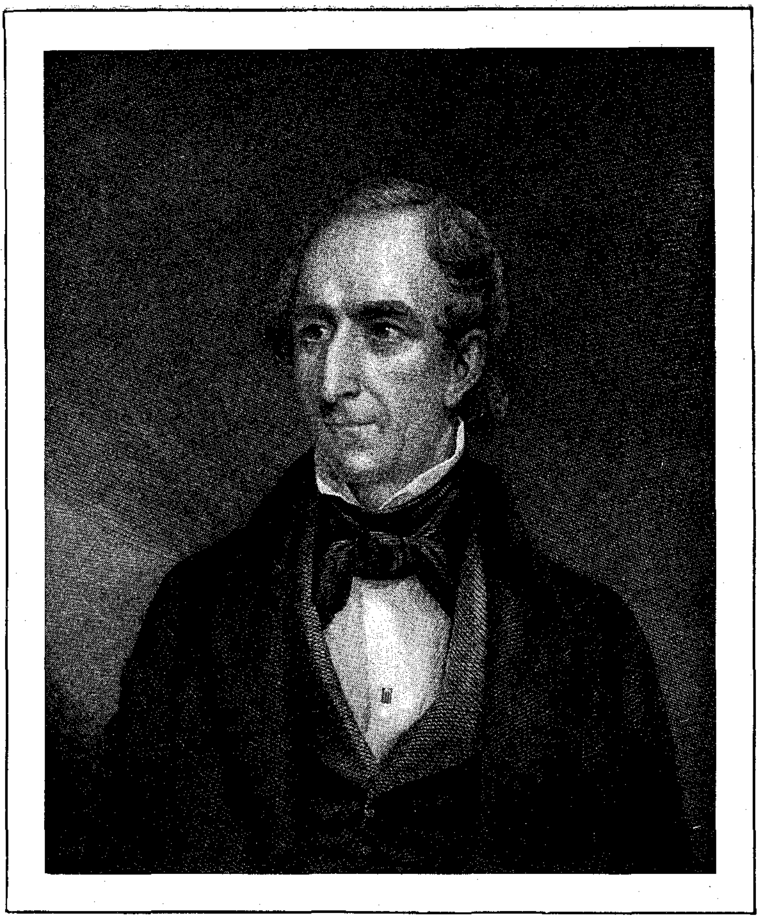


PRESIDENT POLK

States by which Texas should be admitted into our Nation. As late as April, 1844, the Senate rejected this treaty by the vote of 35 to 16, while the treaty required two-thirds of the vote in its favor. So the magic of the "Joint Resolution" was tried. When you cannot do a thing by statute, you do it by a "Joint Resolution;" and the short session of 1844–45 was spent in driving through the two houses a "Joint Resolution" providing for the annexation of Texas.

This gave magnificent speaking in both houses. It witnessed the bolting of those Northern Democrats who then and there left the Southern alliance forever. And whoever lived in Washington thought it was the most important year in history.

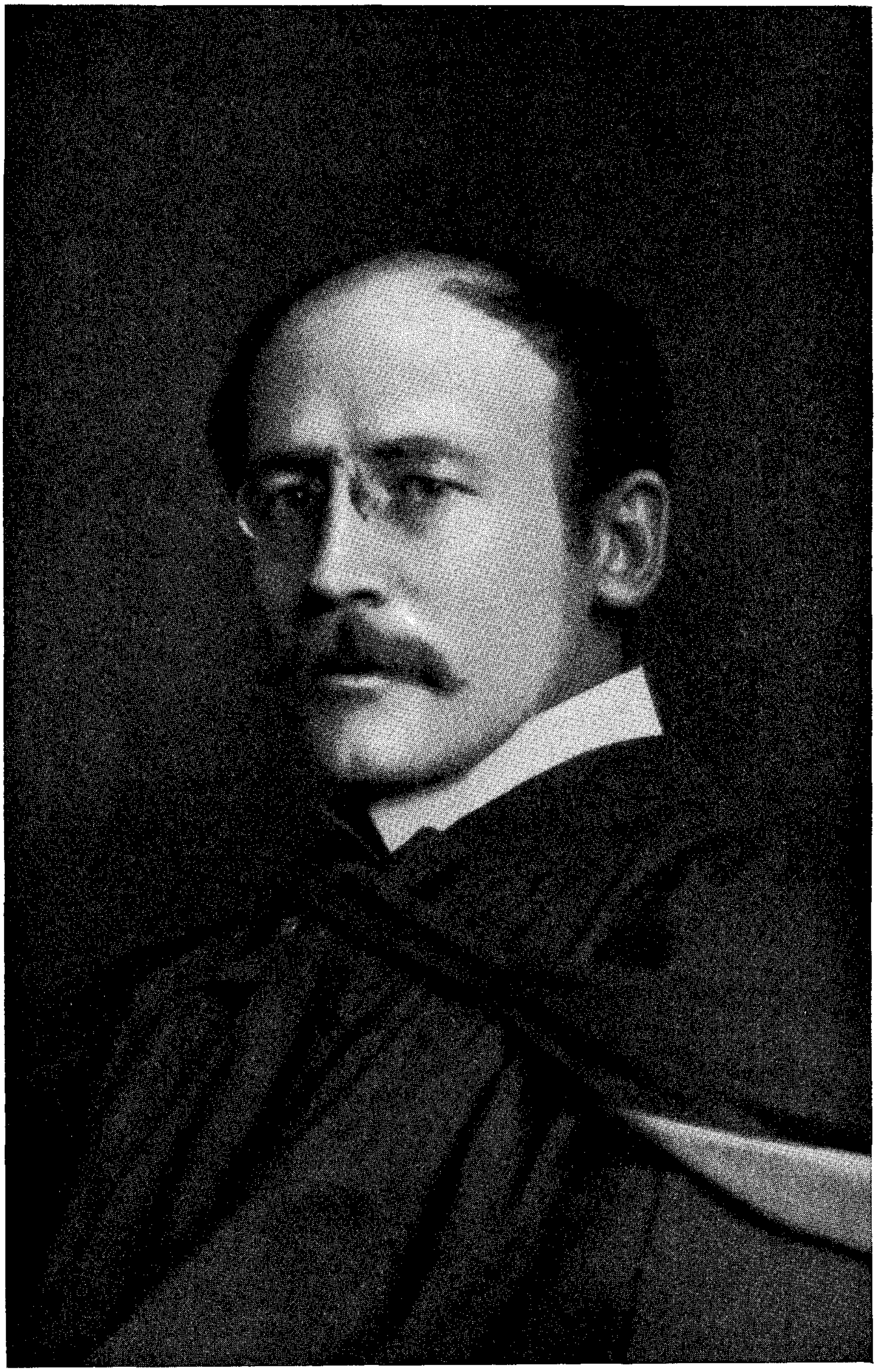
I find a certain interest, therefore, in seeing that it now occupies fourteen lines in Bryant and Gay's History of five volumes. We Northern people had supposed that the Senate could be relied upon to defeat the Joint Resolution, though we knew the vote would be very narrow. But President Tyler was doing his best, and Mr. Polk's followers were doing their best to whip in recusants. I left Washington, I believe, on the 3d of March, 1845. I know I was so angry at Polk's election that I would not stay to his inauguration. This was foolish in me. I called Mr. Choate, who was one of our Massachusetts Senators, out from the Senate Chamber and said to him, "I am going to Boston, Mr. Choate; what shall I tell my father?" "Tell him we are beaten, Mr. Hale. *Magno prœlio victi sumus.*" They had heard that morning that a certain Maryland Sena-



PRESIDENT TYLER

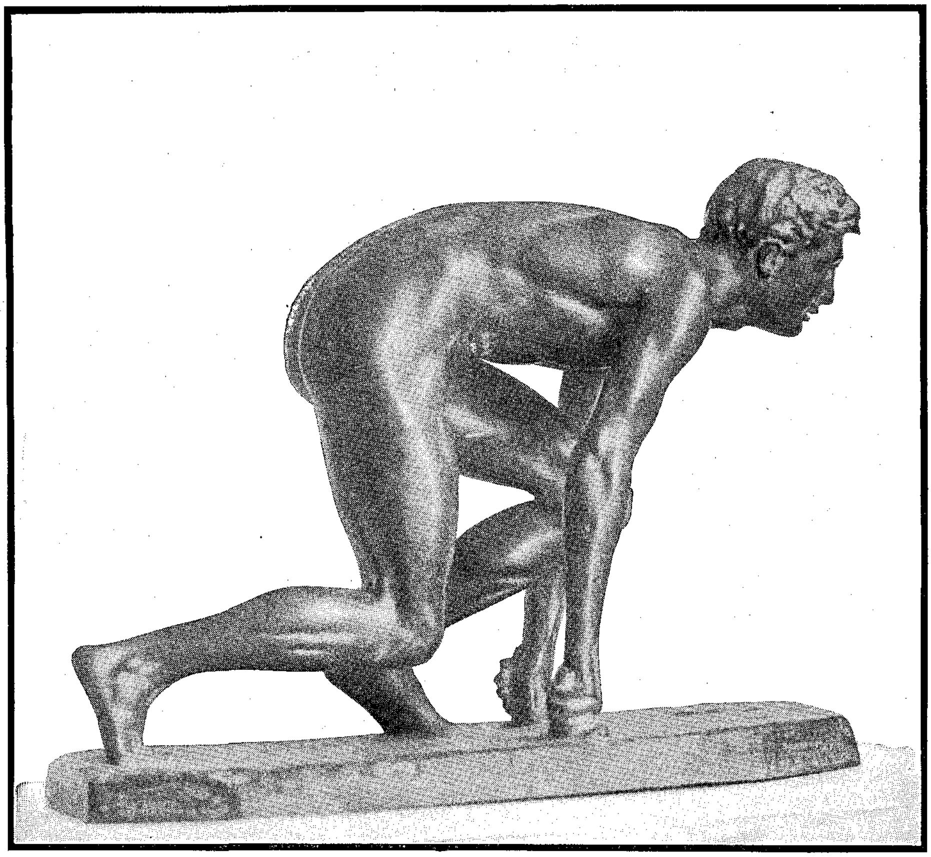
tor, about whose decision no one had known till then, was going to vote for annexation. When it proved a few days after that his son was appointed judge by President Tyler, people supposed they knew why that vote was given.

The constant pressure, one may say, of those great debates in the House and in the Senate interested the little city of thirty thousand people almost to a man or a woman in the proceedings at the Capitol. But as one sees Washington to-day, Washington cares very little what is going on at the Capitol. People are quite too dependent on their newspapers to distress themselves. Exactly as there are many people in Albany this winter who have not been to the State Capitol of New York, as there have been as many people in Boston, Hartford, and Providence who have not been to the State Houses of Massachusetts, Connecticut, or Rhode Island, you would find that in the city of Washington in the last winter two-thirds of the men and women had not been into the Senate Chamber of the Nation or into the House of Representatives. But that was not so when the question in the Capitol was supposed to be the question whether the United States is a Nation or the United States are a Confederacy.



PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN & SON

DR. R. TAIT McKENZIE



THE SPRINTER

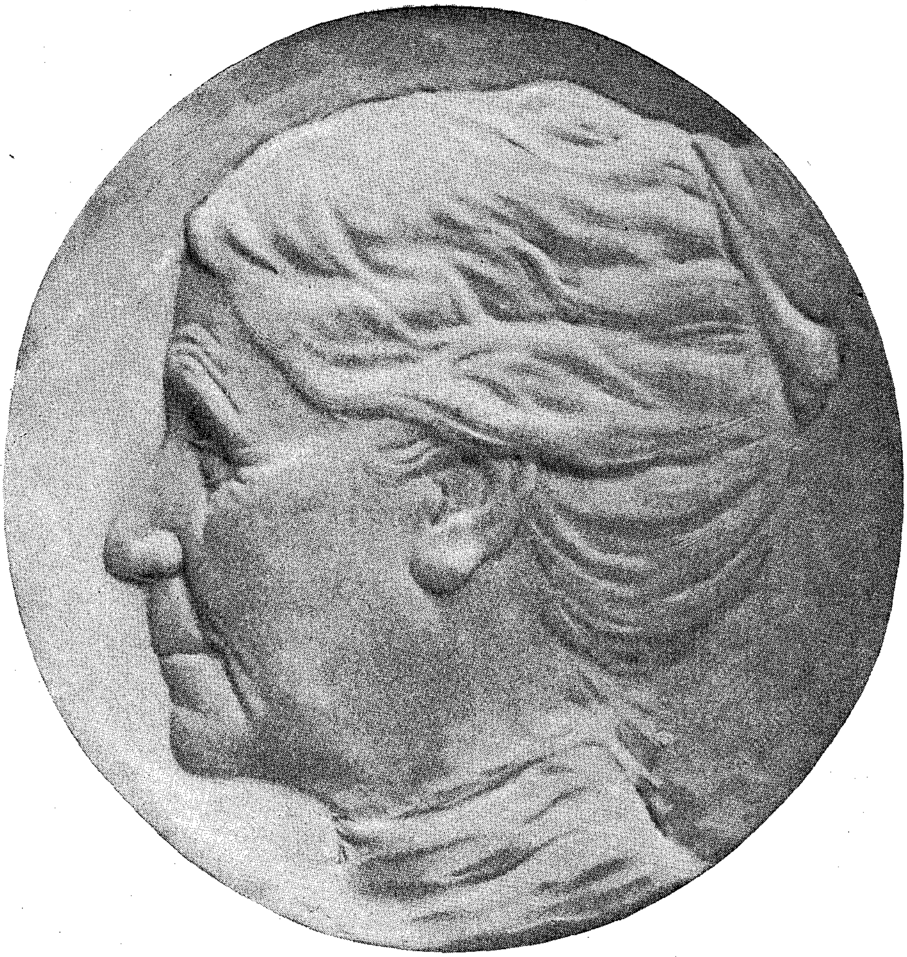
An American Sculptor

By Robert Barr

FOR years I have watched the career of Dr. McKenzie with interest and admiration. He is the sort of young man I like to know or to read about. Temperate, industrious, capable, of unfailing good nature and geniality, he has overcome obstacles with a grim determination and unflinching will which probably came to him through his Highland Scottish ancestry and which have been admirably directed by the somewhat Spartan training a boy without money gets in Canada. He came over to Europe on a Canadian steamship, a professor in McGill University, Montreal; he returned on a United States liner, a professor belonging to the University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia.

McKenzie's father was a clergyman in what was then one of the poorest districts in Canada, and he died leaving a widow and young family totally unprovided for. Poverty-stricken as was the locality, it nevertheless raised a fund for the minister's widow which enabled her to tide over the first hard year or two and keep the lads in school, which, to a Scottish mother, is ever the main thing. It is the Scottish mother who instills ambition into the heart of the young Scot.

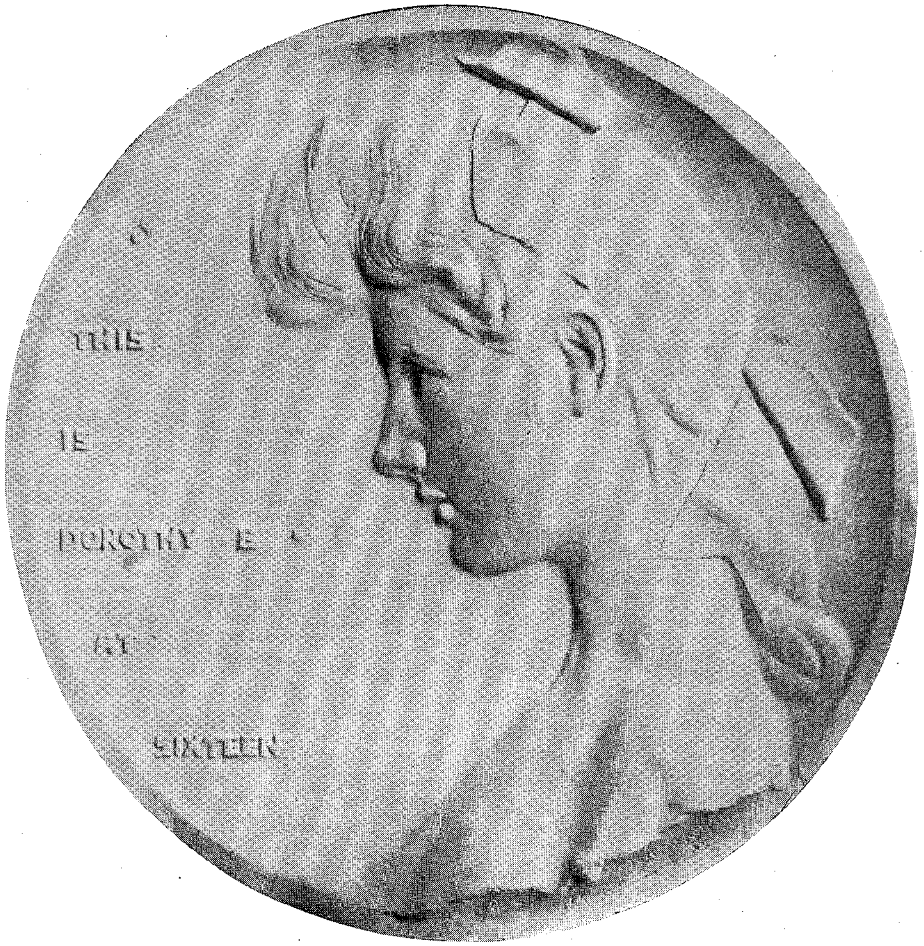
On the shoulders of Robert, as the eldest, there fell early the duty of providing for the family, which duty was faithfully performed, the boy shirking no work offered to him so long as it was honorable



MRS. McKENZIE

and brought in the cash; but never for a moment did he relinquish the desire to get the best education his country could provide; so whatever spare time he had was used in study preparatory to an attack upon some university. In due time he made the assault upon McGill College, and passed the preliminary examinations with credit to himself. There were no vacations for young McKenzie, because he had not only to pay his own way through college—a sufficiently difficult task, one might think—but he had to keep the pot boiling at home as well. As before, he did not pick and choose his occupations outside the university course, but took whatever was the most lucrative, no matter what physical output was required. The Lord does not intend a man to work both night and day, but during part of his first year in college McKenzie accomplished this feat, so anxious was he that his educational campaign should not be interrupted. He took a job as night watchman in one important section of the wharfs of Montreal, tramping all night and keeping up with his classes during the day. And, singularly enough, during this period of strain he was at the head of his class, for he kept a book or two in his pockets through the night, read for a few minutes under each lamp on his beat, and thought over the paragraph as he plodded to the next resting-point of his round.

However, even a man of iron could not stand this sort of thing, and our young student realized that he would either have to business-manage the situ-



"DOROTHY B."

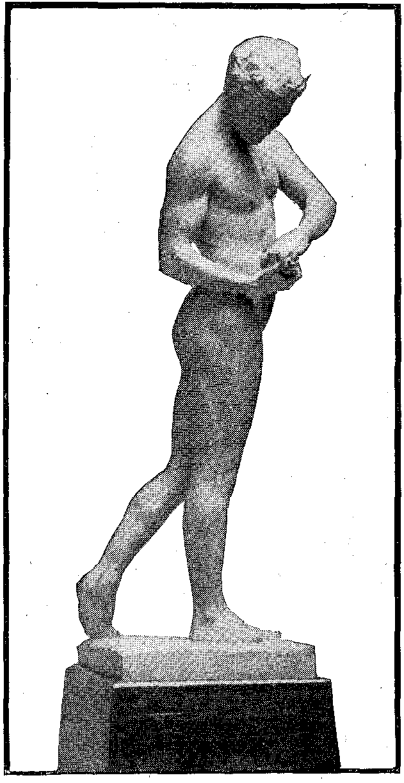
ation or give up the job, which he did not wish to do, for night work is always well paid. He therefore business-managed it. He had two collaborators in the science of watching. He was engaged by the Dock Company, and the other two were in the employ of the shipping interests and the insurance associations respectively. The three men covered the same territory. McKenzie, always genial and extremely persuasive, convinced the dock, shipping, and insurance companies that the work would be more efficiently done if the night were divided into three watches, when each man could sleep two-thirds of the night and remain very wide awake during the remaining third. His argument was that one man thoroughly alert was preferable to three men walking in their sleep. From that time forward he received the same money and also got two-thirds of a night's rest, besides earning the thanks of the companies and the gratitude of his two fellow-employees. Thus may a man's brains save his eyes and his heels; and during the time he was on guard neither theft nor fire visited his bailiwick. I think that when the future Dr. Smiles writes the future "Self-Help" he should include this story in the volume.

This strenuous life turned McKenzie's attention very early to the absolutely absolute need of physical culture. If he were to succeed in his four years' contest with Necessity, he should have to take the utmost care of himself. There is little use in possessing the mind of a Milton if you haven't a body to carry it. In addition to his regular course at the schools, he made a special study of the human frame and its requirements, and here, although he did not know it at the time, were the lines upon which his future activity was to run; for he goes to the University of Pennsylvania in charge of what is probably the finest gymnasium in the world, where he will exert a beneficial influence on the health of the thousands of students who seek an education in that center of learning.

It is encouraging to know that the authorities of McGill College speedily recognized the abilities of this young man, who was so persistently and good-naturedly pressing himself through their mill. He was soon enabled to give up all such occupations as that of night watchman, and he got opportunities of earning money by methods more in keeping with the knowledge he was acquiring. From then on the way became easy. There is no greater coward than Opposing Circumstance. If it sees you are determined on a fight, it will retreat; and if you advance, Opposing Circumstance will knuckle under altogether.

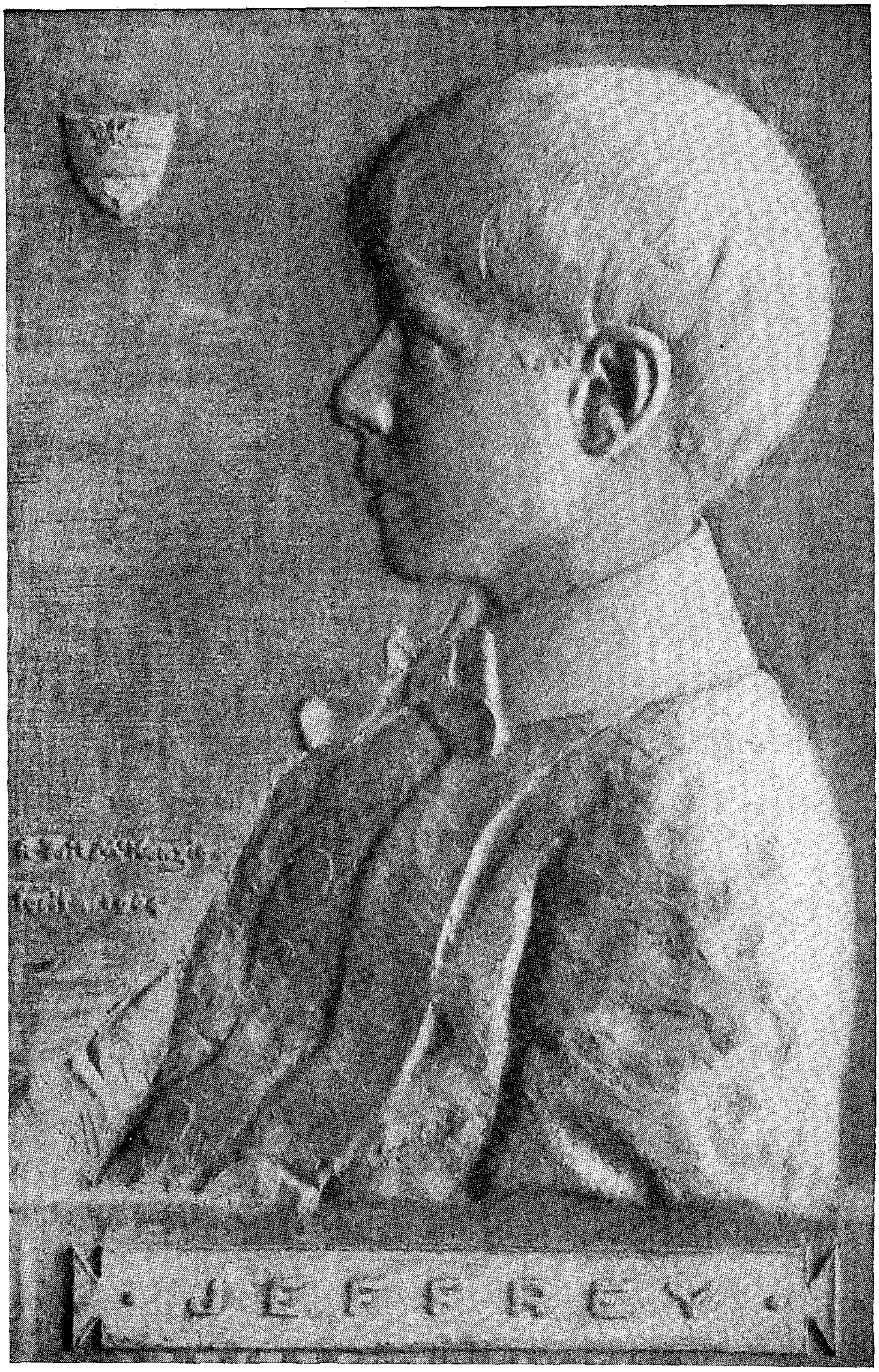
McKenzie did some tutoring and some lecturing. He became an assistant in the College, and finally, on achieving his degree, was installed full-fledged professor, which position he held until September, 1904. During the years that have elapsed since he took his degree he has acquired an enviable reputation and has built up an important practice as consulting medical specialist. This summer he lectured before the students of Cambridge University in England, and I believe it was in that educational town that he resolved to accept the offer from Pennsylvania of which I have spoken.

I now come to a very astonishing phase of Dr. McKenzie's genius. A short time ago I left London for Paris in order to see for myself how the Doctor's latest work was coming on, and I stayed by him until it was completed. He is well known in the capital of France, not as a medical man nor as a college professor, but as an artist; and here I found him in a large studio in the Mont Parnasse quarter, arrayed in the clay-smeared blouse of a sculptor, putting the finishing touches on his statue of "The Boxer," a wonderful representation of a prize-fighter in a state of activity, with the right arm extended to ward off a blow, while the left is ready to deliver the impact of the clenched fist where it will be most effective. It is a striking figure in every sense of the word.



THE ATHLETE

Three years ago Dr. McKenzie resolved to construct a mathematical man, as it might be termed; so he set about the making of him out of clay, the original material from which man was first fashioned. He secured the bodily measurements of one hundred representative American runners, which measurements were accurately taken by Dr. Paul C. Phillips, of Amherst College, and included nearly all the great sprinters of recent years. With these data McKenzie proceeded to build up his man by mathematics, and the result was "The Sprinter"—the stooping figure of a runner, with toes and fingers on the ground, tensely waiting for the pistol-shot. It is of such vivid actuality that on looking at it one feels like believing that at a sudden clap of the hands it would disappear down the track.



THE SON OF DR. McPHAIL, OF MONTREAL

This effort was much praised by anatomists, but McKenzie was anxious to know what artists thought about it; and as it was accepted for exhibition in 1902 by the Society of American Artists and by the Copley Society of Boston, he scored a favorable verdict. Later he finished, on the same plan, "The Athlete," a gracefully posed standing figure, corresponding to the average of the fifty strongest men in Harvard that year. Observations of four hundred men were taken by Dr. Dudley A. Sargent to furnish the mathematics out of which "The Athlete" was formed. "What constitutes a State?" asks the poet; and then he goes on to answer his own question by saying that it is not navies or kings or anything of that sort, but real men. "The Athlete" is intended to represent the best that America can do in furnishing the essential demanded by the poet. And Europe affirms that America has every reason to be proud of her output, for Dr. McKenzie did not rest content with the praise he had received in the New World, but daringly challenged the opinion of the Old.

Last year he boxed up "The Sprinter" and sent it to the Committee of the Royal Academy in England. There was nothing to show that the sender was a doctor or anything else but simply an unknown artist who sent his work in the usual way for the annual exhibition. "The Sprinter" was given a prominent place in the sculpture rotunda of Burlington House, the palace on Piccadilly where the Royal Academy holds its exhibition.

At the same time he invited criticism from a body known to be much more severe than even the authorities of the Royal Academy. He forwarded "The Athlete" to the judges for the Salon in France. It was accepted and exhibited. This year he had one statue in the Royal Academy and three in the Paris Salon.

Such a thing has probably never happened in this world before. That a man who has received no artistic training should produce work which not once but on four occasions has received the seal of commendation from the artistic experts of two European countries seems incredible to people over here. I have quit telling French artists about it, because they so evidently don't believe me, and, being too polite to say so, I feel that I am taking an unfair advantage of them. It is such a consolation to tell a man he lies if you are sure he is not telling the truth, and you cannot persuade a Frenchman that any untrained artistic amateur from the west ever got into the Salon except by paying his franc and going in with the general public.

When I was searching the Rue Fulguerie for his studio, I asked an artist who was coming out of the courtyard if he knew where Dr. Tait McKenzie was to be found. He said:

"There is no doctor of that name in this neighborhood, but there is a young sculptor named McKenzie at No. 9."

A Morning with Vincent d'Indy

By Daniel Gregory Mason

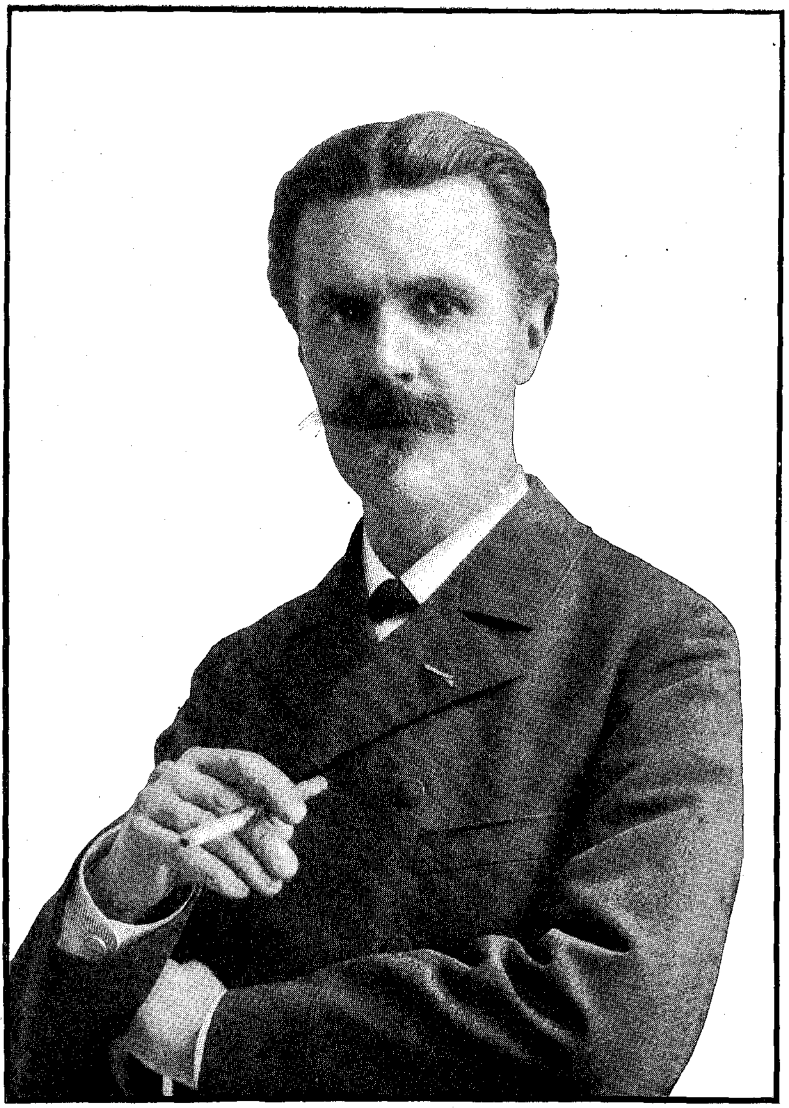
M. Paul Marie Théodore Vincent d'Indy, whose second Symphony, in B-flat major, Opus 57, played for the first time in New York at the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra on January 12, aroused much interest, was born in Paris on March 27, 1852. From 1872 to 1875 he studied under César Franck in the Paris Conservatoire, and afterwards continued his work with Franck as a private pupil. With Franck, Saint-Saëns, Fauré, and others, he was one of the founders of the Société Nationale de Musique, which has done much to develop the love of symphonic and chamber music in France. In 1895 he was offered the position of Professor of Composition at the Conservatoire, but refused it. In the next year, together with MM. Bordes and Guilmant, he founded the Schola Cantorum, of which he is Director and Professor of Composition. Besides many works in the domain of pure music, he has written two important operas—"Fervaal" (1889–95), and "L'Étranger" (1903). He is undoubtedly one of the most notable forces in contemporary French music.—THE EDITORS.

THE Rue St. Jacques, which runs from the Rue Soufflot, near the Pantheon, through to the Boulevard du Port Royal, and is thus on the outskirts of the Latin Quarter, in old Paris, is a narrow, winding street, hardly more than a lane to the eye of an American, full of *pâtisseries* and *crèmeries*, and resounding with the cries of street venders and the rattle of hand-carts. On a May morning of bright sunlight, in 1901, when it was alive with the vivid costumes and the animated conversation of the shopkeepers and loiterers, I walked along this street in search of the Schola Cantorum—the school of music founded in 1896 by MM. Vincent d'Indy, Charles Bordes, and Alexandre Guilmant. At last I found the high wall, with its cresset lamp and overarching tree, which form the quietly academic exterior of the Schola Cantorum, curiously set in the midst of this bustling life of shops.

After some questioning and waiting inside, I at last found myself in a small bare room, furnished only with wooden chairs and an upright piano, and at the moment filled with young French music students. From this group advanced a gentleman of middle age, erect and graceful in bearing, and of a strikingly noble and simple courtesy of demeanor. His eyes were noticeably bright and keen, deep-set under strongly marked brows; the black mustache and imperial, the silk hat of uncompromising cut which he carried in his hand, and the narrow red ribbon of the Legion of Honor in his butttonhole, marked him a Frenchman; but his frank directness and kindly though reserved cordiality were cosmopolitan, and established at once a good understanding. This was M. Vincent d'Indy, the champion of the César Franck traditions in French music, and to-day one of the foremost of French musicians.

It was a week later that I went to M. d'Indy's house for a lesson. M. d'Indy is a man of aristocratic birth and of wealth, and his house is a large and handsome one of stone in the Avenue de Villars—quite a different sort of place from the Rue St. Jacques. The composer's study, into which I was shown, was a pleasant room, simply but agreeably furnished, with a bust of César Franck on one side, many books, a wide writing-table, and an upright piano. It was an appropriate but unobtrusive setting for a personality of rare charm, grace, and distinction. As soon as M. d'Indy entered one forgot, not only the room and the house, but the aristocrat and the man of wealth, to remember only the artist and the man of an enthusiasm almost as much ethical and philosophical as it was æsthetic.

This ethical enthusiasm, unusual enough in a Frenchman and a polished man of the world, struck me, indeed, as the essential quality of Vincent d'Indy. It appeared in his almost devotional attitude toward the great men of whom he spoke—Bach, Beethoven, and César Franck; in his personal modesty; in



VINCENT D'INDY

his interest in the general principles of musical expression rather than in personalities and trivial details; in the indescribable commixture, in his manner, of cordiality and reserve; and most humanly in his manifest desire to discuss the music of a young student, a stranger to him, of alien language and habits of thought, as if he were talking with an equal and a friend. This trait of intellectual generosity made a deep impression on me; it seemed to me that it ran the gamut from mere fine taste and breeding to a truly spiritual kindliness.

His comments on my work were particularly stimulating because for the most part general and directed toward considerations of the means of constructing and developing musical ideas rather than to the correction of details. Only passages that seemed to him commonplace brought out the blue pencil—an interesting fact in view of the detestation of obviousness and triteness that is so highly characteristic of his musical personality. He constantly, like his master César Franck, analyzed and expounded passages from Bach and Beethoven that showed how the thing should be done, instead of confining himself to negative criticism. He spoke at length and with enthusiasm of the "grand variation" as a means of musical construction—that is, the development of an idea by a gradual and extended evolution of a musical germ, not literal, but following the suggestion of the general harmonic and rhythmic character. In connection with this point, on which he laid such stress that I could not but think of it as amounting to a hobby with him, he wrote out the following list of works to be studied:

Chorals pour orgue. J. S. Bach.
Quatuors (du XIIe au XVIe). Beethoven.
Quintette, Sonate pour violine. César Franck.
2me Quatuor. G. Fauré.
Trio pour piano, clarinette, et violoncelle. V. d'Indy.

But I was most of all impressed by two things he said in the long talk which followed the lesson, and lengthened our interview far beyond the hour, about the general method and means of musical technique (that is, of course, the mental technique of the composer, not the physical technique of the performer). The first was in answer to my question whether he thought the technique of composition, if for any reason it had been neglected in youth, could be acquired late in life. To this he answered an affirmative that was as emphatic as it was to me unexpected. "If a man seriously loves composition so well that he is willing to impose the necessary drudgery on himself," was the spirit of his answer, "he may master the technique at any period of his life."

The other remark was apropos of the question, so much mooted, whether any fixed principles underlie the ceaseless changes of artistic style. With a smile radiant with conviction, he asserted the fixity of the fundamental laws of art. There may be many surface changes, he admitted, but "les principes d'art"—this with a vibrancy of voice that I can still hear—"sont éternelles—ils restent." There was a world of eloquence in that simple "ils restent"—"they endure." The deepest convictions of the artist were speaking there.

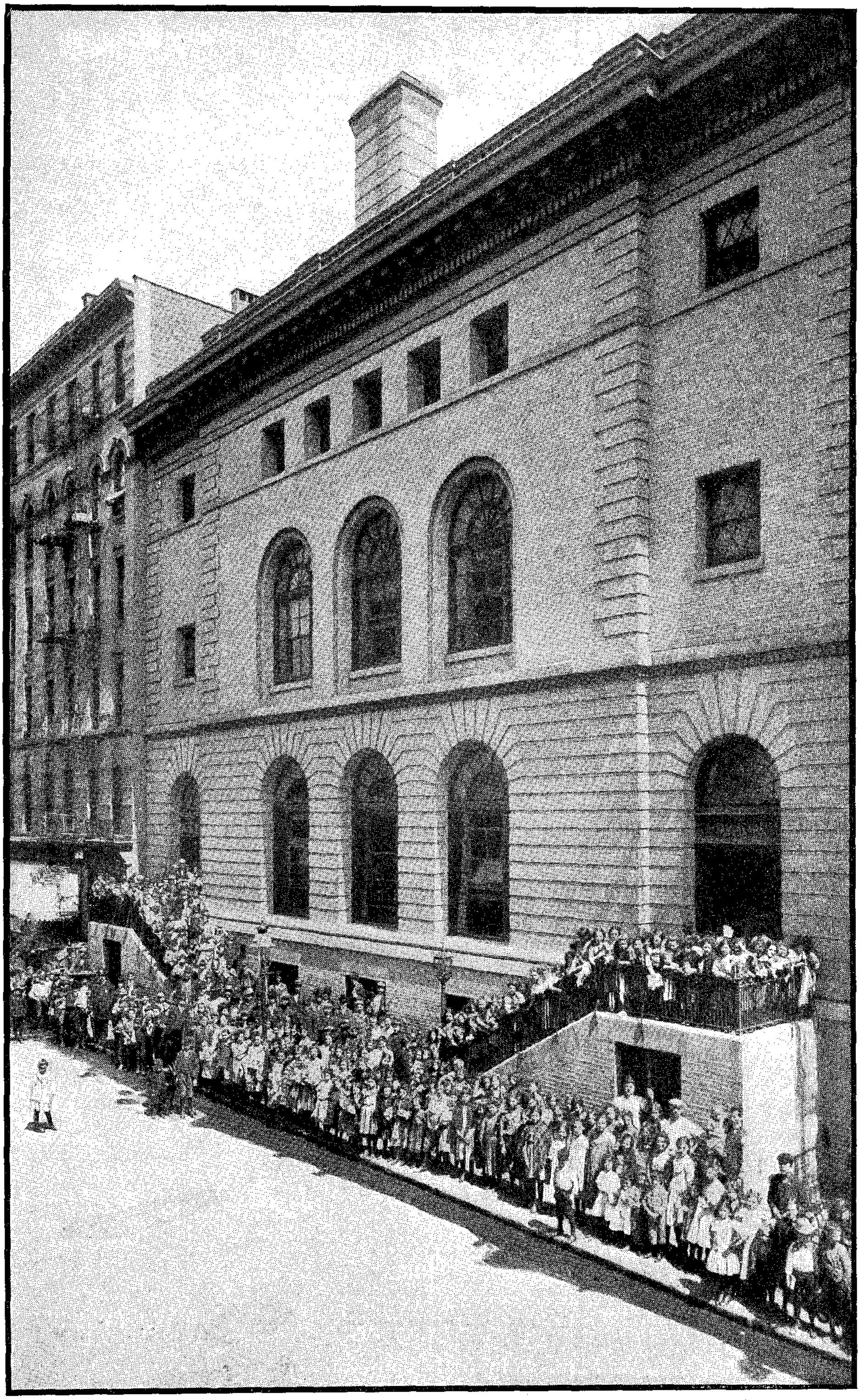
I carried away from this interview with M. d'Indy a lasting impression of his fine artistic sincerity. Remembering the man, it is not difficult to understand how he has become one of the considerable forces in modern music.

The Barrier

By Clinton Scollard

Between me and the untrammeled sweep
Of the unbounded outer deep
Stretches a strip of land that hides
The toss and turmoil of the tides.
My fancy often bears me far
Beyond the dunes and beach and bar,
Until a happy isle I gain
Upon the bosom of the main.

There lies, in kindred wise, 'twixt me
And God's unplumbed eternity,
A little strip of life whereo'er
My dreams are seaward wont to soar;
And is it strange, all perils past,
That by them I seem borne at last
Unto the bourn of long release—
The visioned port of final peace!



WAITING FOR A BATH
At the Rivington Street Bath, New York, on a hot summer day

The Public Bath

By Bertha H. Smith

AT one of the Fresh-Air Homes by the Sea, where New York tenement children are taken for a few days of every summer, a young woman stood one day beside a little fellow who sat digging his toes in the sand as he watched the other youngsters splashing in the surf.

"Don't you want to go into the water?" she said to him, coaxingly.

"No, ma'am," he answered, with public-school politeness. He did not need to add that he was afraid.

"You're not afraid, are you? Don't you bathe at home?"

"Yes, ma'am," he answered, proudly. "I get an all-over every week in the wash-tub."

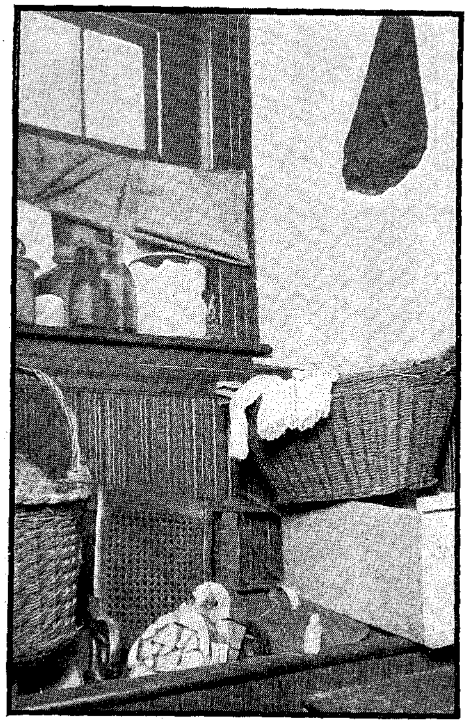
"G'wan!" said a bigger boy who had run up dripping and shivering, just in time to hear the little fellow's answer. "Yez means the dish-pan."

Whichever the boy meant—and he undoubtedly meant one or the other—he is no worse off than a hundred thousand other children of the tenements. And he is better off than thousands of his elders, who, if they bathe at all at home, must bathe in this same dish-pan or stationary wash-tub, or the kitchen sink. There are districts in New York where among twenty-five hundred families there are but thirty-six baths, where in a single block there are as many as eight hundred families without a bath-tub of any sort.

It is these conditions, little better in other cities with large tenement populations than in New York, that have forced the recognition of the public bath as a factor in social economics. To offset these conditions, the larger cities of the country are erecting baths for the use of those who are without means at home for fulfilling the first requisite of health and common decency. Within the past year New York has built four new baths, and now has in operation seven, five of which are under municipal management and absolutely free; the other two—the People's Bath in Centre Market Place, and the Milbank Memorial—being maintained by the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, with a charge of five cents for soap and towel. Four more are in course of construction, and appropriation has been made and site selected for another, which is designed to be the largest and finest public bath in the world. In addition, there are appropriations for four others for which sites have not yet been selected. Brooklyn has in operation and in course of construction five municipal baths. This makes a total of eighteen public baths, for which nearly two million dollars have been appropriated. When this system of baths is completed, Greater New York will be prepared to furnish thirteen million free baths a year. In other words, every man, woman, and child without home facilities can have two baths a week at the city's expense.

It is characteristic of New York that the initiative in the matter of free baths should have been left to another city. New York is proverbially slow in adopting ideas for civic improvement. There is something almost Oriental in New York's indifference to what other cities do, and in the tedious meandering of the municipal mind toward new policies; but in the end New York will do and dare more than any other city in the world.

New York did not care that a score of towns from Maine to California were whizzing about on trolley-cars while New York still perched on stages or dozed in the corner of a horse-car, with only the "get-ap" of an ancient driver to disturb her dreams. In her own good time New York was to have an underground trolley system that should be the wonder and envy of other cities. New York did not care that Boston was first to go about under the ground, and was complacent when even sleepy old London town had a "tube." In her own good time New York was to have a subway "as is." And so it did not disturb New York's serenity that nearly half a



COPYRIGHT BY BERTHA H. SMITH

A TENEMENT BATH-TUB

COPYRIGHT BY BERTHA H. SMITH

A TENEMENT BATH

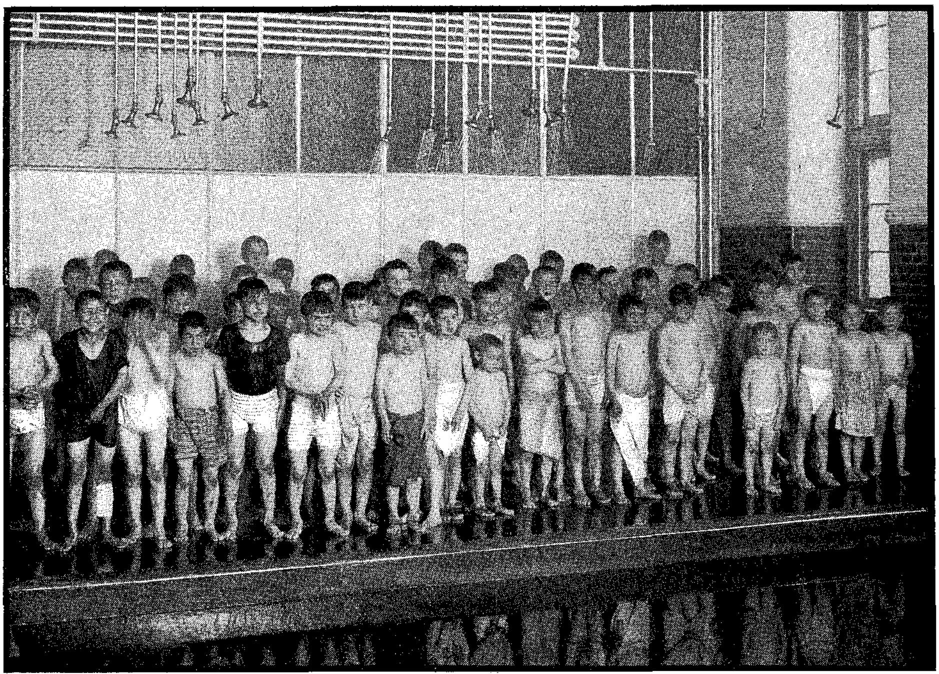
century ago Boston built and maintained at the city's expense a great system of beach baths, which were the first provision made in this country for frequent and economical bathing for the masses. Nor when, a little more than a decade ago, Chicago opened the first all-the-year-round free bath in the country. Nor yet when, following Chicago's lead, Boston and Baltimore, Albany, Syracuse, Cleveland, and other smaller cities took this step toward sanitary reform and provided their working poor with means of keeping clean all the year. Before New York laid the foundation of its first free bath, Yonkers had two.

New York did not care that she was the last but one (Philadelphia) of the larger cities to adopt this sanitary policy. In her own good time New York was to have a system of free baths the like of which has not been known since Rome's great days.

It has taken more than two thousand years for history to repeat itself in the matter of free baths, and the United States is the only country to-day where a man can walk into a public bath, as he would into a park or library, and be furnished a bath that is not only cleansing, but is provided with every regard for sanitary principles. London, Liverpool, Glasgow, many French and German cities—notably Vienna—still far surpass American cities in the number and appointments of their public baths, but without exception a fee is charged.

But the masses in the great cities are as badly off as they ever were. The old tenements in New York are without baths, and nearly a fourth of those now being built have none. The only water supply in cheap tenements comes from a faucet in the dark hall, which is used in common by from a dozen to fifty tenants.

The tenement landlord contends that where baths are built they are not put to their proper use, and tenement-house inspectors bear out this statement to a certain extent, in spite of the declaration of the best-known settlement worker in New York, who is conceded to know her East Side as a good churchman knows his creed: "In all my years of work here I have never come across the



THE SHOWER BATH IN PUBLIC SCHOOL 147, NEW YORK

This type of bath is also in use in the Boston schools

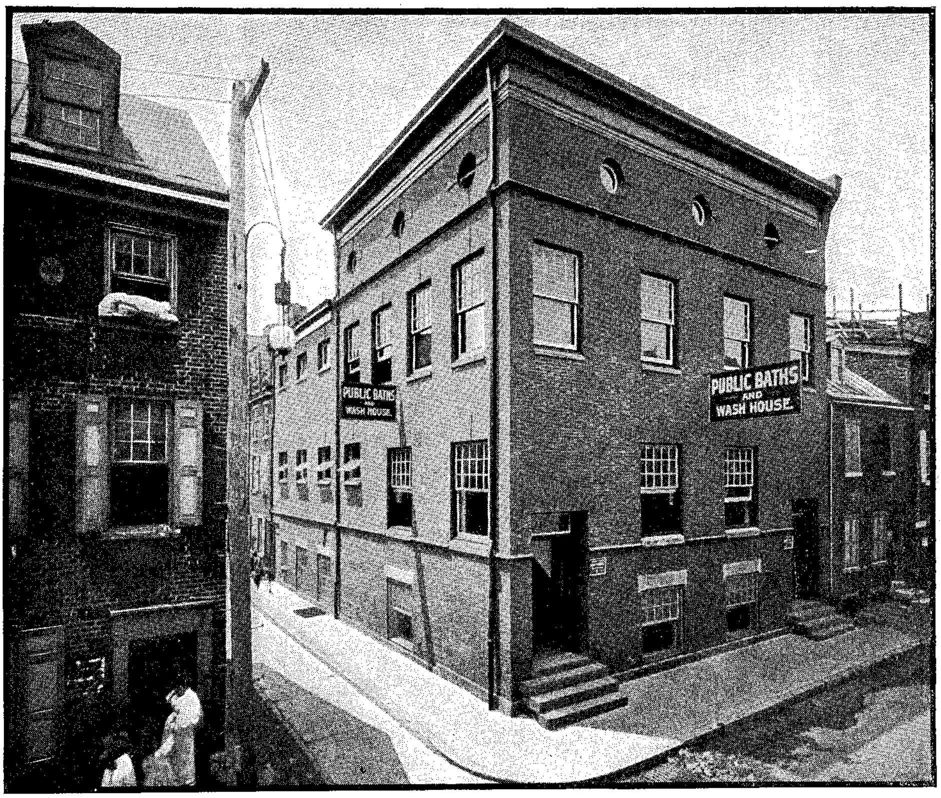
family which Jacob Riis says keeps its coal in the bath-tub."

The misuse of some tubs, however, is not proof that these people do not want to bathe. The conditions under which they live, the trouble of carrying water from the hall faucet, the expense of heating it, make many think twice before bathing. The multiple dwelling of other cities is no better than the New York tenement. Within a stone's throw of the Walters bath in Baltimore are the former home of the millionaire donor of the bath, and the mansion of the Carrolls of Carrollton, now the abode of oyster-dredgers, drivers, wharf roustabouts, and the what-not of the slum. How far toward cleanliness will a bath-room or two designed for the use of a private family go among scores of dust-begrimed and sweat-stained toilers packed five or ten in a room?

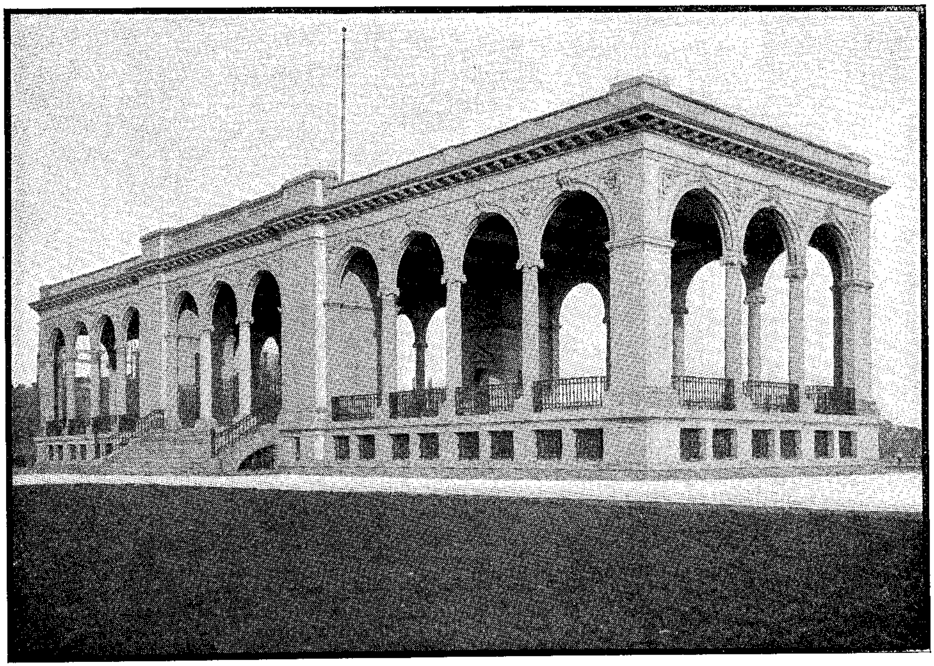
Because of this absolute destitution of the city's poor of means of keeping clean, the cause of permanent free baths was first urged about fifteen years ago. It has been a one-man fight, and a long one. But for Dr. Simon Baruch, of New York, there would probably not be a free public bath in the United States to-day. Dr. Baruch based his plea upon the fact that modern hygiene has demonstrated that the essential principle of sanitation lies in cleanliness. He argued the inexpedience of spending millions annually for the relief of distress and almost nothing to prevent disease and improve the condition of the poor while still in health.

He thought Boston's beach baths a fine thing. He did not condemn New York's floating baths. He merely said that no bath is cleansing taken with clothing on and without soap where the body is soiled; and, further, that swimming baths, while refreshing, require an amount of courage and resolution that debars many from their use. His fight was for the sanitary bath.

After three years the first result was the bath built by the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, which was not, as Dr. Baruch contended public baths should be, absolutely free. Two years later Dr. Gertrude Wellington, of the Municipal Order League, Chicago, visited New York, conferred with Dr. Baruch, went home, secured from the


PUBLIC BATHS AND WASH HOUSE
PUBLIC BATHS AND WASH HOUSE

THE GASKELL STREET BATH HOUSE, PHILADELPHIA



THE PARK BUILDING IN THOMAS JEFFERSON PARK, NEW YORK, WITH FREE BATHS IN BASEMENT

Council an appropriation of $12,000 within a month, and in less than a year Chicago had the first free municipal bath in the world. Chicago now has five, with four more to be built in 1905.

Still New York paid no heed. Tammany was in the height of its power, and had other fish to fry—fish that did not need washing. In 1895 Dr. Baruch was instrumental in securing a mandatory act of the Legislature, compelling all cities of fifty thousand and over to erect and maintain as many public baths as local health boards deemed necessary. Here was a loophole, and it was used. Other cities in the State built baths, but they were not "deemed necessary" in the metropolis.

The first sign that New York was about to take notice was when the reform party made a campaign issue of free baths. The reform party got in; the baths did not. It took three more years of pretext and dallying committees and official deafness before New York was ready to comply with the mandatory act and make appropriation, another three years before the first municipal bath was ready for use, and another three years before there were any more.

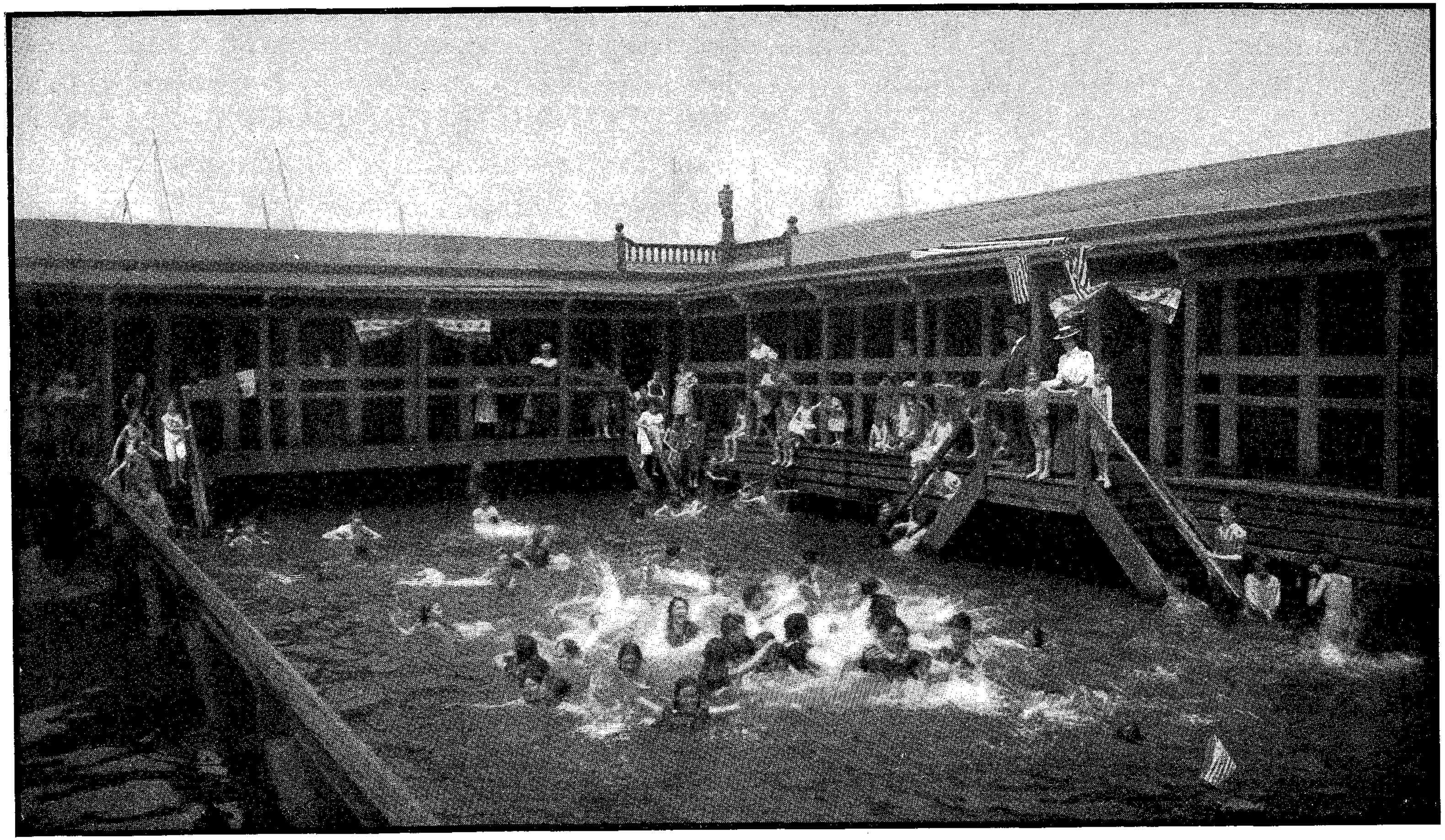
Meanwhile, in 1898, Boston opened the Dover Street bath, and took charge of the bath in the East Boston Gymnasium, and has since built two more combination baths and gymnasiums. Baltimore had the first of her three baths a year before New York opened the Rivington Street bath. It is possible that Baltimore, like Philadelphia, might have lagged behind with New York but for the generosity of one of her citizens, Mr. Henry Walters, who gave $50,000 for the building of the first two baths, and later an additional $25,000 for a bath for the exclusive use of colored people. Philadelphia has as yet done nothing in the way of permanent free baths, but some of her public-spirited citizens have built and are operating two five-cent baths.

People in New York who are given to wondering why will probably never quite understand the length of time it takes to build public baths after the money is set aside, and to get them in use after they are built. One of the last acts of the last Borough President of New York was the formal opening of two baths. Ten months later policemen sat at the doors of these baths explaining to inquirers why there was no work going on and no baths to be had, while small boys fired rocks through the windows and scampered around the corner, and the unwashed of the neighborhood remained unwashed.

The introduction of the public bath has presented many problems. First and most important was the kind of bath to use. It was necessary to combine the principles of sanitation and thorough cleansing with economy of space, time, water, and service. The solution of this problem was the abolition of the tub and the adoption of the German rain, or shower, bath. The expense of tubs is thus avoided; there is a saving of time required in filling and scrubbing them after the bath; and the danger of contagion is reduced to a minimum. The time consumed in a rain bath is less than in a tub bath, the force of the water aiding in the removal of accumulated matter, which is further aided by the fact that no soiled water touches the body. For these reasons also the bath is more cleansing and refreshing.

The style of architecture must be simple in order that the poor may not be repelled by a pretentious exterior and the usefulness of the baths be thereby crippled.

In the matter of cost of buildings New York has gone far beyond the limits of other cities. Chicago's baths have cost from $7,500 to $15,000, the number of showers ranging from fifteen to thirty-four. The Baltimore baths have cost from $25,000 to $40,000 for from thirty to forty-five showers. The Philadelphia baths cost about the same, and both these and the Walters baths have wash-houses in the basement, where tenement women can take the family washing away from the dirty, ill-smelling tenement kitchen, and where men who have tramped miles looking for work or have waked from a drunken sleep in alley or gutter can for five or ten cents get that slight spur to better things that clean clothes, however ragged and mean, never fail to give.



A NEW YORK FLOATING BATH

The Dover Street bath in Boston cost $70,000 for forty-one sprays, while the Rivington Street bath in New York cost more than $104,000, exclusive of ground, for but sixty-seven sprays. None of the plans for New York baths run below $125,000, including ground, and there is one for which the estimates run to near a third of a million. The Milbank Memorial Bath, presented to the city by Mrs. Elizabeth Milbank Anderson, cost about $150,000 and has ninety-three baths.

While it is admitted that ground is much higher in New York than elsewhere, it is not admitted that either this or the larger size of the buildings accounts for the great difference in cost. Dr. Baruch says it is wanton extravagance. So does Superintendent W. W. Weeks, in charge of the New York baths, and others who have studied the subject.

They do not dwell particularly upon the use of marble throughout the interior, although they do claim that certain kinds of slate are quite as durable, more sanitary if less beautiful, and cheaper. They do dwell with emphasis upon the fact that butts used on the doors of the dressing-rooms are of brass at ten dollars the pair, a needless extravagance in first cost and in the time required to keep them polished; also upon the use of expensive patented fixtures, which must be made to order if broken, causing loss of time. And also that each bath should be fitted with an independent lighting plant, at a cost of ten or fifteen thousand dollars, when the city could secure lighting service at the same cost, if not less, than the cost of operating its own plant.

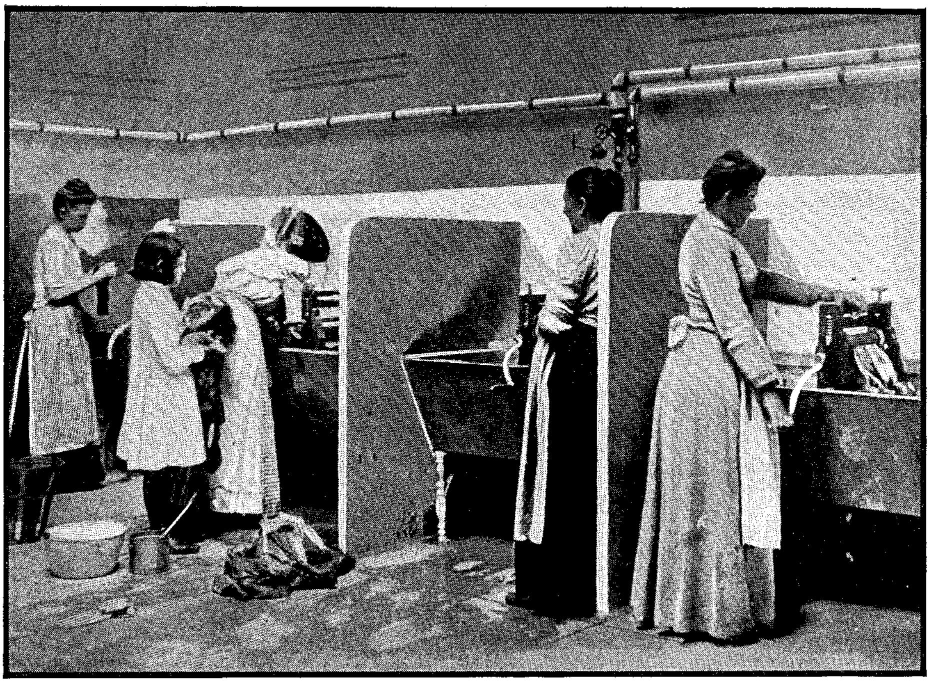
Then these baths are being equipped with filters at a considerable outlay. Unfiltered water from the Tiber, they say, was good enough for the elegants of Rome. Croton water, they say, is good enough for the residents of Fifth Avenue and West End, even for the city officials themselves. Then why not for the people of Hell's Kitchen and Mulberry Bend?

The necessity, say these same men, is for many baths, not elaborate ones; and there are those who advocate using part of the basement of school buildings for public baths, claiming that this would save the cost of special buildings and at the same time solve the problem of distribution.

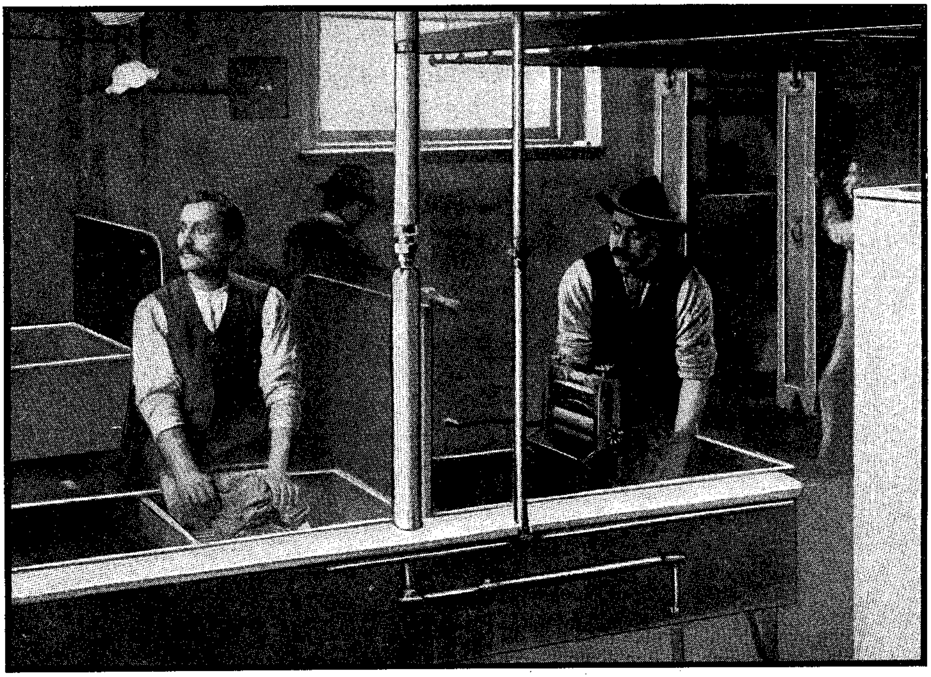
This question of distribution is always an important one. To best serve those for whose use they are intended, they must be located in the crowded districts, within easy walking distance. It is always an open question how far a man or woman will walk for a bath. The driver after a hard day's work, the man or woman who has stood at a machine for eight or twelve hours, the tenement mother with her drudging cares, must have more of a pagan's than a Puritan's love of a bath to make them go many blocks to get it. The public bath, to fulfill its end, must be as a temptation in the path of the tired workingman and the slum housewife.

That cleanliness, though next of kin to godliness, must, like a taste for olives, be cultivated, is proved by the way the attendance at public baths follows the mercury up and down. In the Rivington Street bath, New York, which furnishes 700,000 baths a year, the attendance varies from two or three hundred on a blizzardy day in January to four or five thousand on a sweltering day of mid-July.

"No one ever bathes regularly who only bathes to get clean," says one whose enjoyment of the bath is purely pagan, but who, by the way, is neither coal-heaver, rag-picker, nor scow-trimmer by profession. To such as these the mere getting clean is delight enough, once they have acquired a taste for the bath. On the other hand, perhaps if those who take their cold dip or douche every morning only for the exhilaration of it had to do more than go down a few steps of warm, carpeted hall; if, for instance, they had to walk, thinly clad and none too well fed, a half-mile in a raw wind or beating rain or blistering sun, perhaps the bath would lose some of its joy. Perhaps these bathers for the bath's sake could then realize the force of a remark made by the head worker of a settlement that furnishes baths at beer prices: "It takes many a man some time to make up his mind to spend five cents for a bath instead of a glass of beer, and several trials to find that he feels better for the bath than for the beer."



WOMEN'S PUBLIC WASH HOUSE, PHILADELPHIA



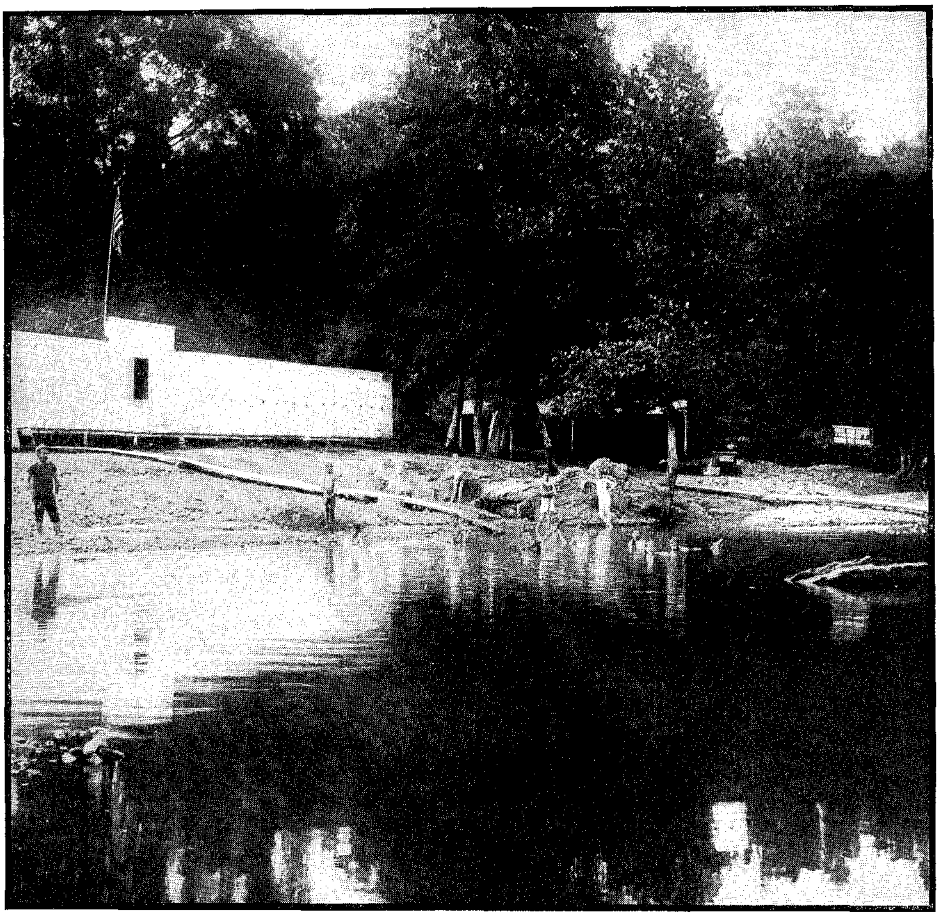
MEN'S PUBLIC WASH HOUSE, PHILADELPHIA

Public baths, then, must be attractive. They must be light and warm and clean. And it is true that the river and beach baths which in New York and Boston prove a boon to millions during the summer heat have had an educational value in encouraging the bathing habit. Men and women, boys and girls who have gone to these swimming baths because they had the element of fun as well as of refreshment have acquired habits of cleanliness not through a sense of duty but of creature comfort.

Perhaps the most important of all problems connected with public baths is whether they should be free or not. On this opinions differ. From the beginning Boston has made no charge for the actual use of any of its municipal baths. At the beach baths a fee of five cents is charged for bathing-suits, except at the North End beach (one of the largest) where suits are furnished free. The universal charge for towel is one cent.

In Baltimore there is a charge of three cents for soap and towel. At first they tried furnishing wash-cloths also, but when the first thousand disappeared as fast as they were given out, the directors decided to let the bathers get clean as best they could with soap and towel. It even took some time for the women to learn that they were not expected to pin the towels to their petticoats and walk off with them because they had paid three cents for them.

In Philadelphia's non-municipal baths, as in the two in New York, the fee is five cents for soap and towel. But no man or woman has ever been turned away from any of these baths for lack of the five cents.



THE MUNICIPAL BATHING BEACH AT GWYNN'S FALLS, BALTIMORE

Chicago makes no charge whatever, furnishing soap and towel. New York has also adopted the free policy with regard to the baths, but bathers must bring soap and towels. This decision was the result of experience in the river baths, where at first towels were carried away at the rate of ten or twelve thousand a day, and soap by the wagon-load.

The worthy poor of a city are often reluctant to take advantage of what is offered free. On the other hand, there are those living near five-cent baths who will pay two car-fares to go to a free bath, so eager are they to get all that is coming for nothing. In New York's free baths there are regular women patrons who come with diamonds as big as beans in their ears. A patron of a Baltimore bath owns half a block of houses across the street. In all the cities policemen and letter-carriers frequent the public baths, and during the Baltimore fire the 1,500 soldiers who were stationed there were given free use of the baths.

Policemen, letter-carriers, and soldiers can afford to pay for a bath, and doubtless would if none were free. Women who have bought diamonds with money earned in the fish market, men whose pushcart pennies are put into tenements, and thousands more of the drudging, penurious, and in their small way prosperous denizens of New York's East Side and the North River water front, and like quarters of other big cities, could also, no doubt; but the question is, would they?

Where public health and welfare are involved, as in this question of personal cleanliness, it is not, as before stated, what people can do, but what they will do, not what they should do, but what they do, that must decide social and civic policy. Says Dr. Baruch: "I consider that I have done more to save life and prevent the spread of disease in my work for public baths than in all my work as a physician. It is the duty of a municipality to prevent disease. It is the duty of a municipality to prevent immorality. I believe that money spent for public baths where people can go and get clean do more toward raising the standard of health and morality than a much greater amount spent in any other way." To this New York's Health Commissioner adds that public baths tend to lessen pneumonia and tuberculosis, the chief causes of mortality among New York's poor, because bathing reduces the liability to colds and throat trouble. The Boston Bath Commission reports "a marked decrease in juvenile arrests during the past ten years, and that the work of the Bath Department has been the greatest single agency in effecting this vital improvement in public morals."

In the neighborhood of the Philadelphia baths it has been noted that when the Street-Cleaning Department men bring their hose and flood the narrow alleys that serve as streets in the slums, the residents get out with brooms and scrub their sidewalks. Formerly these women were wont to sit idly on their marble steps—sole reminder that the slum was once the aristocratic section—never stirring though filth and rubbish gathered ankle-deep from curb to doorway.

New York's first bath was located in the Italian quarter; but at first the Italians furnished only five per cent. of the Sunday bathers. To-day ninety-five per cent. in the waiting line that stretches a block away from the door on Sunday morning are Italians. Then, of a Sunday afternoon, the men who through the week picked rags in dingy cellars, or handled green bananas brought to ripen in other dingy cellars, loitered along the sidewalk in their soiled workday clothes, or lounged in picturesque if dirty groups about the pepper-festooned doorways. Now they lounge there as of yore, but spick and span in starchy shirts and brushed clothes. What they have lost in picturesqueness they have gained in self-respect, of which a clean white collar is an early symptom.

In Baltimore the public bath movement has resulted in a law requiring a bath to be built in every new house, the efficacy of which, however, is questioned by a member of New York's Tenement-House Commission, who says: "Of what good is such a law unless it is followed by a clause compelling every man to take a bath at stated times? I say let us have public baths, and still more public baths."

The public bath movement is branching in every direction. Boston and New York are experimenting with baths in the public schools. Boston uses a shower by which children are bathed in groups. In New York both the group and booth baths are in use. Regular periods are set aside for the bath, and not only the pupils needing but those desiring baths are given an opportunity to take them. Where they have been longest in use, there is not only a marked improvement in the general health of the children but a resultant mental alertness as well.

In all new public parks, playgrounds, and gymnasiums, particularly those located near crowded districts, the shower bath and swimming pool are becoming a regular feature, the most notable instances being the handsome structures erected in Seward and Thomas Jefferson Park playgrounds, New York.

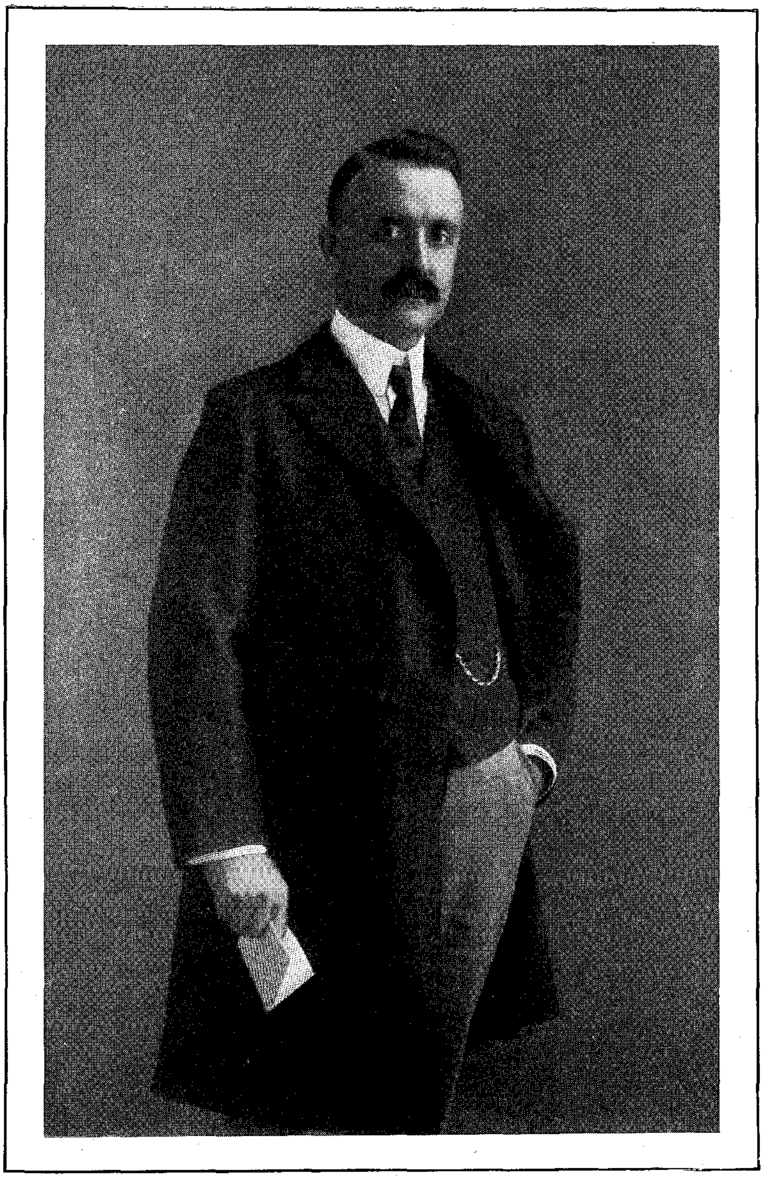
Against the day when the river baths must yield to the encroachments of commerce along the water front, New York has begun, and none too soon, to secure to the public the right of free use of bathing beaches, as Boston did nearly a half-century ago. An appropriation of $40,000 has been made to provide bathing facilities at Coney Island, and last summer a public beach was opened in Pelham Bay Park.

It would seem that the days of the Great Unwashed are numbered.

Fear and Trust

By S. R. Calthrop

When last beneath the midnight stars I trod,
An awe fell on me from those depths afar,
Great seas of silence round each separate star,
Fathomless distances, filled full of God!
Heaven beyond heaven without bound or bar.
And thus my lips: "Thy love I dare not claim,
Infinite Heart, whose pulses, like a sea,
Strike shore of sun and star, yet onward flame,
Unspent, unbroken, everlastingly!"
So spake I, by Infinitude oppressed.
Yet ever, wrapt in peace for thought too deep,
Like some small sea-bird on the waves asleep,
My steadfast heart all unaware did rest,
O Father! on the ocean of Thy breast.



FHOTOGRAPH BY WILLIAM NOTMAN & SON. MONTREAL

Robert Watchorn

THE new Commissioner of Immigration at the port of New York is well fitted by experience to know what that post involves in the exercise of judgment, energy, and tact. As a boy he himself was an immigrant. He landed at Castle Garden with two pounds ($10) in his pocket and a gnawing hunger in his stomach. The first thing he saw on getting off the boat was a fruit-stand and lunch-counter, and on that counter a seductive piece of apple pie, over which stood the label "ten cents." The boy was not long in making acquaintance with that piece of apple pie, handing to the fruiterer a two-shilling piece, worth fifty cents in our money, for change. After the pie had been devoured the fruiterer seemed in no hurry to give the change, and so the boy demanded it. "There is no change," said the man. "But I handed you a two-shilling piece in English money," replied the boy, "and that is worth fifty cents, and I want forty cents back. Your pie was marked ten cents." "It was not," retorted the fruiterer, who meanwhile had removed the other labels from his wares. "I tell you it was," rejoined the immigrant, "and I am going to have my change." "You'll have no change," said the fruiterer, "and you'll get right along." "Not until I have my money," said the boy, and he made a dash as if to jump over the counter; whereupon the fruiterer hailed a policeman, who, seeing that the young immigrant was really going to punch the fruiterer's head, laid violent hands on the offender and haled him off to the other side of the way. Here the boy received a shaking and was told to "Move on!" if he did not wish to land in jail.

So the lad made his first little journey in the American world, as so many others have before him, losing his two shillings but gaining a great deal of sad experience. He resolved then and there that, if ever he could, he would devote his life to looking out for the fortunes of poor boys like himself who must emigrate from their homeland to a new country.

He had been accustomed to work in the British coal-pits, and he naturally sought like employment in America. He went, therefore, into the coal-mines in the Pittsburg district of Pennsylvania, and made such a good record among his fellow-laborers that he became President of the Pittsburg District Miners' Union, and finally General Secretary and Treasurer of the Trades Assembly of the Knights of Labor, which was afterwards consolidated with the United Mine Workers of America. He was elected the first Secretary and Treasurer of that organization, serving successive terms. Governor Pattison appointed him Executive Clerk. Later Mr. Watchorn became General Factory Inspector of Pennsylvania, which office he held from 1891 to 1895.

In the latter year he was appointed Immigrant Inspector and assigned to Ellis Island, New York City, where he served in every capacity to which an inspector could be detailed, finally becoming Supervising Immigrant Inspector. In 1900, by the direction of the Commissioner-General of Immigration, Mr. Watchorn was detailed to investigate the causes which had led to the phenomenal immigration of Rumanian Jews; he was also detailed to investigate conditions along the Mexican border, and later to make a similar investigation regarding the Canadian border.

He then became Immigration Inspector in charge at Montreal. Prior to his incumbency, United States Commissioners of Immigration had been stationed in the West at Vancouver and in the East at Quebec in the summer and Halifax in the winter. Under this arrangement a very imperfect guard was kept along the land boundaries. A continuous stream of undesirable emigrants was coming over the line into this country. Mr. Watchorn duly notified the various railway officials that if they did not co-operate with the United States Government he would have every train stopped when it reached the boundary line and count noses. The officials did co-operate, and our Government was able later to enter into a contract with the Canadian railway companies by which those companies agreed to refuse transportation to aliens over their lines into the United States until such aliens had received a certificate from Mr. Watchorn showing that they were entitled to enter this country. On the part of the railway companies the consideration for this agreement was the avoidance of any train delay at the border for the inspection there of alien passengers. The plan suggested by Mr. Watchorn was experimental, but, argely as the result of his intelligence and executive ability, it proved to be a complete success. The Department of Commerce thereupon designated Mr. Watchorn as Commissioner, and placed under his control the entire Canadian border east of Sumas, Washington. From Mr. Watchorn's reports of the number of exclusions under his jurisdiction during the years 1902–4 (see reports of the

Bureau of Immigration for each of these fiscal years), the effectiveness of his work in this respect is patent.

Mr. Watchorn thus established a system to be imitated in every port from which emigration sets forth to this country. All emigrants leaving Canada for the States must first secure a certificate from our officials in Canada. When the emigrants reach America, and so become immigrants, they have already been examined. More than ten thousand rejections of applications for certificates have been made in Canada since 1901. Our country is thus the richer by the avoidance of harboring ten thousand unfortunates, or worse. We should follow up this system by a similar one to apply as to inspection of intending emigrants, not only by our immigration officials but also by many of our consular officials abroad. Every foreigner entering the United States should have been vouched for by some American official.

Mr. Watchorn's warm sympathy for the ills which immigrants often endure, derived from his own early personal experience, is, therefore, joined by a clear-headed conviction of the necessity to rule out from this country the undesirable foreigners who have come to us in overwhelming numbers. He will doubtless maintain at the port of New York the capital record which he has established at Montreal, and also when in service in other years at Ellis Island—a record which caused a high authority to say of him the other day that he was "absolutely the best man in the immigrant service."

The Blind Caravan

By W. Wilfred Campbell

I am a slave, both dumb and blind,
Upon a journey dread;
The iron hills lie far behind,
The seas of mist ahead.

Amid a mighty caravan
I toil a somber track,
The strangest road since time began,
Where no foot turneth back.

Here rosy youth at morning's prime
And weary man at noon
Are crooked shapes at eventime
Beneath the haggard moon.

Faint elfin songs from out the past
Of some lost sunset land
Haunt this grim pageant drifting, vast,
Across the trackless sand.

And often for some nightward wind
We stay a space and hark,
Then leave the sunset lands behind
And plunge into the dark.

Somewhere, somewhere, far on in front,
There strides a lonely man
Who is all strength, who bears the brunt,
The battle and the ban.

I know not of his face or form,
His voice or battle-scars,
Or how he fronts the haunted storm
Beneath the wintry stars;

I know not of his wisdom great
That leads this sightless host
Beyond the barren hills of fate
Unto some kindlier coast.

But often 'mid the eerie black
Through this sad caravan
A strange, sweet thrill is whispered back,
Borne on from man to man.

A strange, glad joy that fills the night
Like some far marriage horn,
Till every heart is filled with light
Of some belated morn.

The way is long, and rough the road,
And bitter the night and dread,
And each poor slave is but a goad
To lash the one ahead.

Evil the foes that lie in wait
To slay us in the pass,
Bloody the slaughter at the gate
And bleak the wild morass;

And I am but a shriveled thing
Beneath the midnight sky,
A wasted wan remembering
Of days long wandered by.

And yet I lift my sightless face
Toward the eerie light,
And tread the lonely way we trace
Across the haunted night.

The Lewis and Clark Exposition

By Harriet W. Chapin

DURING the coming summer the one hundredth anniversary of the Lewis and Clark Expedition will be celebrated on our Pacific coast. The Lewis and Clark Centennial and Oriental Fair, the first international exposition to be held west of the Rocky Mountains, will open in Portland, Oregon, on June first and will close on the fifteenth of October.

Commemorating, as it does, the one hundredth anniversary of an important expedition sent out by Thomas Jefferson, commanded by his private secretary, and one for which Congress made what was at that time a large appropriation, the celebration is of National importance and should attract interest in the East as well as in the West.

Thomas Jefferson was the first eminent American statesman to take any active interest in mapping out an overland route to the Far West. This interest received a fresh stimulus when Captain Gray in 1792, sailing the good ship Columbia, of Boston, discovered and entered the great river that now bears the name of the ship. Having some realization of the vast extent and great value of this unexplored country yet unclaimed by civilized man, Jefferson determined to annex this large area to the United States. Hardly had the Louisiana Purchase been completed and that immense territory formally ceded to our country before Jefferson, having failed to mature a plan for the much-desired exploration with the help of individuals or societies, obtained from Congress an appropriation for the purpose of sending a party to ascend the " Big Muddy," as the Missouri River was called, and, crossing the Stony, or Rocky, Mountains, find thence a route to the coast by way of the traditional " Oregon " or " River of the North."

The command of the exploration party was given to Captain Meriwether Lewis, who chose as his assistant Captain William Clark. The rest of the party consisted of forty-three men and a negro slave belonging to Clark.

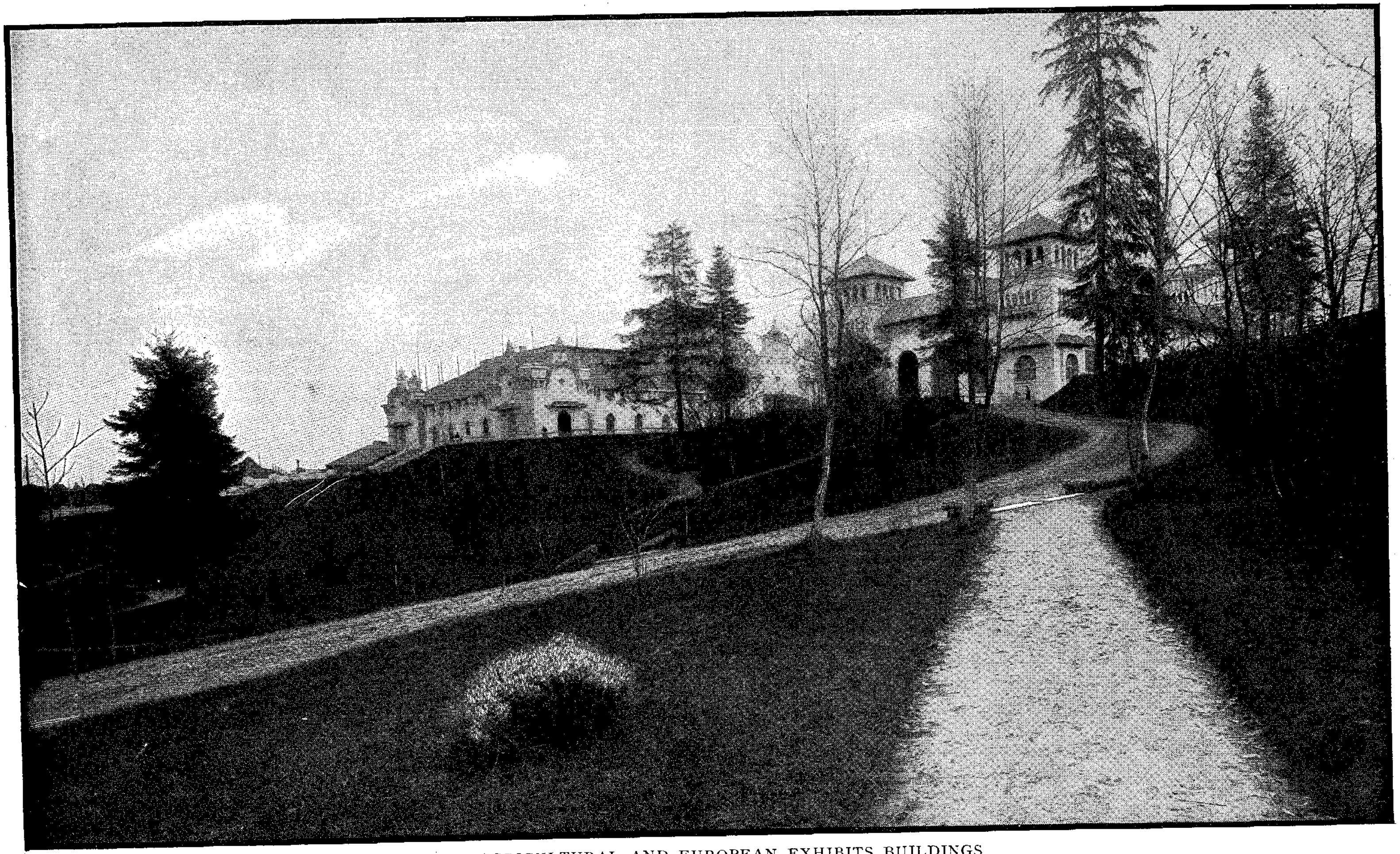
The detailed accounts of the expedition of Captains Lewis and Clark have hardly been exceeded in romantic interest by accounts of later explorations in any part of the globe. The record of the journey was read with breathless interest on the return of the party, for these men were the first white men to cross the American continent between the country belonging to the Spaniards and the country belonging to the English, and the first to traverse the valleys of the Missouri, the Yellowstone, and the Columbia, a route more difficult than that taken to California a few years later.

The twenty-five hundred dollars which Congress appropriated proved to be a sufficient amount for this perilous three years' undertaking, commanded as it was by hard-working, energetic men.

" The instructions," it is recorded, " written by President Jefferson himself and given to Lewis and Clark, were most comprehensive and particular, covering everything they could possibly learn of the country, its rivers, mountains, climate, and soil; its productions, vegetable, animal, and mineral; the different tribes of Indians they found, their laws, language, religion, and morals, their relations to each other, the extent of their domain, and possibility, amount, and character of trade that might be established with them."

The United States had as yet acquired no claim to this region, and the expedition was designed by Jefferson in the interests not only of geographical science, but of territorial acquisition.

Starting at Louisville, Kentucky, July 5, 1803, the party traveled in boats by way of the Ohio, Mississippi, and Missouri Rivers, thence over the mountains on foot and by horse, and again by water, into the Oregon country. Both the first and subsequent winters were spent in camp, as, of course, the rivers



THE AGRICULTURAL AND EUROPEAN EXHIBITS BUILDINGS were not navigable during that portion of the year; and it was not until May 25, 1804, that the explorers entered upon the real journey of the Missouri. Four days later they camped near the last white settlement on the river—a little village where lived Daniel Boone, the famous Kentucky backwoodsman, then nearly seventy years old.

Here and above this place they began to meet with unfamiliar Indian tribes. The carefully kept journals of Lewis and Clark are full of interesting accounts of these tribes and their habits and traditions. They relate a curious tradition of the Osage Indians. The founder of the tribe was a snail living on the banks of the Osage River, till a flood washed him into the Missouri and left him on the shore. The heat of the sun changed him into a man, and he started back to find his former haunts, the Great Spirit having given him a bow and arrow. As he was nearing his home he was met by a beaver, who questioned his right to his former possessions. The daughter of the beaver interfered, and it was proposed that the Osage should marry the beaver. From this happy union came the nation of the Osages, or, as they are sometimes called, the Wabashes; and the nation has always preserved a pious reverence for its ancestors.

The next Indian country entered was that of the Ayauways, from whom we get our name Iowa.

The two horses which Lewis and Clark brought with them proved to be most useful for making excursions into the interior where buffalo, deer, bear, and smaller animals abounded. As the expedition proceeded, game became more and more abundant, and as the season advanced, currants, plums, raspberries, wild apples, and mulberries were plentiful.

In July the Platte River was reached, and a region inhabited by several wandering Indian tribes. Wishing to call in some of the red men, the grass was set on fire, a customary signal for calling together these roving people. The Indians obeyed the signal, and Lewis and Clark held a council with them. This event is commemorated by the name given to the city here situated, which is still known as Council Bluffs. Another name given about this time by the expedition still survives—that of Floyd River, named for the only person who died during the three years of the expedition. Near this river traces still remain of a deposit of red pipestone—a neutral ground for hostile Indians while gathering material for the beloved peace-pipe.

The second winter encampment was made in North Dakota. Here the men built log huts. The camp was continually visited by neighboring Indians, from among whom they secured the services, as interpreters, of Charboneau and his excellent wife Sacajawea. Of the two the "Bird Woman" was the more efficient, and she proved to be a valuable member of the party, to whom she became greatly attached. Later in the journey a river was named for her, but more recent geographers have renamed it, and it is now known as Crooked Creek.

In April, 1805, thirteen of the party returned down the river to carry a written report of progress of the party, as well as letters and sketches, to President Jefferson. They reached his home safely, and presented him with many stuffed animals, Indian weapons, specimens of plants and insects, and some live animals.

In April, 1805, the second winter camp was abandoned and the long, slow, difficult voyage up the Missouri again continued. A few days later we find this record in the journal: "We saw immense quantities of elk, buffalo, deer, antelopes, geese, and some swans and ducks, out of which we procured three deer and four buffalo calves."

When upon land, the party had many encounters with the great bears of this region. As they were the first white men to encounter the terrible grizzly, it is not strange that they should dwell upon these encounters minutely and continually. A smaller enemy, but not for that reason the less tormenting, was found in the immense number of mosquitoes.

The alkali dust proved also a source of great annoyance, as it is at the present day to the Western traveler. Game was now very plentiful, particularly elk and buffalo, "which last is so gentle that the men are obliged to drive them out of the way with sticks and stones."

The party met with many hardships, but few accidents. The two young captains evinced great wisdom in the firm and summary manner of dealing with the Indians. Especially after reaching Oregon, the presence of Sacajawea was a safeguard to the party as a warrant that this was an expedition of peace, for a woman never accompanies an Indian war party

Among the places named by Lewis and Clark which are still so called are the great Yellowstone River and the Musselshell River. A few days after crossing this latter stream the Rocky Mountains came in view in the distance. Soon the party entered upon some of the natural wonders of the West. These wall-like cañon formations were called by Lewis and Clark "The Stone Walls," and were carefully described in the narrative.

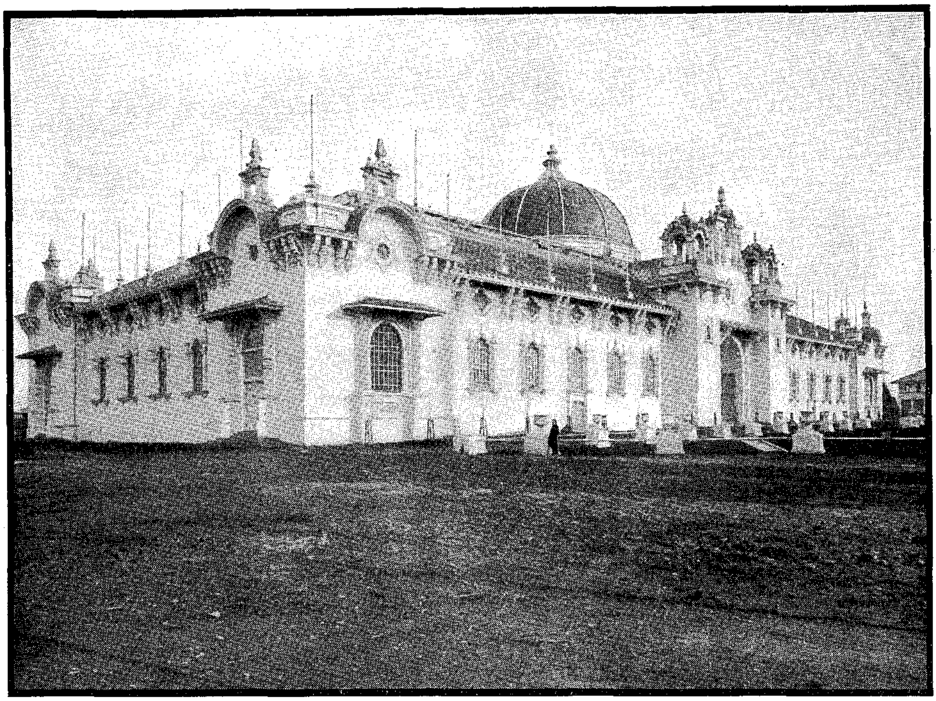
In June there began to be some confusion with regard to the Missouri and its branches. The matter was settled after various explorations, the discovery of the Great Falls finally deciding which was the true stream. There were still recorded many encounters with bear, and herds of thousands of buffalo were reported. Having accomplished one of the most difficult feats of the whole three years—the portage around the Great Falls of the Missouri—day after day passed in hope of finding the Shoshone Indians. The guides knew that it would be necessary to procure horses for the mountain climb not far ahead. As they still proceeded up the stream, they arrived at the famous Three Forks of the Missouri. The middle branch they named Madison, the true or principal Missouri Jefferson, and the third fork after Albert Gallatin, Secretary of the Treasury. These names the rivers still bear.

The trail was now to the eastward of the modern cities of Helena and Butte. The journal says: "We are now very anxious to see the Snake Indians. After advancing for several hundred miles into this wild and mountainous country, we may soon expect that the game will abandon us. With no information of the route, we may be unable to find a passage across the mountains when we reach the head of the river—at least such a pass as will lead us to the Columbia. Even are we so fortunate as to find a branch of that river, the timber which we have hitherto seen in these mountains does not promise us any fit to make canoes, so that our chief dependence is on meeting some tribe from whom we may purchase horses. Our consolation is that this southwest branch can scarcely head with any other river than the Columbia; and that if any nation of Indians can live in the mountains, we are able to endure as much as they can, and have even better means of procuring subsistence."

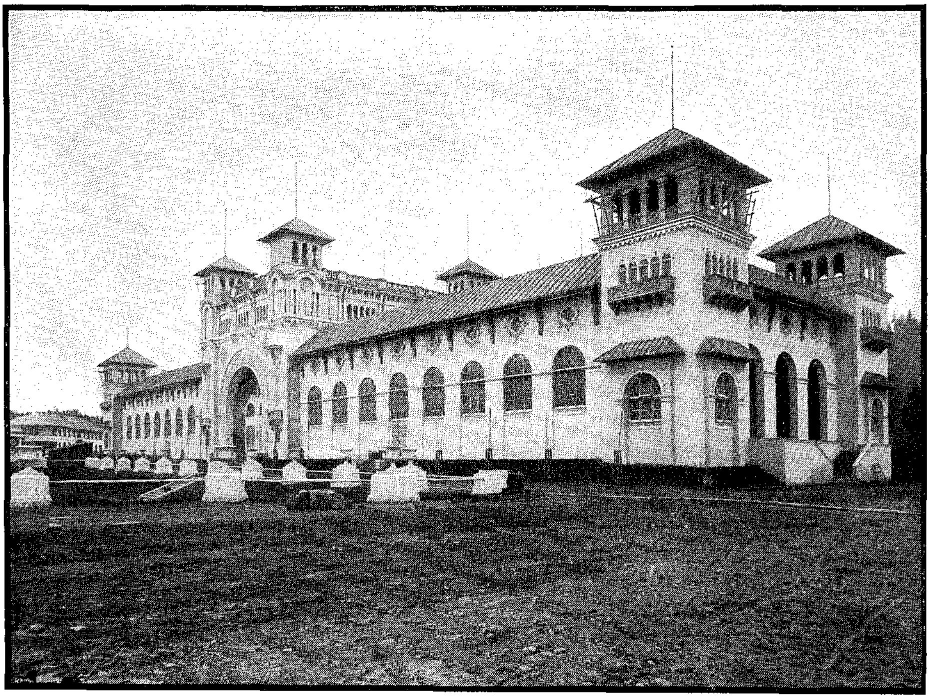
The requisite horses having been procured, the journey across the mountains began. With great labor and fatigue Lewis and Clark pushed on through a trackless wilderness, and more than half the month of September was passed in crossing the Great Divide. The party became so reduced in food that they were obliged to kill and eat some of the horses. The climb ended, the early days of October were spent in building canoes for sailing down what is now called the Clearwater River. At the confluence of the Snake and Clearwater Rivers is Lewiston, a modern city, named for Captain Lewis. More strange Indians were encountered, who warned the white men that the river was full of rapids and dangerous rocks.

An interesting description of Indian baths is entered in the journal: "The vapor baths of the Indians in the Rocky Mountains are of different sizes, the most common being made of mud and sticks, like an oven; the steam rises from heated stones upon which water is thrown. It is very uncommon for a man to bathe alone, as it is essentially a social amusement."

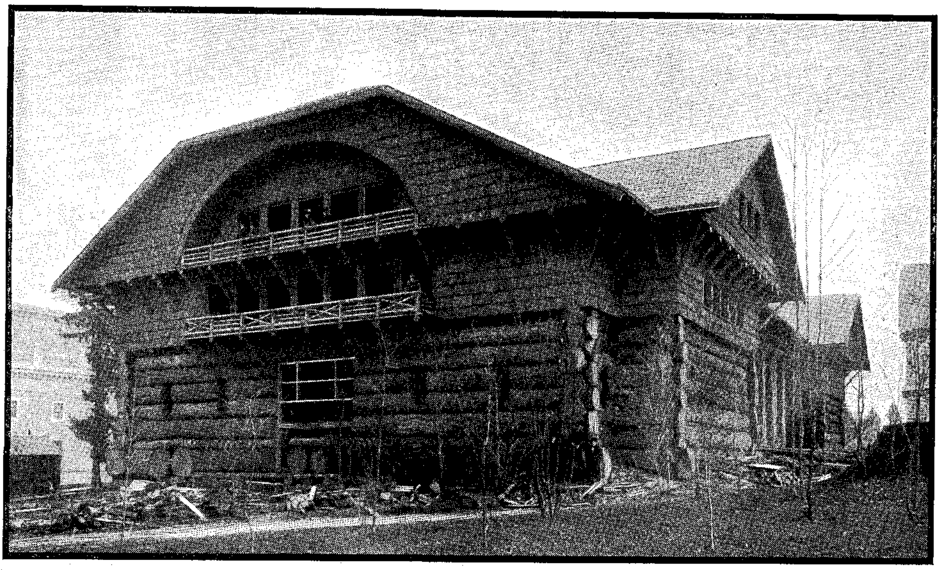
The party now made all possible speed toward the Columbia River, known to the Indians as "the Great River," "the River of the North," and "the Oregon." The way was dangerous and disasters many; fuel was scarce; food consisted



THE AGRICULTURAL BUILDING



THE EUROPEAN EXHIBITS BUILDING



THE FORESTRY BUILDING

of fish and dog-meat. One of the Indian chiefs drew upon the skin side of a buffalo robe a sketch of the Columbia.

When they finally drifted down the Columbia, they found the way impeded by many dangerous rapids. Just below the river named six years later by John Day, a mighty hunter and backwoodsman from Kentucky, Lewis and Clark caught their first sight of Mount Hood, the famous snow-capped peak of the Cascade Mountains, more than eleven thousand feet high. This was in the latter part of October, 1805. On November 8 Captain Clark made this entry in the journal: "Great joy in camp. We are in view of the ocean—this great Pacific Ocean which we have been so anxious to see."

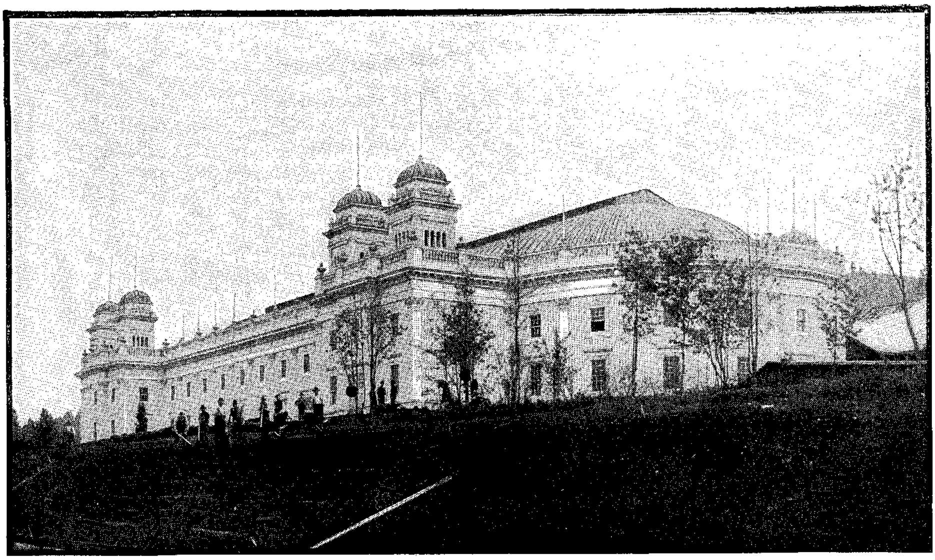
The story of the sojourn in this strange land among an unknown and interesting people is a narrative in itself. When the return trip was finally and successfully accomplished, the reports of the expedition attracted wide attention; the men were rewarded with liberal grants of land, and Lewis was made Governor of the Territory then called Louisiana.

The Columbia River having been discovered and entered thirteen years before by Robert Gray, all this territory now became the property of the United States; the Oregon country then comprising the present States of Oregon, Washington, Idaho, and parts of Montana and Wyoming.

In commemoration of this successful expedition one hundred years ago, the city of Portland, with its one hundred and fifty thousand people, is to-day busy transforming four hundred and two acres of its city property—some land, some water—into a National exposition park worthy of the marvelous resources of that almost boundless territory.

The exposition will represent an expenditure of five million dollars. The United States Government Building, costing two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, will cover three acres of the peninsula in Guild's Lake and will be reached by the Bridge of Nations. Nearly half the States of the Union have made appropriations for their participation. Many of the State and commercial exhibits at St. Louis are to be transshipped to Portland.

The Forestry Building, constructed of logs from the wonderful Oregonian forests, will be a unique feature of the exposition. The concessions will be on The Trail, which will attract all the pleasure-seekers as the Midway did at Chicago and the Pike at St. Louis. The buildings themselves will be closed at six o'clock in the evening, but the illumination of their exterior and of the



THE ORIENTAL BUILDING

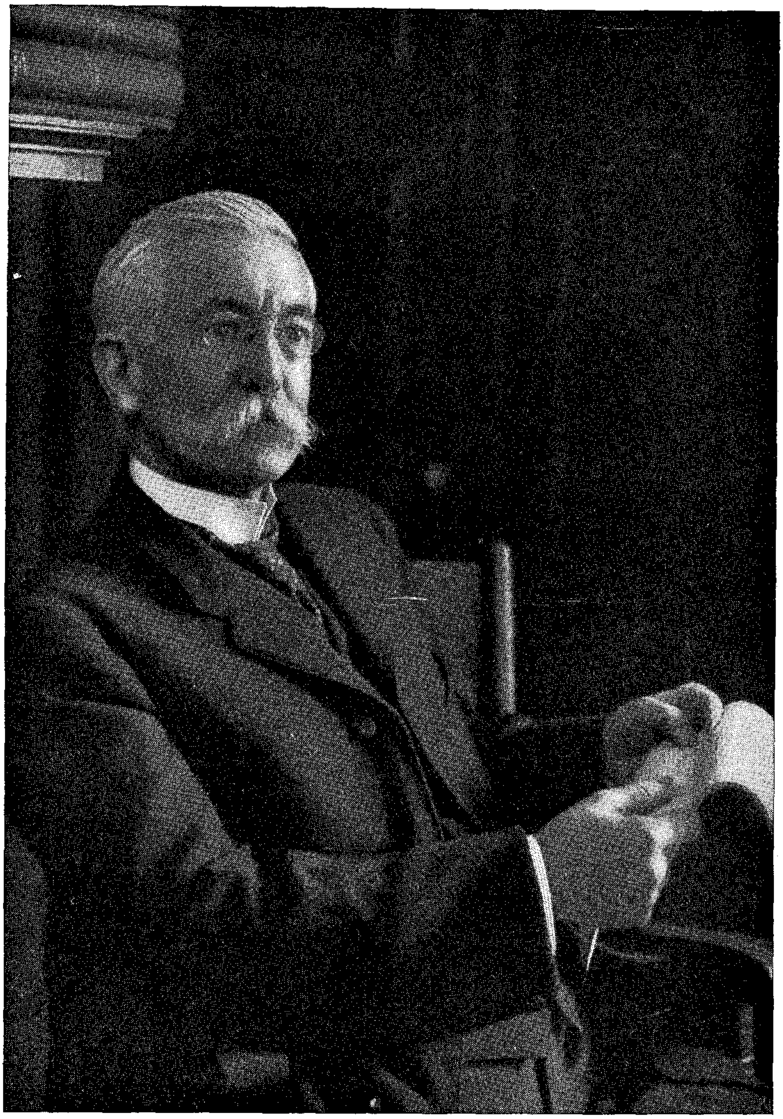
grounds and the shows on the Trail and the Bridge will furnish ample attractions for merrymakers and sightseers. The Oriental Building will, without doubt, be one of the most interesting places at the Fair; for the Pacific Ocean brings the Asiatic world so much nearer to our Western coast than it is to us in the East, and the Westerner is naturally doing all in his power to foster trade with the Orient.

There will be altogether ten large exhibit palaces: Agriculture, European Building, Forestry, Horticulture, Mines and Metallurgy, United States Government Building, Oceanic Building, United States Fisheries, Forestry and Irrigation Building, Machinery, Electricity and Transportation, Oriental Building.

Like the St. Louis Exposition, the Portland Fair will aim largely to exhibit processes rather than the finished product. Thus, there will be a model coal mine, a model quartz mine, and a mine in active operation from which will be taken every kind of metal mined in that region; there will be diamonds in the rough and the process of cutting them; appliances for hauling logs and timber will be shown, from the time that they are cut until they are ready for commerce; there will be a working model of a Columbia River salmon-wheel.

The irrigation exhibit will consist largely of working models of irrigation projects, the largest patterned after the three-million-dollar plant now being built in southern Arizona.

The management of the International Exposition of 1905 has chosen a favorable spot for attracting people both by land and water. Situated one hundred and ten miles from the Pacific Ocean, on the Willamette River, practically with its confluence with the famous Columbia, Portland has the only fresh-water harbor on the west coast of the United States. The heaviest draft vessels of all nationalities, including the war vessels of our own and other nations, are seen in the harbor. As a matter of fact, the largest cargo of flour ever floated was shipped from Portland on the steamship Algoa. A score of National conventions have already arranged to meet in Portland during the summer. Sundays at the exposition will be given up to religious services and discussions on charitable, social, and scientific topics. On that day the gates will not be opened until noon; all buildings except the Fine Arts, Auditorium, and those of a similar nature will be closed throughout the day, and all machinery will be stopped. This is a commendable advance upon the total Sunday closing at St. Louis.



PHOTOGRAPH BY ARTHUR HEWITT

The Head of the Carnegie Institution

DR. ROBERT S. WOODWARD, who is to be the President of the Carnegie Institution at Washington, and successor of President Daniel Coit Gilman, the first to hold that important office, has a National reputation as an astronomer and geographer. He has been President of the New York Academy of Sciences, Professor of Mathematics and Physics at Columbia University, and for ten years has been Dean of the School of Pure Science at the same University. His special knowledge of geography and mathematics made his services of the highest value in the United States Geological Survey of 1884 to 1890, and equally so in the United States Geodetic Survey of 1890 to 1893. Apart from his reputation as a scientist, Professor Woodward is recognized by all educators as possessing those executive and organizing qualities which are so essential in the directing of an institution like that of which he is now to take charge.

Safeguards of the Body Against Disease

A Short Study of Immunity

By T. Mitchell Prudden

Author of "Dust and Its Dangers," "The Story of Bacteria," etc., etc.

AMONG the shibboleths of physicians one of the more recent and perhaps the most widely popular to-day is the word *immunity*, relating to infectious or bacterial disease. The subject holds the floor in the learned societies; it crams the medical books and journals; it lures the solitary workers in the laboratories to long and toilsome quests. At last the layman has begun the query as to what it is all about, and how the new lore which filters through the magazines and newspapers out to him may affect his chance for the healthful threescore years and ten which is his birthright, but of which he is too often ruthlessly deprived.

It is really worth while for everybody to know something about immunity to infectious diseases. For the new doctrines and their practical applications in the workaday world are full of promise for the prevention and cure of the infectious maladies, if only the public will bear its part with intelligence and zeal.

The beginning of the story goes back more than a quarter of a century, when the notion still lingered on that disease was a mysterious something apart from the body machine, which with sinister intent took possession of our interiors and battled for our lives; or was a visitation of Providence about which we might not inquire too curiously. Then suddenly we became aware that the soil, air, and water, the surfaces of plants and of our own bodies, were swarming with minute, invisible, living beings, some few of which were of the greatest importance to man because they were capable of inciting serious disorders. By a technical device of the laboratory it was soon found possible to secure these invisible plants from their various sources, to separate them one from another, and to cultivate and study them with as much precision as the farmer grows and gathers his various crops.

Of course at first the few harmful members of this newly exploited group of living things cast a shadow over all the rest. And we shuddered as the pioneer in this new domain of science revealed the thousands and tens of thousands of bacteria which we might be swallowing with our glass of water or with our bunch of grapes. But we were soon reassured, for we were told that we had nothing to fear from the rank and file of our humble, newly discovered commensals; that, on the contrary, they were our friends, without which, indeed, the world of life could not long continue. It was only the few which we must avoid if we would steer clear of tuberculosis, pneumonia, diphtheria, typhoid fever, cholera, and a dozen or so others of the uncanny brood of infectious diseases.

These disease-producing germs the bacteriologist soon came to know very well as he grew them in the safe purlieus of his laboratories and found out the various ways in which they were able to work havoc in the delicate mechanism of their earth-neighbor, man. Thus the nature of disease became clearer and the problems of its prevention and cure definite and precise.

The healthy human body is safeguarded in many effective ways against the entrance and continued life of bacteria and allied organisms. The tough skin affords a most impregnable barrier. The nose and throat and the tubes leading to the lungs are protected with various mechanisms barring the way to many germs which dusty air bears in every breath. The complex chemical processes in our digestive apparatus which convert our food into building material for brain and muscle spell death to the myriads of bacteria with which our uncooked foods are mingled. So, altogether, our life among bacteria, even those of the deadly sort, is usually exposed to little hazard.

But when the best is said, these minute inciters of disease do now and then win their way to the intimate recesses of our bodies, producing serious results. The measure of their ravages is found in the tables of the statisticians, which show that a large proportion of all who die fall victims to these invisible foes, and that, too, at an age when life holds out its brightest promise.

Now let us see how these germs are able to do such serious damage in the living body. This body is made up of a bony framework, around which various tissues and organs are securely and compactly grouped. Each one of these tissues and organs is composed of tiny structures called cells. The cells are little centers of energy stored up from the food we eat and the air we breathe—little laboratories in which chemical processes of the most subtle character are constantly going on. And the life of the body is simply the sum of the more or less independent but co-ordinated lives of the cells which compose it, all acting in harmony.

Some of these cells are highly specialized to do well a particular kind of work—some to think, some to move, some to furnish the digestive juices, some to regulate the beating of the heart, the rhythm of the breath, and the heat of the body. Another group cares for the perpetuation of the species. Others are more lowly in organization. Some of these carry oxygen from the lungs to the remotest crannies of the system; others are scavengers; while still others form the sustaining framework or bind the various parts together.

All these delicate and exquisitely adjusted elements of the body are able to adapt themselves to many vicissitudes without serious disturbance to that sensitive equilibrium which we name health. We may starve them, surfeit them, overwork them, and poison them in the most abandoned fashion. But they sway back to their respective tasks again when our abuse ceases. Unless we go too far; and then they may struggle on, but only in the halting, perverted way which we call disease.

Now, what happens when into this happy family of cells, each nicely adjusted to the others, and all engaged in their various tasks, living bacteria enter, having escaped the outer safeguards?

But before we try to discover this, let us brush away a few cobwebs.

We are so accustomed to personify disease, to think of it as a visitation of malign forces, and to talk of it in terms which belong in the era of superstition and personal devils, that clear notions of disease as a process, not a thing, are rare indeed.

Disease is a perverted process of the living body cells. Bacteria are not the disease; they are only the inciters of disease; nor do they enter the body with sinister intent. If the chances of the hour bring them to rest among the living body cells, and if the conditions are favorable, they begin to grow, but with just as little purpose for good or evil as if they had lodged upon the surface of a rotten turnip.

Many of the bacteria which enter the body do not grow at all. The soil is not to their liking, the environment is not congenial; they die and are hustled off forthwith by certain lowly organized cells—phagocytes we call them—which are the scavengers of the body, and are ever moving here and there to keep the tissues clear and clean. Many bacteria, on the other hand, find in the living body conditions suitable enough, *faute de mieux*, for their simple life processes. But they are speedily devoured and digested by the scavenger cells, or are killed by destructive body juices, and so their tragedies end.

But there is another side to the story when the bacteria which are stranded within the tissues are not simply parasitic feeders, but of a sort which do things not to be tolerated in a well-organized cell family. Then trouble begins.

We are likely to think that because bacteria are so small and lowly they cannot do much. But in fact they do a great deal. Their life processes are extremely complex. They are chemical engines of great potency. Out of the food which they assimilate they manufacture a host of subtle poisons, some of which are stored up in their tiny bodies, some set free into the fluids of their hosts. This, in fact, is the front of their offending: the poisons which they elaborate and set free damage the cells.

Sometimes these poisons interfere with the necessary performances of the cells close about them, or they harm them, but not irretrievably; or they may kill them forthwith. Again, they are carried far and wide throughout the body, and the heart is enfeebled, the brain palsied, or fever dominates the scene.

This is the situation, then, when disease-producing bacteria get in among the living body cells and begin to grow, setting free their powerful poisons. It is cell against cell—the well-bred, highly differentiated cell of the body against the crude, prolific spark of matter way down upon the borderland of life, potent only to eat, to multiply, to shed abroad its poison. But the weapons of both the combatants are poisons. For we should not permit our sympathetic viewpoint to obscure the fact that the fluids and the digestive juices which our own cells elaborate are poisons for bacteria, quite as much as is their stuff for us. It is the old story of the survival of the fittest here in this little hidden arena. A new environment is established both for the body cells and for the bacteria; and what we dramatize as a battle is really only the attempt of each to adapt itself to the new conditions furnished by the other. The one which adapts itself most readily and completely and quickly wins, by survival.

Infectious diseases, then, are those which are induced by the entrance into the body and the multiplication there of disease-inducing micro-organisms. These are most frequently bacteria; but other lowly beings, such as yeasts and minute animals called protozoa, are sometimes to blame. Each of these infectious diseases has its peculiar characteristics by which physicians recognize it. These features are especially dependent upon the nature of the bacteria which induce them: their ways of growing, the nature of the poisons which they set free, their tenacity of life, etc. But the body cells have their particular vulnerabilities to bacterial poisons, so that in one case it is the nervous system, in another the lungs, in another the digestive apparatus, which especially suffers. Moreover, as one rose is redder than another, or one aromatic plant more pungent than its fellow, so in one case the bacteria which gain access to the body may evolve a more potent poison than in another, and then the disease may be of a more virulent type. So also an individual may at the time of infection be much more susceptible to the ravages of the germ than is usual, and thus the victim of a graver form of disease.

Now we come to immunity. We have seen that, under the usual conditions, the body may be capable of disposing of bacteria or other microbes which enter it by means of its cells or its fluids, so that the invaders can do no harm. This condition is called hereditary immunity—an immunity which is born with us. There is a good deal of difference in animal species in this respect. For many bacteria which are deadly to some of the lower animals are harmless to man, and *vice versa*. So also among the lower animals themselves some are susceptible, some not, to the same species of bacteria.

But there is another phase of immunity which we must look at a little more closely, called acquired immunity. It is a very old observation of the doctors, which has become part of the lore of the layman, that there are infectious diseases in which one attack, if recovered from, protects its victim for a longer or shorter period against a subsequent attack. This is true of smallpox, measles, scarlet fever, and in less marked degree of typhoid fever, diphtheria, and others.

Here is a form of acquired immunity, secured through an experience of the disease itself. In fact, recovery from an infectious disease can take place only by the establishment of an immunity which did not previously exist. But this acquired immunity in some instances suffices only for the exigencies of the hour, while in others it persists for some time, precluding fresh infection.

In order to understand what has happened in the body of a person who has thus acquired immunity through a successfully weathered attack of an infectious disease, it will be necessary for us to look at some very remarkable achievements of the past few years in the prevention and cure of diphtheria. For, though the fact of immunity acquired through disease has been known so long, no one until recently could offer even a plausible conjecture as to the reason for it.

Among the earlier of the disease-inducing bacteria to be discovered, some twenty years ago, was the bacillus of diphtheria. This is a little rod-like plant found only in connection with this disease, or in those who have been exposed to it. It is readily cultivated in the laboratory, being very fond of beef-tea, in which it is commonly grown.

When a few of these living bacilli from the culture are put beneath the skin of animals, such as rabbits or guinea-pigs, a fatal disease is induced, essentially similar to the disease—diphtheria—in man.

In the early days of bacteriology it was believed that, in order to induce artificially the symptoms of an infectious disease, the living germs must be put into the body, and grow there. But it was presently discovered that if you separate all the germs from a culture of the diphtheria bacillus, and introduce the beef-tea in which they had grown for some time, into an animal, you can induce the symptoms of the disease just as well as if the germs themselves are put in. Thus was revealed the significant fact that bacteria may damage the body quite as much by the poisons which they elaborate as by their direct presence.

Now came the next step in the upbuilding of this remarkable series of discoveries. It was found that if this beef-tea in which diphtheria bacilli have grown, and which contains the germ-poison, be introduced into an animal, at first in very minute quantities, which are gradually increased in subsequent doses, the animal grows more and more tolerant of the poison, until at last he sustains with indifference amounts which, if given at first, would have been certainly and speedily fatal.

In other words, it was found that by the use of the poison alone of the diphtheria bacillus in increasing doses, an animal can be rendered artificially immune without having suffered from the disease diphtheria at all.

But now a most incredible thing was discovered. It was found that if the blood be drawn from an animal thus rendered artificially immune, and allowed to clot, the yellowish, watery fluid which separates from the solid part, and which we call blood serum, contains something which, when the serum is introduced into the body of another animal, perfectly protects him, not only from the poison of the diphtheria germ, but from the living germ itself; in other words, renders him, too, immune.

This curious something so potent and so beneficent was called *antitoxin*, because it acts by neutralizing or abolishing the harmful effects of the toxin—that is, the poison of the diphtheria germ.

No chemist has ever been able to separate antitoxin from the blood serum; no man knows its composition; but there it is, the heart, it seems, of the mystery of immunity.

One might think that we had found here some remarkable cure-all in this antitoxin, and that it would prevent or cure other infectious diseases. But this is not the case. It has no more effect in the prevention or cure of other diseases, such as pneumonia, typhoid fever, etc., than so much water. In other words, its action is specific.

The seeker of light in fields relating to medicine is rarely free from the consciousness of urgency in the solution of his problem. So the moment he found that he could protect the lower animals against the ravages of diphtheria which he had artificially induced, he turned at once to the possibility of human protection and cure. And the situation was indeed urgent. No disease was more dreaded than diphtheria, especially in children; the suffering of the victims was pitiful, the mortality great.

The first experiments were made on small animals, but if the serum were to be used in children larger quantities would be required, so sheep and goats were immunized. But these did not furnish enough. So at last the horse was tried, and was found admirably adapted to the purpose. He lends himself readily to the increasing doses of the potent diphtheria poison; he is easily rendered immune, and he furnishes without especial inconvenience a large quantity of blood. In fact, he makes no more fuss about losing blood than did the old people along in the early part of the last century, who were quite accustomed in the springtime, when they felt a bit heavy and had a little headache, to drop into the nearest barber-shop to be bled.

The preparation of diphtheria antitoxin has been brought to a high state of perfection. The horses are first very carefully tested so as to be certain that they have no disease. They are well fed and groomed, and suitably exercised. At first a small amount of the diphtheria toxin is injected beneath the skin. After a few days a larger dose is given, and then at intervals larger and larger quantities, until at last the horse is receiving such an amount in a single dose as if given at first would have sufficed to kill not only one but many horses. He has not had diphtheria at all, but he is now poison-proof—immune.

The animal is then bled from the large vein in the neck, the greatest care being taken, by cleansing of the skin, the use of sterilized instruments, etc., that no outside germ shall get into the blood as it flows. This blood is set aside in a cool place, and presently, as the clot forms, the serum separates in considerable quantity. This is drawn off into flasks and contains the precious life-saving stuff, antitoxin.

Since no one has been able to separate this antitoxic substance from the serum, it is necessary, in order to find out how powerful it is—for its virtue varies with every horse—to have recourse to quite unusual methods. It cannot be weighed as the druggist weighs rhubarb or camphor. But as its value depends upon its powers to neutralize the action of the diphtheria poison in living animals, the test of its strength must be made on these. Guinea-pigs are usually employed. It is thus learned how much of the antitoxin to be tested is necessary to save the life of the animal which has received a fatal dose of the diphtheria poison.

The amount necessary for the protection of a human being is larger in such proportion as his weight is greater than that of the guinea-pig. The saving power of each specimen of antitoxic horse serum having been thus determined, it is carefully tested to see that no contamination has taken place, then it is divided into the proper doses, each in a small sealed bottle, and sent out upon its mission.

This antitoxin is not effective if given by the mouth, as many drugs are; but it is introduced beneath the skin by a small syringe, and is speedily absorbed into the body fluids.

Now, what has been accomplished by the use of this new and curious form of medicine? The mortality from diphtheria, taking the results the world over and in a general way, has been reduced more than fifty per cent., and, under the most favorable conditions, full seventy-five per cent. I need not dwell upon the significance of this beneficent result in the saving of life and in the relief of suffering.

But there is another way in which diphtheria antitoxin has been of the greatest value; that is, in the prevention of the disease among those who have been exposed to infection in families, schools, and other public institutions. Under these conditions an injection of the antitoxin beneath the skin has been the means of warding off an attack of the disease in groups of persons, some of whom without it must inevitably have fallen victims to the malady.

We should be most ungrateful if we failed to recognize the importance of this new relationship which has been established between ourselves and our old and ever-useful friend, the horse. We make him manufacture for us in the department of his interior that protective stuff which we could otherwise secure only by ourselves sustaining an attack of diphtheria, and this, too, with the chances against success.

We are now prepared to inquire how this curious antitoxin acts in the body to produce these truly marvelous effects. Has the body kept secreted all through these years of evolution some special mechanism, or some chemical potency, by which all of a sudden it can protect itself against so subtle and so special a poison as this roving bacillus? And if so, do we keep on hand in our mysterious insides the latent power of protection against all the special forms of disease-producing bacteria which wander the earth? How does it fit in to physiology? Or can we indeed create new protective powers in the stress of such varied accidents as new infections involve?

We have seen that the diphtheria bacillus produces its deadly effects through a poison which it sets free as it grows in the body. In order to understand how this poison is rendered harmless, we must know how it damages the delicate body cells. So we must go back to the cell for a moment. These cells in the living body sit in their respective places, and as the nutrient fluids pass and bathe them, each of them being a powerful little chemical factory, they seize upon whatever nutrient molecules they require, and out of these build up such new substances as they need in their business, whether this be self-nutrition, or the storage of energy, or the furnishing of special life-stuff for their neighbors. So each cell is armed with this power of forming chemical union with the food.

But suppose something comes along in the body fluids with which the cell can and does form the same sort of chemical union, but which is not a food; on the contrary, damages the cell—that is, is poisonous or toxic for it. The cell suffers, of course—first, by the direct damage, and, second, by the loss of its food-securing capacity. The latter it has used up in uniting with the poison.

Now, the cell—so runs the theory—finding itself deprived of its food, produces a new and increased amount of this food-seizing substance. In fact, in accordance with a well-known law in pathology, it produces such a surplus of this substance that it is cast off into the body fluid.

But this food-seizing substance, now produced in superabundance and cast off, is still capable of uniting with the poison which is circulating in the body fluids. This it does, and as molecule by molecule the poison forms the new chemical union, it is neutralized and so prevented from coming in contact with the cells, where alone it can do harm. This is antitoxic immunity.

Now, if more of this stuff is given off by the cells in the emergency than is necessary to render all the poison harmless, the excess in the body fluid remains there as unused antitoxin. This is the condition of the immuned horse. His cells have produced more antitoxin than is necessary to protect himself, and we draw off some of it in the blood and use it to save the child.

Thus we see that this curious protective process is not an incredible anomaly, but that the body cells have availed themselves in an emergency as protective agencies of those capacities which under normal conditions they use in the assimilation of their food.

This power of the body to protect itself against the poisonous products of bacterial life may be exerted in a similar way in the presence of other poisons. Thus certain poisonous vegetable extracts and the venom of snakes may be used to secure artificial immunity in the horse, with the development of antitoxin. In countries where venomous reptiles abound the loss of life from their bites is sometimes very great; for example, in India, where the great cobra claims many victims. An antitoxin for snake poison is now made which is most effective against the bites of the cobra and several other venomous serpents. It is called antivenin. Its efficiency for rattlesnake bites has been claimed, but recent studies have thrown some doubt upon this point.

Of course as soon as this remarkable diphtheria antitoxin was discovered the eager workers in the field of preventive medicine at once concluded that we were at the dawn of a new day. For if we can so effectively control the ravages of diphtheria, why not of the other bacterial diseases? So everybody set to work to discover new antitoxic sera—of pneumonia, tuberculosis, plague, typhoid fever, cholera, and various forms of blood poisoning, the bacterial excitants of which were already known.

But, unfortunately, these efforts, pursued with the utmost zeal and persistence the world over, have thus far met with very little success. Antitoxic sera for tetanus, or lockjaw, and for some forms of blood poisoning, have seemed to be measurably useful. But, for the most part, the attempts have failed, except in the daily newspaper, for which the discovery overnight of a new "serum" seems to furnish an item of perpetual interest.

The reasons for this failure are in part evident to experts in this field, in part are still very obscure, and are too technical to be entered upon here. But the eager and toilsome search goes on with such inspiration as is ever his who deals with these urgent problems of life and death, and at any moment the key to the riddle may lie in our hands.

It would be interesting, did the scope of this article permit, to look at the means by which the body protects itself against infection, not by neutralization of poisons, but by the actual destruction of the poison producers—the bacteria themselves. Suffice it to say that here also, in this bacteria-destroying phase of immunity—*germicidal immunity*, it is called—the body does not command new forces or mechanisms, but makes use of those which are maintained for its daily service, but which in the emergency it wields to new ends and with exalted energy.

When it was found that it was not possible at once to secure antitoxic sera for other infectious diseases in the way which had been so successful with diphtheria, the attempt was made to obtain protection in some other way. The leading idea in these researches was to find a method of adapting man to pathogenic germs without exposing him in the process to the risks of the disease. Some bacteria seem to produce their harmful effects not so much by the poisons which they set free as by something stored up in the bodies of the germs themselves. But if the living germs are put into the body, they may cause the disease, and the very thing to be guarded against might thus be precipitated.

So the attempt was made to avoid this risk by killing the germs by heat and then injecting these dead organisms beneath the skin of the person to be protected. This method has been practiced on a large scale in some countries with the typhoid fever bacillus and with the bacillus of the plague. While some measure of protection seems to have been secured in this way, the method has not been very generally adopted.

There are two other forms of artificially induced immunity which we must consider briefly, since they belong among the greatest life-saving agencies at our command to-day. I refer to vaccination for protection against smallpox and the preventive inoculations for rabies or hydrophobia.

First, vaccination to prevent smallpox. If the good Dr. Jenner, who more than a hundred years ago did some excellent observing and some clear thinking about what he saw, and found out how to prevent smallpox, could listen to our up-to-date talk about bacteria, microbes, toxins and antitoxins, and various phases of immunity, he would not understand a word of it. But, just the same, he led the way to the practical banishment through artificial immunity of one of the greatest and most dreaded scourges of man.

It was known in Jenner's time that those who milked cows having sores upon the udder, due to a local affection called cowpox, often acquired similar sores upon their hands. These soon healed, involving only a slight illness. But such persons had become partially or wholly immune to the more serious disease of man, smallpox.

Jenner studied this subject carefully and came to the conclusion that artificial inoculation with a very small portion of material taken from such cattle might be practiced on a large scale with beneficent results. In spite of much opposition he urged his views, which were gradually accepted, until at last the method has become almost universal in civilized communities.

Large and carefully managed establishments are now devoted to the preparation of the virus, as it is called, by which artificial immunity to smallpox is secured. The slight affection of animals—calves—from which the virus is taken is called *vaccinia*, while the disease corresponding to it in man, smallpox, is called *variola*.

The method now practiced on the

large scale is very simple. Healthy calves are carefully cleansed and kept in clean, airy stalls. The belly is shaved and most scrupulously freed from all possible sources of contamination. Into this clean surface, slightly scarified, is rubbed some of the virus secured from previous cases. After a few days this surface furnishes a yellowish, watery material which contains the protective stuff. This is gathered and mixed with glycerine, and, after careful tests of its purity, is distributed to physicians in small sealed glass tubes. This virus rubbed on to a scratched surface of the human skin induces a slight sore, sometimes accompanied by a little malaise, and then heals.

By this process the liability to smallpox is very greatly diminished, and the protection lasts for some years. But it is gradually reduced as time passes, so that revaccination is necessary if the fullest protection is to be secured.

It is certain that smallpox is an infectious disease induced by some form of micro-organism. But the exact character of this is still unknown. Attempts to cultivate it have thus far failed. It appears that the unknown organism suffers diminution in virulence by passing through the body of the relatively insusceptible calf, and in this condition, while incapable of inciting smallpox in man, is still potent to establish immunity.

A good deal of opposition has developed here and there to vaccination even in recent times. This has been based partly upon the fear lest foreign and noxious material should be introduced into the body along with the virus. But if it be carefully prepared, this fear is groundless. While accidents are not impossible, the ill effects which now and then appear are usually due to the handling or rubbing of the little wound by dirty persons, against the warning of the physician.

Largely as the result of this form of preventive inoculation, smallpox is no longer to be seriously dreaded. In fact, in the graphic charts which the statisticians make out to show the relative frequency of various diseases, the lines showing smallpox are so short that you can hardly see them; while it is those representing tuberculosis, pneumonia, and other diseases of the respiratory system which stretch in most disquieting fashion across the page.

Rabies, or hydrophobia, is one of the most dreaded of human maladies, and one whose victims in former times no medical skill could save. It is an infectious disease, though the micro-organism inducing it is still undiscovered. Hydrophobia is commonly acquired by man through the bites of rabic animals, in this country most frequently the dog. The unknown infectious agent is present in the saliva of affected animals. It travels along the nerve trunks from the site of the bite to the central nervous system, where it especially concentrates itself.

Pasteur, the great master in the solution of knotty problems relating to bacteria and immunity, spent many toilsome and harassing years in the study of the rabic virus, and in attempts to devise an effective method of protection. He found at last that, although he could not isolate the microbe, he could transmit the disease from animal to animal by inoculating into the nervous system of the well animal a tiny portion of nerve tissue from one which had succumbed. The inoculated animals invariably died at a fixed period.

After a long series of studies which we cannot here review, he discovered that if the spinal cord of one of the inoculated animals (rabbits) which had died be dried in a clean place, it gradually lost its virulence, so that whereas at first it invariably killed in seven days, day by day it lost its power, so that after drying for fourteen days it was quite inert. Given thus a virus ranging gradually from the very feeble up to the strongest, he saw the possibility of gradually accustoming the body to the stuff, so that at last it would resist the very strongest.

This was tried on dogs, and it was found that after this gradual adaptation to the virus they became at last wholly indifferent to the bites of mad dogs or the artificial inoculation of the strongest virus. The principle was finally applied to man, with the most remarkable and satisfactory results.

Rabies is peculiar in that a long period usually elapses between the bite of a rabic animal and the development of symptoms. This period, called the incubation period, is in man on the average from thirty to forty days; so that if the preventive treatment be instituted without undue delay, there is usually time for the adaptation of the subject to the artificial virus. This accomplished, the disease does not occur.

At each laboratory where the treatment for the prevention of rabies is carried on, this material of varying degrees of potency is kept constantly ready, so that as soon as possible after a bite from a supposed rabic animal the treatment may be started. The operation is a simple subcutaneous injection, resulting usually only in a slight or temporary local soreness. The whole affair is completed within two weeks, when all apprehension may be dismissed. No untoward effects follow the treatment.

The mortality from hydrophobia before the day of preventive inoculation was about sixteen per cent. Through this treatment it has been reduced to about two-tenths of one per cent.

The methods of securing artificial immunity to infectious diseases, which we have so hastily surveyed, widely different as the details may be, all seem to depend upon the same wonderful power of the body cells to adapt themselves to harmful conditions by the use to new ends of the old physiological capacities.

The task of the investigator centers largely in discovering the ways in which the body cells may be educated to their new responsibilities with safety and despatch.

We seem to be just at the dawn of discovery in this newly opened field, and the outlook is of the highest promise for the relief of suffering and the prolongation of life.

The various preventive means already devised are in the hands of experts and require the greatest care on the part of those who make the preparations, and skill and judgment in those who advise and administer them. With these things "the man in the street" has nothing to do. But it is for him to see to it that no fad or ism, no false guides, nor ignorance, nor indifference, shall hold him from seeking and following wise medical counsel in the face of any of the maladies from which artificial immunity may be secured to-day. Here ignorance is folly, indifference, crime.

On the other hand, it should not be forgotten that underlying all these protective measures is the living body machine which each controls for himself. If, through the various phases of unwholesome living so largely in evidence to-day, the machine is lacking in vigor, then by so much are the chances of recovery lessened when the shadow of disease falls across our path.

Not too much work nor too much play; not too much food and drink, but enough; good air and intelligent cleanliness in houses, assembly places, and public conveyances—if these conditions be fulfilled in such way and measure as the hygiene and sanitation of the day demand, we shall go far to establish our birthright to threescore years and ten. And our immunity to infectious disease, whether we brought it into the world with us, or achieve it under the ministrations of the physicians, will most closely confirm the promise of science.

The Real Thing

By Alice Ward Bailey

"HAVE you heard of anything?"

"No; have you?"

"Not a thing."

"Don't be discouraged."

"I'm not."

Every morning for a week, beginning with Sunday, this conversation took place over the telephone between Tom Carr and his sister Dorothea Worthington. Usually she began it, when it ran its course as above; sometimes the initiative lay with him; then Dolly said, "I'm not discouraged," and Tom answered, "That's right."

Saturday morning, however, while the Worthingtons were at breakfast, the telephone bell rang with so much more than its usual peremptoriness that Dolly sprang up, exclaiming:

"I do believe Tom has something to tell me!"

Her husband heard her say, "Yes, it's I, Dolly. Have you heard of anything?" but instead of continuing as usual, she gave vents to little squeals and explosions of delight, interspersed with exclamatory questions.

"When? Now? Right away? Behind the spool factory, did you say? Third house? *I'll do it!* Good-by!" and she hung up the receiver.

She danced into the dining-room, and threw her arms around her husband's neck.

"Mary Brady's out of a place!" she announced, joyfully.

James looked mystified. "I don't remember," he began.

"Yes, you do," she interrupted him. "The 'Messenger' wrote her up last winter, when there was so much talk about the girls striking. They called her 'the real thing.' Of course you remember Mary Brady who lived at old President Markham's when Tom was in college. She was there twelve years, and when he died she went with old Mrs. Markham to live at Professor Paul Markham's."

"Well," returned James. "What about it?"

"Why, I've just told you. She's left them, and Tom thinks I can get her. He saw by last night's paper that she was going to leave. At least he saw that Paul Markham was called to be President of some college, and he knew Mary wouldn't go so far from Bentham—she has an old father and mother living here. He went right up to Rathburn, but Mary's at her father's, where I ought to be this minute instead of standing talking to you. It's the third house below the spool factory, off the line of the cars. If you'll throw the saddle on my horse"—Dolly was already half-way up the stairs—"I won't be a minute getting into my habit," she called down.

A few minutes later she appeared, pinning on her hat.

"Half Bentham has been telephoning up there, Tom says. He used to be at the Markhams' a great deal when he was in college. She'll remember him. I was there to dinner with him once. I never ate such a dinner! Lock the door and put the key under the window," she called as she rode away. "I'll be home as soon as I've caught her."

At very nearly the same time, William Edson, having learned that Mary Brady was in Bentham, was instructing his wife what course to pursue.

"You want to tell her," he said to Fanny, who stood on the horse-block and watched him harness the horse, "that there are only two of us in the family: when Harold comes home for his vacation, that will take care of itself. Don't keep asking her if she can cook and wash and iron; we know she can. Tell her we don't have much company—though we calculate to live just as well when we're alone. And tell her you don't ever interfere in the kitchen!"

This last argument was calculated to exert a restraining influence upon the mistress as well as to stimulate confidence in the maid. Fanny sniffed.

"I guess old lady Markham interfered, if looks tell anything," she said, skeptically.

"Old lady Markham brought her up," returned William.

"She's more likely to ask what we pay," said Fanny. "I'm not going beyond three and a half. When Annie gets over that felon on her thumb, like as not she'll expect to come back."

"She can't expect us to hold the place open," said William; "not when there's a chance to get *the real thing*. We can't economize on a deal of this kind. Below the spool factory, you know—third house."

Fanny rattled out of the yard and turned her horse's head in the direction of the factory.

She and Dolly Worthington were not the only pilgrims to that Mecca. Mrs. Isaiah Bolton, President of the Bentham Woman's Club, was also one of those who telephoned to Rathburn. She held a long conference over the wire with Mrs. Peter Markham, concluding in this fashion:

"If she's perfectly competent to go ahead when I entertain—ah, that's very nice—very nice indeed." Mrs. Bolton's face was wreathed in smiles.

Servants of the better class take pride in having for their employers people of distinction. If Mary Brady was, as every one said, *the real thing*, she would discriminate. Dressing herself with unusual care, and donning the bonnet which would have said if it could speak, "The meeting will please come to order," Mrs. Bolton started for the Brady cottage.

Meanwhile, at the other end of the town, in their pretty suburban homes, Mrs. Coleman and Mrs. Turner were calling back and forth to each other through their open windows.

"Did you think of going to see her?"

"Did you?"

"I don't want to interfere with your plans."

"Neither do I with yours."

"Henry says he thinks it is too good a chance to lose—that is, if she is, as they say, *the real thing*."

"I'd like to see 'the real thing.'"

"So should I."

"Suppose we go together. Perhaps we sha'n't either of us want her."

"Very well. Rob says it's behind the spool factory."

"Yes, the third house. Can you take the next car?"

"Yes, can you?"

"I think so. What are you going to do with the baby?"

"Take him along. You don't mind?"

"No, indeed—if it won't influence her."

"She may as well know there is one. She can see for herself how good he is."

"Very true. Well, I'll be ready."

The two heads disappeared. A half-hour later the two friends met on the corner, Mrs. Turner leading Bobby, and took the car.

It was a beautiful spring morning. Bobby exclaimed and pointed at everything with a fat forefinger. His companions took their pleasure more sedately, but with equal zest.

"I left my dishes in the sink," said May Turner, contritely.

"So did I," said Margaret Coleman.

"It's very hard to get on without help, when there is a baby," said May.

"It's hard anyway," said Margaret.

"Rob told me to offer an extra half-dollar."

"Henry said I might, if I thought best."

The two women looked at each other.

"Now, May," said Mrs. Coleman, "you needn't think I'm going to do anything to hurt your cause. You shall have the first chance—"

"Margaret," exclaimed her friend, "*I* am perfectly well, and you're not; I absolutely refuse to take any advantage of you. Probably," she added, with a smile, "we sha'n't either of us get her. Girls hate to go so far out. We shall have to take some more Poles, and by the time we've tamed them they'll marry."

"Think of her being fourteen years in one place!"

"I know it!"

The spool factory was on the west side of Lower Bentham. It was visible from the little station where the cars stopped, but the travelers had to walk some distance. When they left the car, four other women left also. One of them was Aunt Susan Symington.

"She can't be going there," whispered May. "Nancy went back to Mrs. Gray after the strike and has been there ever since."

"Miss Symington would go to housekeeping, all by herself, if she could get such a girl as Mary Brady," returned Margaret.

As they turned into the lane behind the factory, the Edson phaeton came into view. It was hung low, and so was the Edson horse; his short legs refused to accept the pace prescribed by his driver.

"Annie hasn't left the Edsons for good, has she?" inquired Margaret.

"I think not," said May, and her fair face clouded. "Isn't it selfish in people who have girls already to take them away from those who have none?"

Mrs. Edson said "good-morning," and then she used the whip. The phaeton trundled past the little procession. May and Margaret were in the lead.

"I don't *think* the girl will jump at a chance to work for Mrs. Edson," said Margaret, comfortingly.

Just then Aunt Susan Symington's gaunt figure forged ahead.

"Nor for her," returned May, softly. She glanced over her shoulder. "But there are six—eight women behind us. One of them is Mrs. Clare, another is that tall, gray-haired woman who has rented the Elliott pew at church. I don't know who the others are."

The pedestrians drew up before the third little house. Mrs. Edson had alighted and was tying her horse to a weather-beaten post in the rear. It took her some time to do this. Meanwhile, Aunt Susan Symington advanced and rapped authoritatively at the door. At this instant Dolly Worthington galloped into the yard and drew rein.

"Am I too late?" she asked, looking from one to another.

"No, we're still waiting for the curtain to rise," replied Mrs. Clare.

While she was speaking the door opened and the object of all the stir appeared. Her eyes twinkled as they fell upon the group. They were Irish eyes—dark, liquid—strangers neither to laughter nor to tears.

"I'm Mary Brady," she said, in reply to Miss Symington's question. Then she waited for her visitors to announce themselves and their intentions.

"She doesn't look over strong," whispered one of the women in the rear.

"She did their big washings and ironings," answered the woman beside her. "I've heard about it from people in Rathburn."

"Ladies," began Mrs. Bolton. She had gained the doorstep and with it the deference invariably accorded her. "Ladies, I wish to say a few words. We cannot all hire this woman. In order to expedite matters, I suggest that we interview her in turn, no interview to last over ten minutes. What do you say? Is it a vote?"

It was a vote.

"Just as you like," said Mary Brady. Her eyes danced.

"Miss Symington came first, I believe," continued Mrs. Bolton. "Then Mrs. Coleman and Mrs. Turner—"

Miss Symington stepped briskly into the tiny entry.

"Will you—come in?" asked Mary, addressing the others in a body.

"No, thank you," said Mrs. Bolton, speaking for the rest.

"I'll set out some chairs," said Mary, and appeared with one in each hand.

"You must be tired," she said to Mrs. Turner. "That's a pretty heavy baby. How old is he?"

"A year and a half," returned May, eagerly. "He walked from the car and he's tired, that's why I'm holding him. Are you fond of children?"

"I rise to a point of order," exclaimed Mrs. Clare.

Mary Brady retreated. In the house she proceeded to constitute herself an Intelligence Bureau and the supply. Aunt Susan began her interview.

Minute and thorough, and not swift in her mental processes, she had barely stated her needs and expectations when Mrs. Bolton called through the open window:

"The ten minutes are up!"

"I've only just begun," demurred the interviewer.

"Then you'll have to wait for the second round," said Mrs. Bolton.

Aunt Susan came out looking glum.

"You go next," whispered Margaret to May. "I insist."

May entered, leading Bobby by the

hand. Baby talk and laughter mingled plentifully in this encounter. When they returned, Bobby had a cooky, and his chubby cheeks were smeared with sugar.

"I don't know," whispered May to Margaret. "She didn't object to anything; still—hurry, dear, they're waiting."

After Margaret, Mrs. Bolton visited the intelligence office; then came Mrs. Clare, then the gray-haired woman who rented the Elliott pew, then the others, Dolly last of all. She had been riding impatiently up and down, flicking the tall grass with her whip. While they waited for her to reappear, the remainder of the company compared notes on what they had seen inside.

"There wasn't a speck of dirt anywhere," said one.

"That may be her sister's doing," said another. "Her sister keeps house for the old couple."

"Her sister's away for a vacation. This one's cleaned house while the other was away. How nice the old folks looked!"

"I couldn't take my eyes off those tumblers," returned the other. "How they did shine!"

"I'd like to taste some of her cooking," was the next remark.

"So should I."

"Me, too," responded the others.

"I suppose there isn't any one in the country can make such cake," said Mrs. Clare. "They say the Markhams' cake was famous."

"She didn't give herself away," said Fanny Edson. "You couldn't tell one thing about her, what she liked or didn't like, whether she'd come or not, or what she thought."

The company pensively considered themselves and one another. Each wondered if she had offered the right "inducement," and also wondered what the others had offered. Aunt Susan evidently meant to have another turn. She moved towards the house as Dolly Worthington reappeared, and had one foot on the doorstep when Dolly proclaimed her victory—

"Mary has decided to come and live with me!"

It was impossible to keep the ring of triumph out of her voice.

"Yes," said Mary Brady, following her. "I've decided to go with Mrs. Worthington."

"That settles it," said Miss Symington, grimly.

Mrs. Bolton for once was dumb. She led the way, and the rest followed, solemnly, down the lane.

"I'm glad it's over," whispered May to Margaret.

"So am I," responded Margaret.

"To me," said Mrs. Edson, walking her horse beside the procession and addressing no one in particular, "she looked tempery."

Aunt Susan responded with an inarticulate and untranslatable grunt.

"I believe she's a tea fiend," said the gray-haired woman. "She's so pale and has those dark shadows under her eyes."

"Those girls who have been long in a place get so that they won't let you say a word," remarked one of the strangers who had not spoken before. Thus they comforted themselves.

Dolly galloped home, and as soon as she could reach the telephone called up first her husband, then her brother.

"Mary Brady's mine!" she announced, joyfully. "Come up to luncheon and I'll tell you about it."

They responded promptly. Dolly told her story. It was brief, after all. She described the crowd, repeated their comments, and told how neat the little house was.

"But what did you say or do to win the day?" inquired Tom.

"I think," said Dolly, mischievously, "she dreaded that second interview with Aunt Susan as much as anything. And then she remembered you."

"But how did you open the meeting?" asked James. "How much did you offer? What did you say?"

"I said," replied Dolly, 'Mary, I want you to come and live with me. I'll pay whatever you ask and you may do anything you please.' The rest of the ten minutes we talked about the Markhams. She is awfully fond of them. If it wasn't for her old father and mother she would have gone with them to their new home. I'm the happiest woman in town."

"Then look out for the other women," said James. "They'll have it in for you. Don't crow."

But Dolly would have been more than human, or less, if she had not crowed mildly, when it seemed safe to do so.

With Elizabeth Gray, for instance, there was no rivalry. Elizabeth had not been one of the candidates for Mary Brady's favor.

To her Dolly acknowledged that she felt that she had been especially singled out by divine favor.

"I was actually losing my belief in an overruling Providence," she said, earnestly, "to say nothing of my faith in my fellow-beings. Now I haven't a care in the world."

Elizabeth tried to look sympathetic.

"A good servant is about the best thing one can have," she said, with a sigh.

"Well, you'd think so!" cried Dolly. "And Mary Brady is a *saint*, the most patient, enduring—I shall never be one-half as fine a character if I try every minute, and I'm not going to try. She'll get even with me on the Other Side. She'll go in ahead and take a higher seat, but I'm quite reconciled. I'm so comfortable here. Honestly, I forget she's in the house. My husband says a good kitchen is like a good digestion. You don't know it's there."

"I'm so glad," said Elizabeth, "that you have her;" and she meant to be, but she could not refrain from quoting to herself, "To him that hath shall be given." Dolly Worthington had very nearly everything before; why should Mary Brady be added?

Dolly's other friends were not so generous. They were not glad and they did not mean to be. Every day some one called to ask, "How do you like Mary Brady?" and went away again to swell the current of envy. Not that Dolly minded; she rather enjoyed their disapproval, intrenched as she was in her happiness.

When the Woman's Club met to drink tea together for the last time before separating for the summer, she had completely forgotten her husband's caution. The women came about her like bees, many whom she knew but slightly and some whom she did not know at all, and they asked the inevitable question, "How *do* you like Mary Brady?"

"Was the girl all she had been reported to be?" they queried. By this time Dolly's good fortune had gone to her head.

"All? She is more," was her reply. "Words cannot describe her."

"Can she cook as well as they say?" was the next question.

"Better. I've gained a pound. I look forward to every meal."

Groans were heard.

"Those fine cooks are not neat, usually," suggested some one.

"When Mary Brady sweeps," said Dolly, "she takes down the draperies and cleans the windows. And she wipes off the doors!"

Again the listeners groaned.

"You ought to be very grateful to Mrs. Paul Markham and Mrs. Peter for training her so well," said one of the women, not without irony. Bentham women were not unaware of Mrs. Worthington's laxity in training her servants.

Dolly ignored the thrust. She could afford to.

"Yes," she said, happily. "Mrs. Paul planted and Mrs. Peter watered, and I'm getting the increase."

"Mrs. Worthington can make herself very disagreeable," commented the members of the Club, as they withdrew to their several homes. "She has the old Carr pride. There's nothing too good for a Carr."

"Something will turn up," they prophesied. "It won't be such smooth sailing. It'll do for a time, to be easy-going; but any girl will take advantage, sooner or later."

Dolly overheard enough to produce little uncomfortable twinges in the heart of her content. She was not a perfect housekeeper, and she knew it. That was where the comfort lay in having a girl who did not need a perfect housekeeper to spur and control. Still, she had thought that she had detected, sometimes, through Mary Brady's apparent satisfaction in her place, unavowed questions and doubts. She felt that Mary missed something. The thought returned now with the weight of premonition.

"I'm afraid it's too lovely to last," she sighed, as she took the car for home.

A depot carriage was standing before the door when she alighted. What did it mean? Had company arrived unexpectedly? She advanced in haste.

A little, bent old lady in widow's weeds stood talking with Mary Brady before the house. The two looked enough alike to be mother and daughter. They had the same deep-set, dark eyes, and clear, pallid skin. They stood in the same way, their heads inclined, with the same mingling of reserve and appeal. It was not until the elder woman smiled and held out her hand that Dolly recognized her. It was old Mrs. Markham.

"I've come for Mary," she began abruptly. "I didn't like the new home. I've come back to the old one. And I want Mary."

"But," pleaded Dolly in aggrieved tones, "what am I to do?"

"Get another," responded the old woman, promptly. "Take a young girl and train her, as I did. Mary was only twelve when I took her in hand. That's the only way to be sure of anything."

Was she sure? Dolly glanced quickly at Mary. Her heart sank. There was no doubt of Mary's allegiance to this frail but determined little creature, balancing herself on her cane, her brilliant eyes darting from one to the other. The bond between the two was so strong that she felt it tug first one, then the other, and felt herself outside, helpless.

"You'd better come in and let me give you a glass of wine, a cup of tea," she said, mindful of her hospitality.

"Thank you, no," said Mrs. Markham. "I had dinner at the hotel. I shall do very well. We shall be home in time for supper. Go, pack your trunk," she said to Mary.

"What, *now?*" gasped Mary's recent mistress.

"Why not?" returned the old woman, coolly. "We may as well have it over. Go along," she said, as if the grave, middle-aged servant were a child; and Mary went, unquestioning and undisturbed, as Dolly saw with a pang.

She saw, too, with sudden definiteness, what the girl had missed in her new home—the unfaltering purpose to which she herself now yielded.

"You had better come up on the veranda; you cannot stand here."

"Very well, then," said the strange visitor. "Give me your arm;" and together they climbed the steps.

Within they could hear Mary's quick, light feet as she went to and fro.

"You don't know what you are taking away from me," faltered Dolly.

"Yes, I do," was the reply. "And I'm sorry. Really I am; not too sorry—I couldn't stand that. Old people have to be selfish to live. And—don't you think I deserve some return for what I've put into her?"

"I suppose so," rejoined Dolly, disconsolately. "I never saw any one like her."

"And you never will," returned the other. "She is the product of a day when women stayed in their homes, studied the health and comfort and peace of their families, developed their surroundings, waited, waited, and worked, not expecting miracles, but realizing that they would reap what they sowed and no more. My dear child, what right have you to a girl like Mary Brady?"

"None, none whatever," replied Dolly, desperately. "I was in hopes I could buy her, but I see I can't."

"Money can't buy everything," said Mrs. Markham. "Although it will take two or three generations to prove it to the satisfaction of all concerned. You look to be in good health?"

"I am," said Dolly, meekly.

"And there's only yourself and husband?"

"That's all."

"Oh, well, you'll get along. Come, come," she called, turning to look through the house, where the doors stood open. "We'll lose our train—Mary!"

Mary appeared on the walk, below them, breathless, in hat and jacket.

"My box is ready at the back door," she said, deprecatingly.

"Excuse me," said Dolly, and joined her.

"I needn't say how sorry I am, Mary."

"I'm sorry, too," said the girl. "But she's an old lady, and she can't get along with every one. I'm used to her, and she's used to me. And the folks that were going to rent the house didn't, so that we can go right in just as we were. No, you needn't pay me for that last week." For Dolly had taken out her purse. "I didn't give notice. No. I sha'n't take a cent."

"Then let me make you a little farewell present," said Dolly, in whose heart lingered hopes of her possible return some day.

"No, thank you," said Mary Brady.

She seemed to have received a charge from the electric will of her mistress.

"Good-by, Mrs. Worthington," she said, "and I thank you for all your kindness."

She went up the steps after the old lady, who caught her arm and leaned on it as if it were a machine of her own making, as indeed it was. Together they entered the coach and were driven away.

When James came home to supper, Dolly was in her old place behind the chafing-dish.

"Yes, Mary's gone," she replied to his questioning. "Shall the clay say to the potter, 'I must give a week's notice'? Jim, I want an orphan, about twelve years old, of decent parentage, sound body, and average mind, so that when I come to be eighty and alone in the world I can have 'the real thing' to depend upon."

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

Act in a Backwater (An). By E. F. Benson. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 4½×7½ in. 335 pages. $1.

This story is so slight and uneven as compared with Mr. Benson's last published novel, "The Challoners," that it seems like a sketch of a larger story abandoned because the author was dissatisfied with it. It has some pleasant bits of human nature and one or two lovable characters, but, considered as a novel, it is wretchedly constructed.

Conquest of the Southwest (The). By Cyrus Townsend Brady, LL.D. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 293 pages. $1.50, net. (Postage, 12c.)

It is out of the question to expect in a duodecimo volume of less than three hundred pages a thorough account of the momentous events leading up to the Mexican Cession—the colonization of Texas, the Texan War of Independence, the annexation of Texas, and the Mexican War. At most all that may be looked for is an outline narrative in which shall be presented, lucidly, impartially, and in proper proportion, the salient aspects, episodes, and personalities. Such a presentation may fairly be said to be embodied in Dr. Brady's book, which forms an excellent addition to the "Expansion of the Republic" series. Stress is laid on the political rather than the military side, with, of course, especial reference to the significant question of the merits of our struggle with Mexico, Dr. Brady aligning himself with those who see in the story of the "Conquest of the Southwest" a story of spoliation—with extenuating circumstances, it is true, but still spoliation. His little monograph contains some interesting matter apart from that which is directly germane. Thus, with the aid of a statistical table showing the cost of the Mexican War, he presents a strong material argument in favor of international arbitration. Again, in regard to the extent of the territory acquired, he makes, on the authority of the General Land Office, a statement which will be new to many—that the area included in the annexation of Texas, the Mexican Cession, and the Gadsden Purchase exceeded that of the Louisiana Purchase by, according to official figures presented, more than forty thousand square miles. The book is freely illustrated.

Children's Pieces for the Piano. By Perley Dunn Aldrich. Clayton F. Summy Co., Chicago. 50c.

Fire of Spring (The). By Margaret Potter. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 357 pages.

Five Note Pieces for Beginners. By Hannah Smith. **School's Out. The Old Soldier Storiette. The Sailor Boy Teasing. Twilight. Petite Valse.** Clayton F. Summy Co., Chicago. 30c. each.

Five Short Sketches for Piano. Clayton F. Summy Co., Chicago. 60c.

Hannah Logan's Courtship: A True Narrative. Edited by Albert Cook Myers. Ferris & Leach, Philadelphia. 5×8 in. 360 pages. $2.

This is a companion story to that by the same author published some time ago and called "Sally Wister's Journal." Like that interesting book, this is a romance, not in the form of fiction, but told by quotations from public documents and diaries, and illustrated by facsimiles, autographs, silhouettes, portraits, and other pictorial reproduction of colonial life and manners. The plan of the book is original and it will interest many readers.

In the Blacksmith Shop. Fairies' Music Box. (Characteristic and Instructive Pieces for the Piano.) By Edythe Pruyn Hall. Clayton F. Summy Co., Chicago. 30c. each.

Jewish Encyclopedia (The): A Descriptive Record of the History, Religion, Literature, and Customs of the Jewish People from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. Prepared by more than Four Hundred Scholars and Specialists under the direction of the following Editorial Board: Cyrus Adler, Ph.D., Wilhelm Bacher, Ph.D., Gotthard Deutsch, Ph.D., Richard Gottheil, Ph.D., Emil G. Hirsch, Ph.D., LL.D., Joseph Jacobs, B.A., Kaufmann Kohler, Ph.D., Herman Rosenthal, Isidore Singer, Ph.D., Crawford H. Toy, D.D., LL.D., Isaac K. Funk, D.D., LL.D., Frank H. Vizetelly, F.S.A. Vol. IX. Morawczyk-Phillipson. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 7¼×11 in. 685 pages.

With the general scope and characteristics of this great work, in which Jewish scholars are seconded by Christian, our readers are familiar. In this volume, as in the others, articles of special value are frequent. Those on the New Testament and the Pharisees deserve the attention of Christian readers. Those on Mortality and Nervous Diseases, each exhibiting peculiarities in Jewish statistics, have an interest for the general reader as well as for the specialist. The history of American Judaism shows an illustrious record in Newport, Philadelphia, and New York, to which a sorry contrast appears in the record of oppression endured in Moscow and Morocco. Among other articles, Moses, Music, Nimrod, Periodicals, are noteworthy. The rabbinic and other legends of Biblical characters form an attractive feature in every volume. Among the numerous photographic illustrations some deserve special mention, *e.g.*, those of the coins current in Palestine from B.C. 500 to A.D. 135, the first entry concerning Jews in the Dutch records of New York (1654), and Washington's letter in reply to the address of the Hebrew congregation at Newport (1790). As a work of world-wide comprehensiveness this is one to enrich any library.

Lake Placid Conference on Home Economics: Proceedings of the Sixth Annual Conference, September 19-24, 1904, Lake Placid, New York. 6½×9¾ in. 91 pages.

Logic, Deductive and Inductive. By John Grier Hibben, Ph.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×8 in. 439 pages. $1.40.

Logic, so far as merely formal, is proverbially dry. In its application to living interests it becomes a succulent source of intellectual pleasure. Professor Hibben has aimed to invest it with this attractiveness, especially in his illustrations of inductive logic. These are not only modern, but fresh in a degree as welcome to the student as it is unusual, and they are drawn from a wide range of science. The effect of his treatment of logic is to exhibit it in its real character, as the right functioning of common reason, not, as often fancied, a sort of algebra.

"Miss Civilization:" A Comedy in One Act. By Richard Harding Davis. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 4½×8 in. 47 pages. 50c., net.

This is a lively and amusing play about the way in which a young woman outwitted a gang of burglars. It is not badly suited for amateur rendering.

Parochial School (The): A Curse to the Church, A Menace to the Nation. By Rev. Jeremiah J. Crowley. Published by the Author, Sherman House, Chicago. 5×8 in. 415 pages. $1.

Silence of Mrs. Harrold (The). By Samuel M. Gardenhire. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×7½ in. 462 pages.

The author of "Lux Crucis" has here changed his subject and style—for the worse. It has rarely been our fate to read more prolix, tiresome, and unnatural dialogue than that in this book, while in substance and plot the story is valueless.

Sociological Papers. By Francis Galton, E. Westermarck, P. Geddes, E. Durkheim, Harold H. Mann, and V. V. Branford. Published for the Sociological Society, by the Macmillan Co., New York. 6¾×10 in. 292 pages.

This volume comprises the papers and discussions at the first meeting of the (British) Sociological Society, 1904. Their importance is indicated by the names of the eminent leaders and participants. Among the subjects discussed, "Eugenics," or what in this country is called stirpiculture, takes the leading place, and derives peculiar interest from its comparative novelty, as well as from its importance. Dr. Francis Galton, cousin of Charles Darwin, already well known by his studies of heredity, coined the word "eugenics"—*good reproduction*—to denote the science that has to do with all that tends to improve and develop to advantage the inborn qualities of a race. He has recently given $7,500 to the University of London to found a Fellowship in National Eugenics. He regards the improvement of the human stock as one of the highest objects of rational endeavor. He recognizes three stages of this endeavor: first, the academic, till the importance of the fact obtains rational recognition; then the practical, in serious study of ways and means to the end in view; lastly, "it must be introduced into the national conscience like a new religion." On this he remarks: "It has, indeed, strong claims to become an orthodox religious tenet of the future." Among the noteworthy utterances in the discussions that followed Dr. Galton's paper one of the more significant deserves quotation: "It is in the sterilization of failures, and not in the selection of successes for breeding, that the possibility of an improvement of the human stock lies." Of the volume of which the foregoing is a taste it may be said that it marks the opening of a new stadium in the progress of sociology.

Species and Varieties: Their Origin by Mutation. Lectures delivered at the University of California by Hugo de Vries. Edited by Daniel Trembly MacDougal. The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago. 5½×9 in. 846 pages.

The translator of these remarkable lectures by Professor de Vries prefaces the work by three quotations: "The origin of species is a natural phenomenon"—*Lamarck;* "The origin of species is an object of inquiry"—*Darwin;* "The origin of species is an object of experimental investigation"—*De Vries.* These dicta indicate the line upon which Professor de Vries has worked. To follow his studies about the fluctuation, variation, and mutations of species would be impossible in a brief note. The book and the subject are of sufficient importance to warrant a return to them at a later date.

Studies in Ancient Furniture: Couches and Beds of the Greeks, Etruscans, and Romans. By Caroline L. Ransom. Illustrated. The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. 8¾×12 in. 157 pages. $4.50.

A work of scholarly research in a limited special field. The work is finely illustrated.

Tibet and Nepal. Painted and Described by A. Henry Savage Landor. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 6×9 in. 233 pages. $5, net.

The occupation, or partial occupation, of Tibet by the British has increased the public interest in that always fascinating land. Rather paradoxically, Mr. Landor tells us that, as he was still suffering from the effects of the tortures inflicted upon him in his former travels, he determined to go there again. In this volume he gives us many thrilling incidents of travel and personal adventure, and we may be allowed to hope that some of the pictures which show his dangers are slightly exaggerated, else we are sure he would never have lived through them. Apart from some apparent faults, the book is decidedly agreeable and even exciting reading, and presents in many ways an intimate picture of the life of the Tibetans and their innumerable curious customs. The colored pictures are striking and effective.

Twentieth Century New Testament (The): Edition of 1905. A Translation into Modern English from the Original Greek. (Westcott and Hort's text.) (Revised Edition.) The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 4½×7½ in. 523 pages. $1, net.

Benefited by the criticisms passed upon their first and tentative edition, of which some 200,000 copies went into circulation, the translators have now put forth a revised and probably final version of their translation into modern English, on which a dozen years have now been expended. Readers familiar with the older versions will find it useful for the clearer sense or fresh point it now and then puts on these. Others less acquainted with the Bible will be attracted by its novelty and modernness; some also by its literary finish. It is certainly to be welcomed as contributing to the increased interest in the Bible which is characteristic of our time. A competitor with the versions already in use it certainly is not, at least in the judgment that values the classical standard of our language. If faults are found in these, this also, after all the help it has had from friendly criticism, has its full share still, both in translating and in phrasing. Occasionally it gives a paraphrase rather than a translation; sometimes it imports into the text more than is found there; *e.g.*, substituting "miraculously designated" for "declared" in Romans i. 4. It also lacks the marginal readings, or notes, necessary for a few disputed texts, as in Romans ix. 5, where a variant punctuation makes a vast difference in the sense. Excessive modernizing also occurs, as in John xiv. 1—"Do not let your hearts be troubled." In following the British orthography in such words as "gaol" and "storey," the good example set in the British edition of the Revised Version has not been followed. But it is a work that needed to be done, and, after all is said, it must be pronounced well done.

Upward Leading (The): Pulpit Talks Under Various Auspices. By James Henry Potts. Eaton & Mains, New York. 4¾×7½ in. 131 pages. 50c., net.

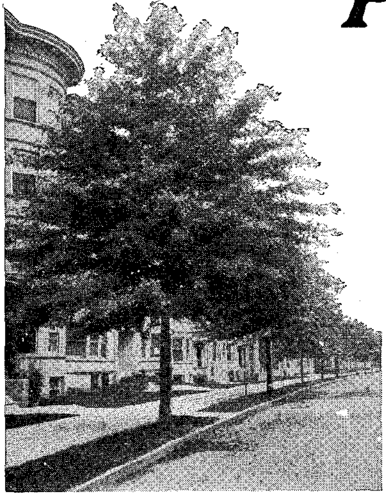
Veranilda. By George Gissing. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 348 pages. $1.50.

As Mr. Gissing's remarkable book "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft" gave us a totally different side of his art and mind from that underlying his London social studies in fiction like "Unclassed" and "The Whirlpool," so the present posthumous romance of the sixth century gives us still another view of this versatile man—as a scholar and a student of history. The tale is unfinished, but it was so nearly completed when the author died that the loss of the final two or three chapters does not seriously mar the reader's pleasure. In manner the narrative is dignified and careful. The human and story interest are strong and well maintained. The era is that when Roman civilization was being torn apart, one may say, by the alternating rule of the Eastern Empire at Byzantium and the Goths, and when, theologically, Arianism and the Athanasian Creed were dividing Christianity into two camps. Through the study of Roman life and customs in this era runs a very charming love story, and incidents of danger and courage enliven the tale. The book is easily one of the best of modern attempts at classical romance. Mr. Frederic Harrison in an introduction speaks with warmth and truth of Mr. Gissing's poetical gift for local color, subtle insight into spiritual mysticism, and really fine scholarship and classical knowledge.

Virgil's Æneid. Books I.–IV. Edited by Charles E. Bennett. Allyn & Bacon, Boston. 5×7½ in. 461 pages. $1.20.

Winnowings for Washington's Birthday. By Agnes Mawson. **Part I.—Selections for Grammar and High Schools. Part II.—For Little Folk Anecdotes.** D. Appleton & Co., New York. 4½×6¾ in. 190 pages.

ANDORRA'S PIN OAKS



The Pin Oak as a Street Tree

THE PIN OAK is a most satisfactory tree for all practical purposes. It is a rapid grower of graceful form, and its foliage, superb in its Summer green, is brilliant in its Fall colors.

THE PIN OAK thrives in all sections of the United States; in all soils and situations. It is in great demand for Park planting, and is an exceptional tree for lawn or street use.

THE PIN OAK catalog will be sent *free* on request.

SPECIAL OFFER

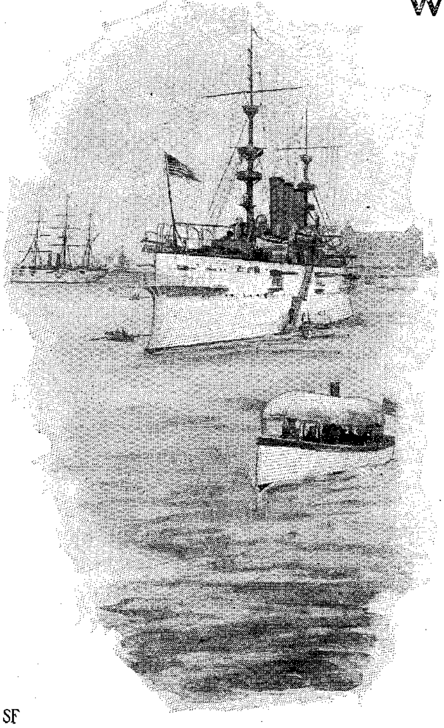
Remember ! ! ! ! Every Tree a Specimen

	EACH	PER 10	PER 100
6 to 7 ft. Stocky Trees	$1.00	$8.50	$40.00
8 to 9 ft. " "	1.50	12.50	55.00
9 to 10 ft. " "	2.00	17.50	60.00
10 to 12 ft. " "	2.50	22.50	75.00

Larger Specimens, Prices on Application

ANDORRA NURSERIES
WM. WARNER HARPER, Prop.
Chestnut Hill Phila. Pa.

Warships at Old Point Comfort



Nowhere else on the American continent can naval life be observed so freely as at Old Point Comfort. Hampton Roads is a famous rendezvous of the American Navy, and here the most frequent exchange of courtesies takes place with visiting warships from other lands.

The social life of the Hotel Chamberlin is colored and made interesting by these naval visits, and by the military life of Fortress Monroe.

Send for a free copy of "The Colonel's Capitulation," a novelette of social and military life, illustrated in colors by a leading American artist. Large prints, size 12½ x 17, of the eight illustrations in this book sent post-free on receipt of fifty cents for the set of eight. These pictures, printed on heavy plate paper, are without advertisement, and ready for framing.

For all information address

HOTEL CHAMBERLIN
GEO. F. ADAMS, Mgr., P. O. Box 516
FORTRESS MONROE, VIRGINIA

"The Busy Man's Train."

Appropriate in its Name
Appropriate in its Route
Appropriate in its Character—

"THE 20th CENTURY LIMITED"

This is *The* century of all the ages.

The New York Central—Lake Shore 20-hour train between New York and Chicago (the two great commercial centers of America) is *The* train of the century, and is appropriately named

"THE 20th CENTURY LIMITED"

A beautiful etching of this train, printed on plate paper 24 x 32 inches, ready for framing, will be sent free to any address on receipt of 50 cents by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.

Washington

LOW-RATE TOUR VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

March 9 is the date on which will be run the next Personally Conducted Tour of the Pennsylvania Railroad to Washington. This tour will cover a period of three days, affording ample time to visit all the principal points of interest at the National Capital, including the Congressional Library and the new Corcoran Art Gallery. Rate, covering railroad transportation for the round trip and hotel accommodations, $14.50 or $12.00 from New York, $13.00 or $10.50 from Trenton, and proportionate rates from other points, according to hotel selected. Rates cover accommodations at hotel for two days. Special side trip to Mount Vernon.

All tickets good for ten days, with special hotel rates after expiration of hotel coupon.

Similar tours will be run on March 23, April 6 and 24, and May 18.

For itineraries and full information apply to Ticket Agents; C. Studds, Eastern Passenger Agent, 263 Fifth Avenue, New York; or address Geo. W. Boyd, General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

THE MASON PRESS
SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Hotel and Transportation men who want the latest and best in printing should write for samples. Only the best work at fair prices.

PROMPT DELIVERY

TRAVEL

Old World Tours

Small, select, private parties, with leisure and comfort. Best steamers and hotels. High class throughout.

Mediterranean party sails May 13th for Gibraltar, Naples, Pompeii, Rome, Florence, Venice, Milan, Lucerne, Zurich, Black Forest, Heidelberg, The Rhine, Cologne, Amsterdam, The Hague, Antwerp, Brussels, Paris, London, Kenilworth, Warwick, Stratford, Oxford, London. Eight weeks' tour, $475, inclusive; no extras. Two Summer Parties sailing July 1st; 6½ weeks, $375; 8½ weeks, $510. Send for interesting itineraries. Mr. and Mrs. E. A. ROBSON, Yonkers, N. Y.

TRAVEL

EUROPE

A SERIES OF ATTRACTIVE **TOURS**

FIRST-CLASS ONLY
SEND FOR BOOKLET

INDIVIDUAL PASSAGE TICKETS, BY ALL LINES

RAYMOND & WHITCOMB CO.
New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Chicago

LEISURE · CULTURE · ECONOMY

The Greek World

Yachting Cruises from Sicily to Constantinople in specially equipped steamer for less than the price of a trip to England.

Real leadership from real scholars and real men.

Comfort provided where comforts are unknown.

No hurry, no danger, no desecration.

Tours in Italy in connection with the cruises.

University Tours 7 & 59
April and August.

BUREAU OF UNIVERSITY TRAVEL
201 Clarendon St., Boston

Leyland Line

Immense new steamers. Discount of 10% on combined outward and homeward fare.

From Boston to Liverpool

Devonian	Mar. 8	Bohemian	Mar. 22
Winifredian	Mar. 15	Canadian	Mar. 29

First-class rate, $35 eastbound.

COMPANY'S OFFICE
India Building, 84 State St., Boston

Easter in Seville, Spain

Miss Harriet W. May will form a party of four ladies, to sail in March for Gibraltar, Tangier, Spain, the Château Country of France, Paris and London. More extended tour if desired. Prompt application necessary. 5,115, Outlook.

Easter in Rome Miss Mary Fay White will form small party for leisurely travel in Italy and the Châteaux Country in France. All arrangements first class. Highest references. Address 108 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.

FREE TOUR to EUROPE All Expenses. Clergymen, Teachers, and others who can influence 8 friends to join one of my parties will be given one free ticket. Itineraries of EDWIN JONES, 462 Putnam Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Summer Tours Exceptional Comprehensive Tours. 24th Season. Leave June 21 and July 8, returning Aug. 9, 13, or Sept. 20. Visiting Gt. Britain, Ireland, and the Continent. Strictly first-class methods of travel. Address Mrs. M. A. CROSLEY, Indianapolis, Ind., or 19 E. 45th St., N. Y. City.

TWO LADIES may join party of eight conducted by lady Philadelphian, teacher, experienced traveler. Sail June 24; 11 weeks. England, France, Switzerland, Italy, Germany, Holland. $550. Refs. exch. 5,193, Outlook.

TRAVEL

BARTLETT'S FOREIGN TOURS

Our personal attention to all details of travel affords patrons of our small, exclusive parties every facility for the fullest enjoyment of a trip abroad. Established quarter of a century.

SAILING DATES: Oriental, 18 February; Annual Spring, 29 April; Norway-Sweden, 15 June; Annual long Summer and Variations, 17 June; (Irish Section, 9 June); Summer Mediterranean, 17 June; Special Mediterranean, 27 June; Midsummer, 19 July.

TRAVEL FREE FROM CARE

Our illustrated book O gives complete and valuable information. Sent free.

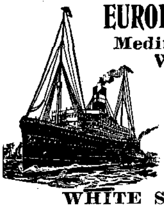
532 Walnut St., Philadelphia

King European Tours

Europe 1905 12th Year. Private—select parties—limited in number.
June 24th, Mediterranean Trip
July 1st, Central Europe
July 1st, Norway & North Cape
July 8th, British Isles & France

Cost from $285 to $510—everything included. Illustrated booklet C and full particulars. Address KING EUROPEAN TOURS, 385 Cumberland St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

EUROPE and the ORIENT.—Ninth trip, sailing June 30, 1905. High-class tour, exceptional opportunity. Party limited. Conducted by Miss Redford and Mr. J. E. M. Solomon, of international reputation. For information write Miss ELIZABETH A. REDFORD, 807 Belmont Ave., S. Nashville, Tenn.



EUROPE Sail from New York or Boston to the **Mediterranean by the WHITE STAR LINE**

Gibraltar, Algiers, Alexandria, Naples, Genoa.

Republic,	15,378 Tons.
Cretic,	13,507 Tons.
Canopic,	12,097 Tons.
Romanic,	11,394 Tons.

For descriptive matter and sailings address

WHITE STAR LINE
9 B'way, N.Y., or 84 State St., Boston

SUMMER HOLIDAYS ABROAD

Smith College graduate, class of '90, teacher, experienced in European travel, and especially interested in art, would take a select party of young women or girls. Address A, 5,229, Outlook.

Greece, Sicily, Italy DR. COOLEY'S party sailing June 24. Only a few places left. Apply at once to H. W. DUNNING & CO., Boston, Mass.

EUROPE Tenth year. Two high-class tours at moderate price. Southern route May 30. Northern route June 21. Address Dr. M. M. KUGLER, 426 Walnut St., Cincinnati.

"Seeing Europe" Prof. F. M. TOWNSEND, Coldwater, Mich., sends **free** for stamp this new, chatty, descriptive pocket-guide.

COURIER OR COMPANION

Young woman, speaks French and German; lived four years in Europe; would like to travel abroad next summer for expenses only. Address Suite 4, 21 Hemenway St., Boston.

To Europe, June 20, 1905. Includes London, Paris, Holland, Germany, Austria, Switzerland and North Italy. Delightful tour over two months. Address HONEYMAN'S PRIVATE TOURS, Plainfield, N. J.

TRAVEL

What is it?
Where is it?

You will find it in the

UNIVERSITY PRINTS

with 1142 others not included in any other series.

BUREAU OF UNIVERSITY TRAVEL
201 Clarendon St., Boston

EUROPE

30 TOURS this season, visiting all places of interest from the Mediterranean to the North Cape, in a leisurely manner, by a great variety of routes.

$175 to $1,015

The fares include All Traveling Expenses upon a very liberal scale. Illustrated programmes from

THOS. COOK & SON
261 AND 1185 BROADWAY,
649 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK
Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, San Francisco, etc.
Established 1841
Individual Travel Tickets Everywhere

Holidays in England

Send 4 cents (postage) for Illustrated Book, entitled **"Holidays in England,"** describing **Cathedral Route,** Pilgrim Fathers, Dickens and Tennyson Districts, and the **Harwich Hook of Holland Route,** Twin-Screw Steamship Line, England to Rotterdam or Antwerp. Address

H. J. KETCHAM, General Agent.
GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY OF ENGLAND
362 Broadway, New York

Europe Select two months' tour. Small party. Personal escort. **$250**

Best steamers. Apply at once. Rev. L. D. TEMPLE, Watertown Q, Mass.

Out of the Beaten Tracks

Normandy and **Brittany. Oberammergau** and the **Mystery Play.**
Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Russia.
Coaching Tour through rural England.

THE ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT

The Evangeline Land and Cape Breton.
Coaching Tour through the **Green Mountains.** Full information furnished.

E. A. JOHNSON
124 S. High St., Westchester, Pa.

91 DAYS

to Greece and Italy and across Europe—under experienced and competent leader. Specialties: Classical Antiquities and Dutch and Italian Art. Booklet, Itinerary, and Testimonials from Prof. W. E. Stone, St. Mary's School, Raleigh, N. C.

Wealthy Americans desiring a brilliant season in London. A select few could have through an English lady now visiting America introductions and chaperonage into the highest aristocratic circle. For all particulars address Mrs. ROOT, Comodale, Snelling Avenue, St. Paul, Minn.

EUROPE 16 limited party of ladies sailing June 15th from New York by large steamer Cretic of White Star Line for Naples. **82 days.** Itinerary. Miss BARBOUR, 1690 Broadway, N. Y. City.

CAMP KATAHDIN
AND THE
RANGELEY CLUB

Summer Camps for Boys in the Maine Woods

AT CAMP KATAHDIN—Canoe trips, mountain climbing, coaching parties and saddle horses. Baseball, tennis, swimming, rowing and all athletic and aquatic sports. Ideal surroundings and best of care. For boys from twelve to eighteen years. The place to make boys manly.

THE RANGELEY CLUB, on Lake Umbagog of the Rangeleys, for older boys and college men. Long canoe trips to the wilds of Maine and Canada, with Maine guides. Best of fishing.

The two camps are fifty miles apart, but frequent trips between will give members of each camp the advantages of both.

College graduates and athletes in charge. Expert tutoring in all branches. For catalogue, address

HENRY M. COBB, 51 Everett Hall, Cambridge, Mass.

TRAVEL

Foreign Tours

Spring Tour to **Italy, Switzerland, The Rhine, Paris,** and **London.**

Summer Tours.—Tour A, to **Italy, Switzerland, The Rhine, Holland, London,** and **Paris.**

Tour B, to **Ireland, Scotland, England, Paris, Switzerland, Munich, Oberammergau, Vienna, Dresden, Berlin,** and **Holland.**

Coaching Tour in **England.**

Norway, North Cape, Sweden, and **Russia.**

Around the World, Oct. 5.

H. W. DUNNING & CO.
14 Beacon St. Boston, Mass.

EUROPE and ORIENT

24th season of uninterrupted success. Comfort and leisure. Thorough sightseeing under expert guidance. Limited parties. All arrangements first-class. Special tours arranged. Dr. and Mrs. HOWARD S. PAINE, 148 Ridge St., Glens Falls, N. Y.

EUROPE Fourth Tour conducted by Miss Claudia Stuart, Prin. of Stuart School, 1843-1845-1847 Vernon Ave., Washington, D.C. Party of ladies. 8 countries. Itinerary.

SUMMER CAMPS

KAHKOU CAMP and **Canoe Tours.** Thirteenth Year—**June 19-Sept. 16. Camp Kahkou,** Caucomgomoc Lake, 40 miles north of Moosehead, in the depths of the Maine woods, has singular advantages, described in illustrated booklet, sent on request. Canoeing, camping, and fishing here afford keenest enjoyment. Forestry, manual training, and tutoring under competent instructors. Small canoeing parties tour from Moosehead Lake to the St. John, in charge of experienced counselors and trustworthy guides. Address SUMNER R. HOOPER, Milton Academy, Milton, Mass.

Also Camp for Younger Boys

Camp Pukwana for **GIRLS** **Lake Winnipesaukee**

New Hampshire. Driving, rowing, swimming, gardening; instruction optional. Address the Misses BLAKE, 127 W. 56th St., N.Y.

HOTELS AND RESORTS

AUSTRIA

European Winter Resort
INNSBRUCK **TYROL, AUSTRIA**

1,900 feet above the sea, with dry, bracing climate. Center for Excursions.

HOTEL TIROL

Modern conveniences. Best references. Illustrative pamphlets sent gratis on application. CARL LANDSEE, Prop.

ENGLAND

English Lake District. American visitors received by gentle people. Central for whole district. Beautiful views. Home comforts. Highest references. Moderate terms. Misses LEACH, Wheatland, Windermere.

FRANCE

HOTEL DYSART

4 Square de Latour, Maubourg, Paris, France.
Miss ROSTAND and Mrs. H. LEE.

ITALY

HOME IN FLORENCE

Mme. Lazzari, formerly of Rome, has moved to Florence, where she can offer her friends and guests even more comfort. Address
50 Via della Scala, Florence, Italy.

HÔTEL PRIMAVERA
ROME (ITALY)

Opposite Queen Margherita's residence.
First-class Family Hôtel. Full South. Home comforts. Every modern improvement. Patronized by American visitors.

Special terms for parties from May to October. CASTELLI & ATZEL, Propr.

CALIFORNIA

It's Summer All the Year Round at

Hotel Del Monte

Situated Close by the Sea near Historic Monterey

If you are a stranger to California you can easily stop over at Del Monte—it's only 125 miles south from San Francisco by rail. Salmon fishing, shooting, swimming, and all outdoor sports. For illustrated souvenir address

GEO. P. SNELL, Manager,
Hotel Del Monte, California.

Hotel Green, Pasadena.—American and European plans. 550 rooms, 350 with bath. Golf links. Send for booklet. Open Nov. 23, 1904. J. H. HOLMES, Mgr.

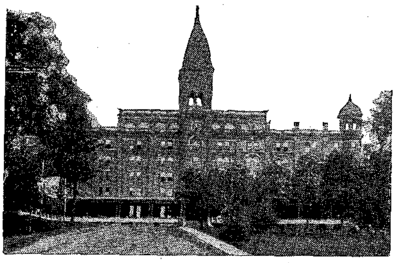
CONNECTICUT

Crest View Sanatorium

Greenwich, Ct.—First-class in all respects; home comforts. H. M. HITCHCOCK, M.D.

DR. GIVENS' SANITARIUM

For the treatment of Nervous and mild Mental Diseases, with a separate Department for Drug and Alcoholic patients. Send for illustrated circular. Address
AMOS J. GIVENS, M.D., Stamford, Conn.



CLIFTON SPRINGS
1850 SANITARIUM 1905

The Model Health Resort with all the comforts of a home. A resident staff of ten physicians, a corps of trained nurses and attendants, experienced in all methods of Medical, Surgical, Electrical, and Hydrotherapeutic treatments. A bountiful table. Service throughout is of the best. Rates conceded lowest of any institution giving similar advantages. Send for booklet "O."

The Sanitarium, Clifton Springs, N. Y.

Virginia Hot Springs

2,500 feet elevation. Open all the year.
Waters, baths, hotels, and scenery nowhere equalled

Rheumatism, gout, and nervous diseases cured. Complete hydrotherapeutic apparatus and large sun parlor. Golf, swimming pool, fine livery, and outdoor pastimes. THE NEW HOMESTEAD, greatly improved, modern in the strictest sense, and patronized by the highest class. Brokers' office with direct N. Y. wire.

THE CHESAPEAKE & OHIO RAILWAY

allows stop-over at Covington, Va., on through tickets to Cincinnati, Louisville, Chicago, St. Louis, and the West, for side trip to Virginia Hot Springs.

Pullman compartment car, via Washington, leaves N. Y. 4:55 P.M., arrives Springs 8:30 A.M., eastern time. Excursion tickets at C. & O. offices, 362 Broadway, offices Penna. R. R. and connecting lines. FRED STERRY, Manager, Hot Springs, Va.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

THE HAMILTON **14th & K Sts., N. W.**

A home-like hotel. Modern in its appointments; good table; liberal management; splendid location; convenient to White House and places of interest. Transients accommodated $2.50 per day and up, American plan. Special rates for prolonged stay. For particulars and booklet address
IRVING O. BALL, Proprietor.

FLORIDA

Daytona—Sea Breeze, Fla.
The COLONNADES

110 miles south of Jacksonville on the East Coast. Intended for the better class of tourists accustomed to good living amid refinement. Northern help exclusively. Booklets.
KIMBALL & FAUNCE, Proprietors.

"THE GEM OF THE WINTER RESORTS"
HOTEL BELLEVIEW AND COTTAGES
Belleair, Florida
NOW OPEN
"THE CENTER OF WINTER GOLF"
Fishing, Sailing, Bathing, Hunting, Driving. Illustrated booklet on application.
Address B. H. YARD, Manager

Tallahassee, Fla.—Winter tourists desired. Large, sunny rooms; good garden. References: Bishop Edwin Gardner Weed, of Jacksonville, Fla. Address MRS. A. E. GAMBLE.

MASSACHUSETTS

Cambridge Adjoining University grounds
JARVIS FIELD HOUSE

Terms $2 per day—special rates for a stay of one week or longer. Address F. D. GAGE.

IN THE BERKSHIRE HILLS
A WINTER OUTING
The Greenock Inn LEE MASS.

Open for guests at reasonable rates. Pure, dry air; fine sleighing; beautiful winter scenery; hourly electric car service. Rooms with private bath, steam heat, and electric lights. Excellent table and service. Write for booklet and rates to H. C. SAVAGE, Prop. Through train service, Berkshire Division, N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R.

LOUISIANA

Quaint, Historic NEW ORLEANS
Stop at
New St. Charles Hotel. Fireproof. Write for pamphlet. A. R. BLAKELY & Co.

NEW JERSEY

The Salt Breath of the Sea Brings Health
Galen Hall
Hotel and Sanatorium
Atlantic City, N. J.
Always Open

Patrons say the House is unique and incomparable.
Write for illustrated booklet telling about new buildings, baths, and cuisine.
F. L. YOUNG, Gen'l Mgr.

LAKEWOOD

Among the pines of New Jersey, a fashionable and healthful winter and spring resort.
THE LAUREL HOUSE
A. J. MURPHY, Manager.
The LAUREL-IN-THE-PINES
FRANK F. SHUTE, Manager.
Reached by New Jersey Central Railroad.

The Lakewood Hotel
LAKEWOOD, N. J.
"The Hotel that made Lakewood Famous"
NOW OPEN

A wonderful climate and a magnificent hotel; probably the best equipped Winter hotel in the world. Golf links, indoor lawn tennis court, squash court, palm gardens, quarter of a mile of palm-decked sun parlors and promenade, hydrotherapeutic (water cure) baths. The sleeping accommodations consist of 400 handsomely furnished bedrooms, one-half en suite with private baths. All with steam heat and open wood fires. The cuisine and service equal those of celebrated restaurants of New York and Paris.

J. N. BERRY }
H. E. EDER } Managers.

New York Office, 241 Fifth Avenue.
Telephone 3026 Madison Square.

NEW JERSEY

PINE BLUFF INN, Point Pleasant, N. J. Large, new annex opens for winter season Dec. 23. Situated among the Pines. Large sunny rooms; hot-water heating; open fireplaces; sun parlor. Golf links of country club close by open for use. For particulars address WALTER P. BEERS, Mgr.

NEW YORK CITY

ST. DENIS HOTEL
Broadway & Eleventh St., N.Y.

The Convenient Location, Tasteful Appointment, Reasonable Charges, Courteous Attendance, and Cuisine of Exceptional Excellence are Characteristic of this Hotel, and have Secured and Retained for it a Patronage of the Highest Order.

William Taylor & Son
Proprietors

NEW YORK

ADIRONDACKS

If you want a cottage, a camp, a building site, or forest lands, near Paul Smith's, Saranac Lake, or Lake Placid, apply to the Real Estate Agent at Saranac Lake, N. Y.
WILLIAM F. ROBERTS.

Adirondacks, Keene Center, N. Y. "Oak Hill Farm Cottage" beautifully situated; elevation, 2000 ft. Large grounds; golf and tennis. Hunting, fishing and boating. House, *tents and furnished cottage accommodates 30.* Satisfaction guaranteed. BANKS DUDLEY.

Spa Sanatorium **Ballston Spa, N. Y.**
Restful home. Modern equipments 6 miles from Saratoga. A. I. THAYER, M.D.

The Gleason Health Resort
ELMIRA, NEW YORK

Elevator. Steam heat. Electric bells. Sun parlor. All forms of baths. Electricity and massage. Bicycling. Golf. Driving. **Dr. JOHN C. FISHER,** resident physician. Write for booklet to **Edward B. Gleason, Prop.**

Come Here! When in search of health and rest for mind and body. Your physician will agree. *Booklet free.* Steuben Sanitarium, Hornellsville, N.Y.

THE GLEN SPRINGS
The American Nauheim

A Health Resort and Hotel of the highest class. The most complete and modern bathing establishment in America. Hydrotherapy and Electricity in all forms; valuable mineral springs. Well-kept and attractive Golf Links. Illustrated book free.
WILLIAM E. LEFFINGWELL, President,
Watkins, N. Y.

NORTH CAROLINA

PINEY WOODS INN.—A mild, dry, equable climate, long leaf pine; modern, home-like hotel; steam heat, baths, golf links, etc. LEON ST. JOHN, Southern Pines, N. C.

THE OUTLOOK RECREATION DEPARTMENT

NORTH CAROLINA

Heidelberg House Flat Rock N. C.

An ideal winter home for refined people most picturesquely situated in the "Land of the Sky." Near Railway station; 60-acre Park; lake and mountain view. Climate mild and dry. Elegant modern appointments. Delightful country life. Terms moderate. Write for booklet. ARTHUR R. GUERARD, M.D.

MIMOSA HOTEL LYNN, N. C.

Winter and spring Hotel, 1¼ miles from Tryon Station. Send for booklet. W. H. STEARNS.

PENNSYLVANIA

The Walter Sanitarium The nearest, largest, best of the Wernersville Resorts; has its own post-office. Walters Park, Pa. Booklet.

SOUTH CAROLINA

AIKEN, S. C. Ideal health and pleasure resort. **MAGNOLIA INN,** a modern family hotel. Rates, $2 to $3 per day. HENRY BUSCH, Prop.

SOUTH CAROLINA

Beaufort, South Carolina

SEA ISLAND HOTEL

Delightful climate. Boating, fishing, hunting, golf links. Hotel with all modern conveniences. Porcelain baths. Large rooms. Excellent service. Moderate rates. Apply to A. F. ODELL, Proprietor.

RHODE ISLAND

HOPEWORTH SANITARIUM

Bristol, R. I.

ESTABLISHED 1883

On shore of Narragansett Bay

NO INSANE

W. C. CANFIELD, M.D.

VIRGINIA

Open Throughout the Year

The Most Magnificent Resort on the Coast

Army and Navy Headquarters

Hunting, Fishing, Bathing, Golf, Sailing, Tennis, Dancing

HOTEL CHAMBERLIN

OLD POINT COMFORT

Illustrated Booklets free. Game preserve of 10,000 acres reserved for Hotel guests exclusively. Address

GEO. F. ADAMS, Mgr., P.O. Box 516

FORTRESS MONROE, VA.

NEW YORK OFFICE, 289 FOURTH AVE.

COUNTRY PROPERTY FOR SALE AND TO RENT

CONNECTICUT

TO RENT FOR THE SEASON

Large, modern, twelve-room house, furnished. Situated on highest land in the village of **CANAAN, CONN.,** ¼ mile from center at the entrance to Berkshire Hills. Hot and cold water on both floors, large bathroom, laundry with set tubs, fireplaces. Extensive grounds with ample room for tennis and croquet. Garden, stables, carriage barn, etc.; icehouse filled. Grounds and all buildings lighted by electricity. Attractive drives to Norfolk, Twin Lakes, Stockbridge, and Lenox. Inquire of Lock Box 81, Canaan, Conn.

CANAAN, CONN.

Small, convenient house to rent in quiet neighborhood, edge of village, hill country. June to October $200. Address Lock Box 11.

For Sale or Rent Handsome Country Residence, **Madison, Conn.** 15 rooms, furnace, range, bath, closet, hot and cold water; ¼ mile from Long Island Sound, fine beach; good barn; 14 acres land. Reasonable. F. R. LEWIS, 139 Orange St., New Haven, Conn.

MAINE

On the Maine Coast

For rent for the summer of 1905, "Breeze Hill," a modern summer cottage at **CAMDEN, MAINE** on high ground, convenient to the village, with fine views of the Camden Hills and the waters and islands of Penobscot Bay; well-appointed Golf and Tennis Club within easy access; living room, dining room, kitchen, eight bedrooms, two bathrooms, laundry, hot and cold water; cellar with furnace; electric lights and telephone; fully furnished for summer life. Address GEORGE H. TALBOT, Real Estate Agent, Camden, Maine.

CAPE ELIZABETH, MAINE. For rent for season, furnished cottage on cliff overlooking Casco Bay. Seven bedrooms, fireplace, electric lights, Sebago water; best plumbing; bathing and boating. Address 12 South Cliff St., Ansonia, Conn.

KENNEBUNKPORT, MAINE

For Rent, Furnished or Unfurnished

House of 10 rooms and bath; stable; pleasant grounds. Situated in the village; easy access to steam cars and electrics; near distance from ocean; near river; fine boating. Apply for particulars to E. A. LUQUES, 65 Mt. Auburn St., Watertown, Mass.

MAINE

OLD ORCHARD BEACH Cottage, just completed, furnished, nine rooms and bath, hot and cold water, electric lights, stable, best location. Address S. W. Hawkes, Old Orchard, Maine.

Corner of living-room, which is 36 x 21. See Outlook of Feb. 4 and 18 for other views.

SUMMER HOME FOR SALE

At Sebago Lake, Me.

Rustic with modern comforts; gas; bathroom; open plumbing; 3 large field stone fireplaces; 6 chambers, room for 6 more; icehouse, gas-house, hot air pump house; 1½ acres land. Completely furnished. Built in 1903 for private use. Personal reasons for selling. Price $5,000. Photos and description sent. H. B. COE, 135 Emery St., Portland, Maine.

MARYLAND

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE, a comfortable mountain home, consisting of residence, modernly improved, tenant house, stable and outbuildings, completely equipped, with nine acres of land, 2,600 feet above sea level, summit of the Alleghanies, midway between New York and Cincinnati, on main line of Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. For descriptive pamphlet address P. O. Box 281, Oakland, Md.

MASSACHUSETTS

East Gloucester, Mass.

New cottage, completely furnished, hardwood floors, piano, books, rugs, china, glass, linen, bedding, silver. Antique mahogany furniture on ground floor. All modern improvements; large bathroom, gas range, hot water, open fireplaces. 12 rooms and attic, fine piazzas, splendid boating, good bathing, fishing, dancing, tennis, golf. Near hotels. 5 minutes from water. Very accessible, near Boston. Particulars address E. A. McCready, 571 Park Avenue, New York City.

MASSACHUSETTS

A GREAT OPPORTUNITY

Presents Itself to Purchase a Most Beautiful

Country Home in New England

Colonial residence of 16 rooms, all necessary and fine outbuildings, standing on 100 acres of beautiful grounds, elevated position, retired, but close to electric lines, 2 miles from Springfield, Mass.

Property replete with every modern convenience, over $15,000 having been recently spent in putting it in perfect condition. Owner leaving for England. Splendid location for Institution of any kind. Great bargain. Inspect at once. Contents of residence, horses, carriages, etc., for sale, and help would remain. Address

"Coneyhurst," Agawam, Mass.

FOR SALE

A fine residence in the Berkshire Hills, 180 acres, suitably divided, large timber lot; two story house, 12 rooms; stock barn with basement, silo, and creamery; 2 horse barns and all necessary outbuildings; small house and barn for workman; plenty of running water; over $15,000 laid out on these buildings within a few years. 2½ miles from North Adams, 3 minutes to electrics, store, mill, and the Country Club Grounds. Price $16,000. Summer residences in village and country from $700 to $18,000. Send for descriptive list and photo. FRED. L. BURNHAM, Real Estate, Greenfield, Mass.

BUILDING LOTS FOR SALE on "Hillcrest." Beautifully situated for either summer or winter residence. Overlooking the town of Lee, Mass. Within five minutes' walk from the post-office. Inquire of JAMES O'BRIEN, Lee, Mass.

COUNTRY PROPERTY FOR SALE AND TO RENT

MASSACHUSETTS

WEST CHOP MARTHA'S VINEYARD MASS.

For Sale or Rent

Beautiful house with 9 bedrooms, dining-room, sitting-room, library and music room; large front hall room, with open fireplace; large serving-room adjoining dining-room; very large kitchen, with cold storage adjoining; laundry, with bedroom, in separate building. Barn, with two stalls and room for man. Bungalow in the grove for lounging, smoking, etc. (with piano); one sleeping-room in same. Piazzas, ten feet wide, containing, with porte-cochere, over twelve hundred feet. Tashmoo water service with plenty of hydrants all over grounds; hot and cold water service; bathroom with open plumbing; open fireplace in dining-room and in bedroom above. Grounds contain three acres extending to the shore with fine bathing beach, and one acre in back of house, fine grove of oaks and pines. Completely furnished, including Hardman grand piano.

Address FREDERICK E. BRISTOL
Hotel San Remo, N. Y. City

CAPE COD Cosy little summer cottages by the ocean to rent with table board. Reasonable prices. Address BALLSTON, West New Brighton, N. Y.

FOR SALE OR TO LET for the season, house 12 rooms, furnished. Boat house and bath, stable. Near electrics, stores. Fine outlook. Photos. 11 Sheldon St., Roslindale, Mass.

IN BERKSHIRE HILLS, desirable and well furnished summer residence. One mile from railroad, midway between Lenox, Stockbridge, and Tyringham. Twelve rooms and bath; fine spring water, fireplace, large plazzas, spacious grounds. Rent very moderate. EDWARD S. ROGERS, Lee, Mass.

BARGAINS IN BERKSHIRE REAL ESTATE

Three fine residences in Stockbridge, with suitable outbuildings and ample grounds. Several farms in Stockbridge and adjoining towns. Furnished houses to rent. Inquire of
DANIEL B. FENN, Stockbridge, Mass.

To Let—Furnished Cottage

Eight rooms, in the **HEART OF THE BERKSHIRES.** One Hundred and Fifty Dollars for the season. High ground; no objectionable surroundings. Built for owner's use four years ago. Ten minutes' walk from station. Four hours from N. Y. Address or call, OWNER, 779 Broadway, N. Y.

"STROUT'S SPECIAL LIST," illustrated, of 200 farm bargains in New England, New York, Delaware, Maryland, and the South, mailed FREE by E. A. STROUT, Farm Dept. 67, 150 Nassau St., New York City, or Tremont Temple, Boston.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

To let on Lake Winnipesaukee, N. H.

Attractive furnished cottages. Fifty acres; beach; wharf; spring water piped to houses. Boat, ice, and fuel. The best proposition for the money in the country. References required. Circular, map, and views of
F. P. SPEARE, 458 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

NEW JERSEY

Large Up-to-date Residence

18 rooms; corner plot; bargain. Other attractive propositions in real estate for sale or to let. References cheerfully given. Apply to ROMEYN & DEMAREST, Hackensack, N. J.

MONTCLAIR, N. J.

Several high-class, strictly up-to-date new houses in beautiful **Marlboro Park** for sale or rent. Steam, gas, electricity, hardwood floors, sanitary plumbing. $7,000 to $12,000. Rentals $660 to $960. Near "Park Street" (Erie) Station, school, etc. Refined surroundings. Choice building plots. MONTCLAIR REALTY CO., 153 Watchung Ave.

MONTCLAIR, New Jersey.—For Sale, a home on Mountain Avenue, Montclair's choicest residence street. A modern, colonial house, twelve rooms, beside reception hall and hall sitting-room. Hard floors; five open fireplaces. House in perfect order. Newly decorated; halls and library in buckram cloth; dining-room in tapestry. Lot 100x250. Very accessible location. Price moderate. Address H. F. J., Outlook.

A BEAUTIFULLY situated property for sale on Pennsylvania Railroad, 35 miles out; suitable for sanitarium, school, summer resort, boarding; 24 acres; three houses, 22, 11, and 6 rooms; 700 feet river front. Address Owner P. O. Box 777, N. Y.

NEW YORK

ADIRONDACKS

FOR SALE:
Camps on the Saranac Lakes.
Attractive Camp Sites on Lake Placid.
FOR RENT:
Desirable furnished cottages in the village of Saranac Lake. All improvements.
GEO. V. W. DURYEE, Real Estate
Bank Building, Saranac Lake, New York

AMAGANSETT, LONG ISLAND. Furnished cottage on ocean; seven bedrooms; every convenience; $550. Inquire H. P. HUSE, Annapolis, Md.

WESTPORT-ON-LAKE CHAMPLAIN, N. Y.—In village, Furnished Cottage, 7 bedrooms, 2 baths, 12 rooms in all; wide porches; 50 feet from shore and 40 feet above level of lake; beautiful view; water laid on; sewerage; hot water heating; ice; outside servants' rooms. $500 the season. WM. D. MARKS, 218 Bourse, Phila, Pa.

NEW YORK

FOR RENT—North Shore, Long Island, 62 miles out. Large house, well furnished; piano. Also 5-room cottage. Clean beach; bathing, boating, fishing; rowboat; shade; vegetable garden; fruit; pure water; pasture and stabling for horses. C. ABELE, 1223 Bushwick Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

COUNTRY PROPERTY sold. All kinds; anywhere; everywhere. Successful method; years' experience. Owners write for our plan. Buyers send for our catalogue. WEST & KOONZ, Box O, Ballston Spa, N. Y.

Babylon and West Islip, L. I. Attractive furnished cottages to rent from $300 up. Desirable property for sale. Most accessible place on South Side of L. I. Express Station. Catalogues. JEREMIAH ROBBINS, Babylon, L. I.

30 Years Selling

COUNTRY PROPERTY ONLY

Farms, Residences, Cottages, Hotels, Stores, etc., **everywhere. Catalog Free.**
Owners wishing to sell call or write.
PHILLIPS & WELLS, 93 Tribune Building, N.Y.

RHODE ISLAND

NARRAGANSETT BAY

Beautiful Estate of 60 Acres

Large, picturesque house; fine stable; magnificent farm barn. Wide lawns; delightful views; beautiful trees; pine grove; brook; private pond; boating, bathing, and fishing; abundance of water; cool and healthful location 2 hours from Boston, one night from New York. Apply to A. O'D. TAYLOR, Bellevue Ave., Newport, R. I.

Newport, R. I. Furnished Cottages

Ocean front; combines seashore and country. Rent or sell; moderate prices. Plans and photos of E. B. HALL, 53 State St., Room 642, Boston.

VIRGINIA

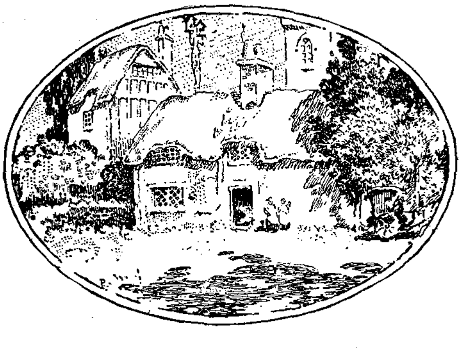
FIFTY FINE FARMS

Fifteen miles from Washington, D. C.
CHARLES HINE, Vienna, Virginia.

CITY PROPERTY

To Rent PART OF HOUSE ON **COLUMBIA HEIGHTS, BROOKLYN.** Steam heat, gas range, etc. Suitable for man and wife or small family only. Owners, three young people, would like to make arrangements, if possible, to board with family renting. 5,163, The Outlook.

FOR RENT Furnished house, summer months. Riverside Drive. Low rent. Inqure 618 West 113th St., New York City.



During the year there appear in

THE OUTLOOK

more announcements of

Country Property
Summer Cottages
and Real Estate

than in any other medium of National circulation.

If you have property you are desirous of selling, write us to-day for full information, which will be gladly sent.

THE OUTLOOK ADVERTISING DEPT., 287 Fourth Avenue, New York City